BRITANNIA and EVE

1/-

JANUARY
1940

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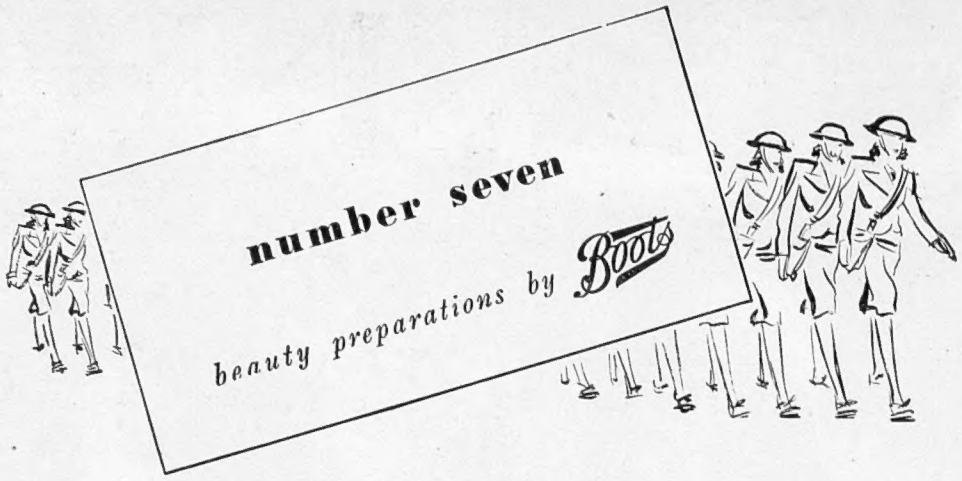

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BRITANNIA and EVE

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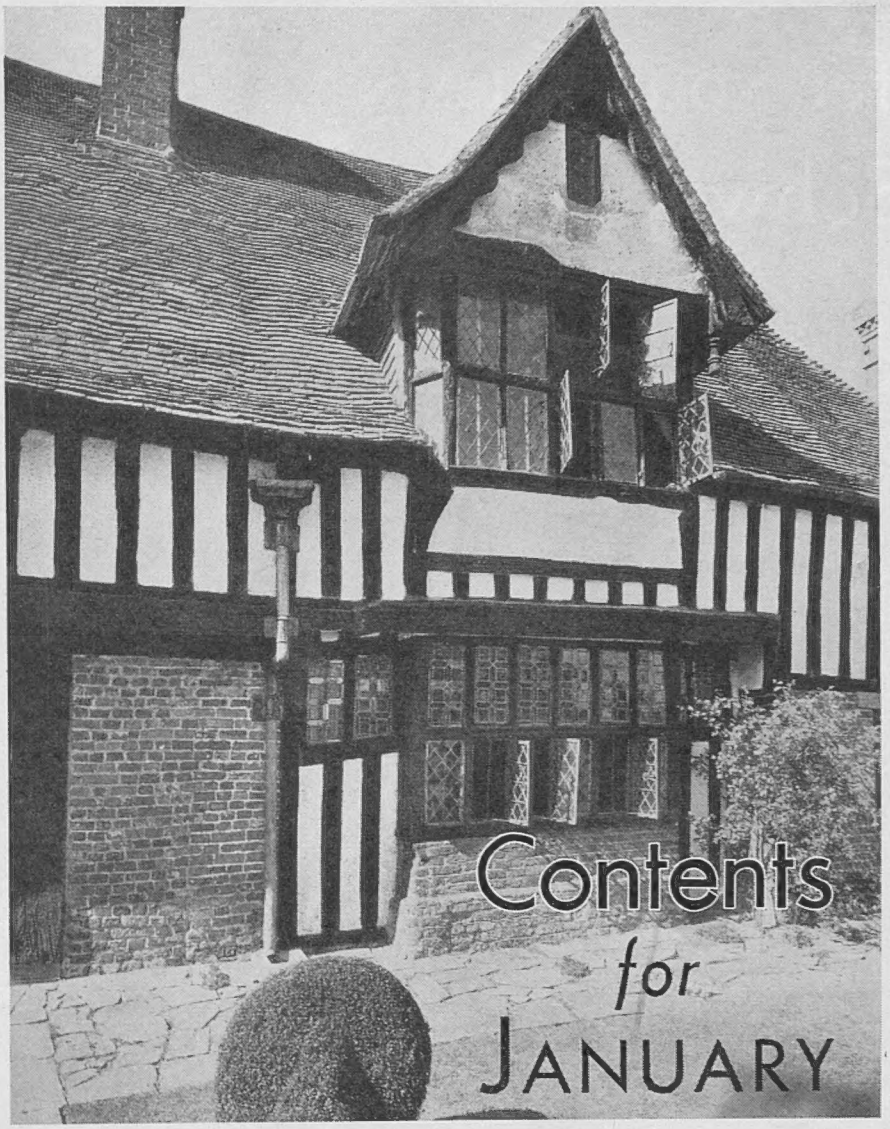

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by *Carl Shreve*

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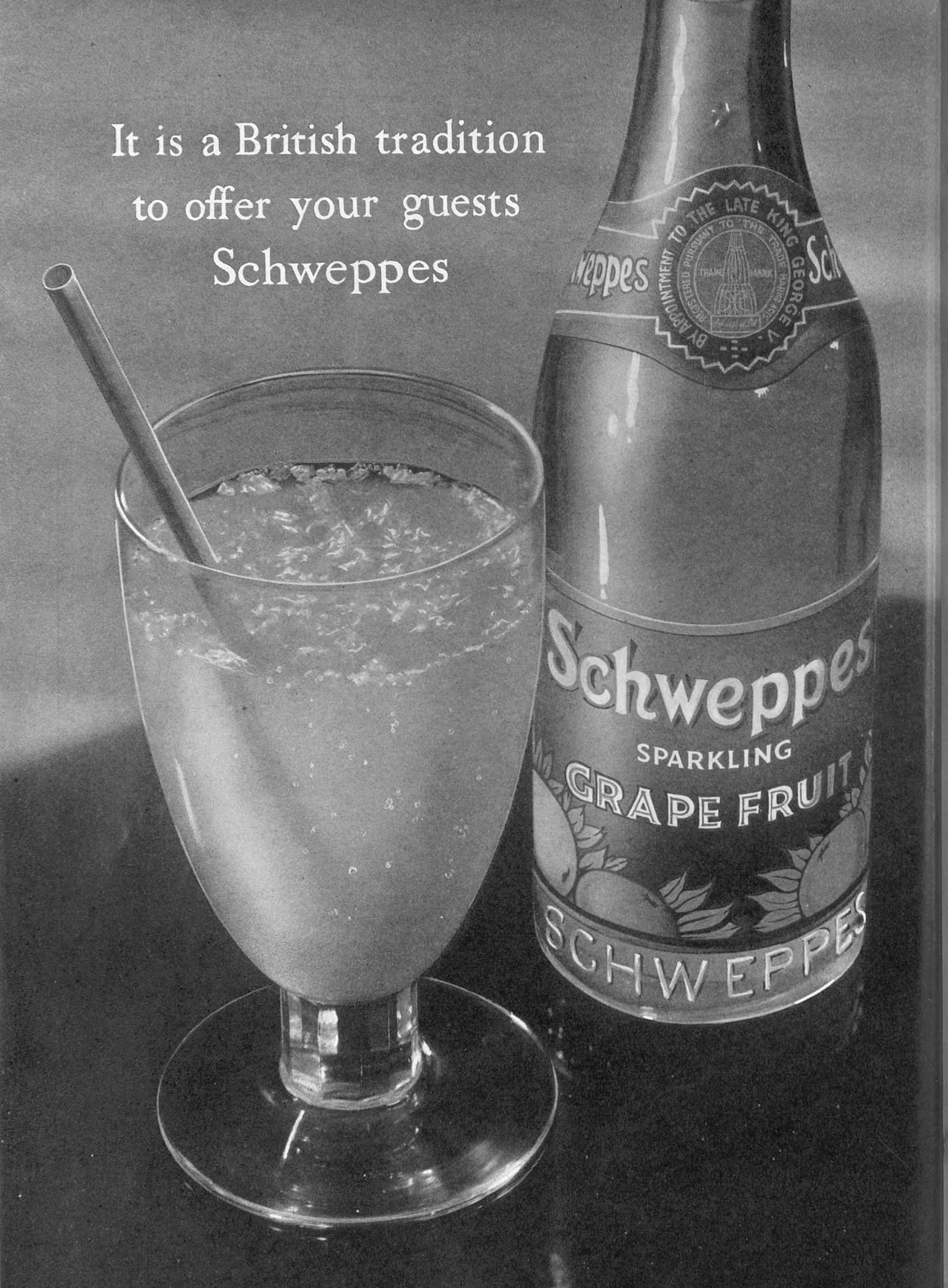
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Decisive Battles of the World

Asiatic Despotism Defeated

Salamis and Platæa, 480-479 B.C.

PLATÆA—and Salamis, the sea battle preceding the land clash—decided the destiny of Europe and European man. If the Greeks had lost at Platæa, their young city society would have been absorbed and lost in the Oriental empire of the Persian kings, and the seed of Western civilisation would have perished in the first stage of its germination.

The dawn mists were lifting when the Spartans under Pausanias came through the pass of Dryoscephalæ, and moved heavily into position on the rim of the bowl of Bœotia. The Athenian ally was away on the right. Over by Platæa, Mardonius, commanding the hordes of Xerxes, the Great King, Lord of Earth and Water held a war counsel in his silken pavilion.

The business of the Persian commander was to crush the small but formidable forces barring his path, and bring the recalcitrant Greek city states within the Persian Empire. That Asiatic despotism held sway from the Hellespont to the Indus. The Asiatic expansion begun by the Sumerians and Accadians, Babylonians and Assyrians, had reached its peak in the Empire of Xerxes, whose father, Darius I, had pushed into Europe twenty-two years earlier, crossing the Danube, and adding Thrace and Macedonia to an empire which his father, Cambyses, had enriched by the addition of conquered Egypt.

But the European men were virile and obstinate. They had an ideal of freedom which they rated higher than life itself. Eleven years earlier, at Marathon, their citizen soldiers had audaciously engaged a larger Persian army, and defeated it; and only a year ago three hundred Spartans under their king, Leonidas, had held up Xerxes himself and all his forces at the Thermopylæ Pass, and had died there, fighting to the last man.

Four years Xerxes had spent in war preparations. Then he had tried to split Sparta, safe while Athens held the sea, from Athens, which was vulnerable if Sparta made a separate peace. Failing, he had invaded Attica, burnt Athens, and sent an armada of a thousand ships to smash the Athenian-commanded Greek allied fleet at its base at Salamis, in the Saronic Gulf of the Aegean Sea.

The Athenians, however, were a sea people. They had been building up a strong navy, and exercising it. Their smaller, but handier and better-led fleet struck the Persian armada, and shattered it. The Persians lost two hundred sail, the Greeks only forty ships out of three hundred.

This may have influenced Mardonius in the decisive counsel of the land war that next year. The Greeks remained in their strong positions, and for eleven days the opposing armies faced one another without a major engagement developing. Mardonius, baffled and perplexed, held conference after conference. His generals disliked the idea of attacking the Greeks on their own ground. Equally, they knew they could not remain indefinitely encamped before those positions. They would starve.

The Persians had planned a short war. They could not face a long war so far from their supply sources (railways, motor engines, and the art of canning, had not arrived to simplify such problems).

The generals advised retirement. But Mardonius was Xerxes' son-in-law. Prestige called for a military triumph, especially after Salamis.

At dawn on the twelfth day, Mardonius attacked. The archers opened the fight, running forward, planting their big wicker shields, shooting over them, while the infantry moved up. The Spartans took the arrows on metal helm and shield. They waited, in disciplined ranks, for the Persians to gather solidly behind the wicker shields.

Then their fifes sounded, the Spartans advanced pikes, and marched steadily forward behind locked shields. They marched in step against soldiery who never had been trained to move in unison to a measured beat.

This first military *machine* struck the Oriental horde, and cut through it. The Persians received much the same shock as the first infantrymen rolled into by the first tanks. Their cavalry charged, but was split by the irresistible, armoured, pike-bristling phalanx.

Mardonius was killed, his army scattered. Herodotus says not three thousand of the three hundred thousand survived. The Spartans lost ninety-one, the Athenians fifty-two. The Greek forces went on at their leisure to clear the Persian garrisons out of the Balkans.

The sea fight off Salamis, and the land battle of Platæa, halted the Asiatic invasion, drove it back. The Greek and his new young city society was saved, and, with it, the seed of Western civilisation.

With all this discussion of War Aims, Peace Aims; what about your own Personal Aims after this dismal War is over?

Negley Farson asks this question

What is

THERE is every indication that there are going to be more changes in our social horizon after this war than there were even after the last one. They might not come again by revolution (unless this struggle carries on long enough for that to begin in Germany); but most observers seem to think there is going to be an immediate and world-wide evolution.

It is said that the index of a man's intelligence is his ability to notice change. What is going on in the world around him. But most people have jobs in which that doesn't make any difference, not that they are aware of. A taxi driver on the rank opposite St. George's Hospital might wonder occasionally why that vital and kindly institution for the sick and disabled, and the accidents, must always be run by voluntary contributions.

He might, if he was of a thoughtful enough mind, have speculated upon the thought that the minute that *war* began it was the State which took it over. And, carrying on further, he might play with the idea that peace is long (we hope) and war is short (we hope); and what a wonderful thing it would be if hospitals, like St. George's, were always State maintained. And that a man in civilian life could be carried in there, honoured and given the best of everything, like a wounded Tommy—or a sick person in Scandinavia.

Of course, being a taxi driver on the rank, he would not know, the chances are, about Scandinavia.

But I happen to be in a Copenhagen hospital at the moment. It is State maintained, run principally for the poor. In the ward next to my room, the man in the corner bed is a professional modern vagabond. A charming young fellow; in Germany they would call him a *Wandervogel*. He pays nothing. In the bed next to him is the manager of Copenhagen's most glittering night club. He pays six shillings a day. "You," they smilingly told me, "you are a foreigner, and can probably afford it—so you will pay twelve kroner."

But we all get the same treatment, we eat the same food (both good and excellently cooked); and the intelligent nurses (for nursing is regarded as a high profession in these northern countries) are equally attentive to all of us.

DEMOCRACY? Well, the next time I take a taxi off the rank outside that coffee stall by Hyde Park, I shall look up at St. George's (in which I have been a patient, and very kindly treated); and I shall, without even wanting to, think of this one. And my next reaction will be, it will have to be, the thought of the need for change—in England.

And I shall ask myself the question I have a hundred times before: Why doesn't the professional trained nurse have the same social status in England that she has in Scandinavia, the British Colonies, the Dominions (Canada as a brilliant example to copy!) and in the United States?

It is the most amazing thing that I have ever encountered, the average Englishman's attitude, his absolute lethargy, about the status of his trained nurse, and the treatment of the poor people who stand in long melancholic lines at the entrance of the out-patients' department.

Forgive me, if, beginning this article at 6 a.m. on a pitch black Scandinavia winter's morning, I should begin with hospitals. But I know what I'm talking about. They are a good index of a country's heart. And, aware of the vast contributions that private people make every year in Britain to keep their hospitals going, all I can say is: their big hearts are misplaced.

I admit I might be wrong in that last statement. But about the status and the secret resentment of English nurses I am definitely not. I know too many of them.

And another thing one could mention—a country gets the kind of nurses it deserves.

But to get on with our private lives.

A few years ago, at a famous lobster restaurant in London, a millionaire employer said to me: "What is your ultimate objective?"

"My—*what?*"

"Your ultimate objective, your career, your aim in life!—don't you understand English?"

"Eh—Oh yes, but——" The thing was too personal to make it known to him. Besides, it was too complex—made up by any number of past experiences. But he would have an answer.

"Well," I said, casting about for something practical to satisfy him (or end the embarrassing discussion)—"I want a yacht. A schooner. I want a five years' signed and sealed contract to go anywhere, do anything I want. Write three articles a week. All expenses paid."

"Right!" he said—"I'll give her to you."

The next day he was dead.

The thing that I could not explain to him was that for

over twenty years I had been watching Life change. It had begun before the war in 1914, when I came to England. It had had a dramatic crisis, not a climax, for me as well as millions of other people, in the Russian Revolution. For years I had been a *professional* observer, a foreign correspondent, writing about change. I had seen any amount of lives that I would have hated to have lived—and almost an equal number that I would have given my eye-teeth to have been a part of.

There had been parts of the world that it had wrenched my heart to leave (some of which I have often contrived to get back to); and from others I had deliberately run away.

Now, passing the age of forty-five, I had begun to live in samples. That, I correctly surmised, was the *modus vivendi* of existence for a foreign correspondent. But the more you do that, the more you begin to live entirely within yourself, attaching less and less importance to the circumstances of your environment.

If you could win entirely through, why, then you would be as immune as Gandhi.

When I first faced Gandhi, sitting under his mango tree out at Karadi in blazing India, entirely naked except for a loin cloth, a pair of ancient silver-rimmed spectacles, and two hats, the truth immediately struck me of how fool proof he had made himself against any or all of Life's vicissitudes.

I forgot that I had flown a quarter way around the world to interview the Mahatma for a newspaper. I watched him with the fascinating hope that I would probably learn something from him for myself. I did, and I didn't. I was aware that I was in the presence of a presence. And after two hours and forty minutes talk with him I left with the awed feeling I had been sitting before a man who knew the meaning of absolute peace. But I knew it would not be within my scope.

TO discuss life in terms of ordinary mortals, we Americans have to think more about how we are going to shape our own personal lives than the average Englishman or European does, or has to. We have no careers that are the perquisites of birth. I think the death of Arthur Balfour marked the end of that great class of Englishmen who are born with a sense of civic responsibility, and with enough private fortune to be altruistic in world politics. But you still have your class channels for funnelling your young Englishmen into jobs. And you still have kindly fetishes, such as the rowing or rugger Blue which seems automatically to entitle its owner to a berth in the Civil or Colonial Service. We haven't even got

Your Ultimate Objective?

such services as "openings" for our young men.

"Three generations from clogs to clogs," is a Lancashire saying. That's an expression understandable to Americans. Life in the industrial north of England is more easily comparable to that in the United States than is life in London. That's the great mistake that all visiting American missions and "ambassadors at large" made when they came in shoals to England during the world slump; they always viewed English conditions from Whitehall and the comfortable security of 10 Downing Street—not the silent looms of Lancashire.

Result, they accepted the easy assurances of statesmen for economic truths—and they are hardly ever the same thing. In fact, watching England those five years from 1930 on, from my conning tower in London as an American newspaper correspondent, I was struck time and again by the thought of how little 10 Downing Street itself seemed to know of the real conditions in the North, the valleys of despair in Wales, even the East End of London.

And to an American, or Scandinavian, it always seemed extraordinary to tot up the vast number of nice people we knew who were either living on fixed incomes or had Civil Service or other pensioned Government jobs. People, in other words, who, once they had landed the initial job —got into the groove—had no other worry in life than *not* to do something extraordinary which would handicap a career that, otherwise, was just as certain as Time.

Wasn't it in *Pendennis* that Thackeray, advising a young man about a career, said: "Jump on the taxpayer's back just as soon as you can!"

IN 1934 I made a trip with another American correspondent to the mills of Manchester, Sheffield, Bolton, Bradford, Ashton-under-Lyne, Liverpool—then down through the Rhondda Valley in Wales.

For me, it was a return to where I had begun life in England—in the year of 1914. For him it was, as he expressed it: "A new world!"

We saw scenes that were enough to break a man's heart: the dead mills of Ashton-under-Lyne (and the scraps being sold in the butchers' shops); Tonypandy—with not a wheel turning.

"But it's been like a massage with a good rough towel!" he exclaimed. "It stirs you up."

It was suffocating, after that, to have to report seriously the plush pomposities of an alleged "trade talk" delegation, with their pin-striped morning trousers, spats, and obvious indigestion from too much morning breakfast in a Park Lane hotel.

Here, for those with "eyes that wish to see," is change coming all around us. The end of one period, marked in Phyllis Bentley's *A Modern Tragedy* is shown as life being carried on in J. L. Hodson's *Jonathan North, or Life's a fight!* And the appearance of Lord Nuffield at the helm of air force production when war threatens England—is no accident.

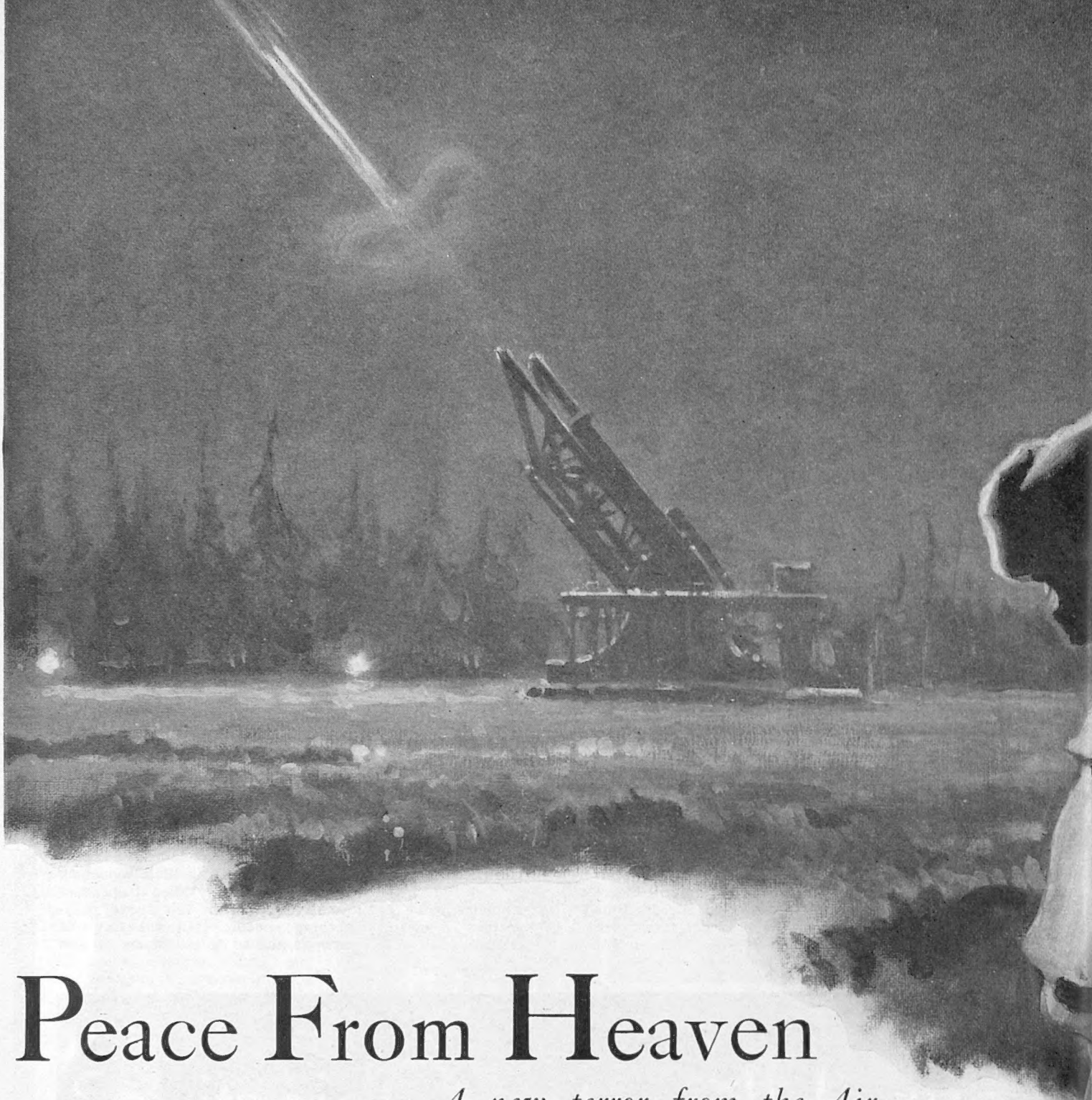
The post-war England, after this present miserable and unpopular conflict, will be guided—and given motive power—more and more by men who know the meaning of that phrase: "Life's a Fight!"

It will have to be.

And here's a very interesting change, indeed. In the United States, up to Roosevelt, we had a little too much of that "Life's a Fight!" business. When I speak of England being given motive power in the above paragraphs, I mean something specific. In the days of Gladstone all that great man had to do was storm up and down the country about the "Bulgarian atrocities"—and every one became silent. There was a golden epoch up until nearly the end of Queen Victoria's reign, when all a competent English statesman had to do was simply *steer* the ship of State. It had such a momentum of greatness that even if some complacent statesman did bring it up against another nation, he couldn't wreck it. And it will remain in history as an undying tribute to English character that when she was omnipotent, in the words of George Santayana:

"Never since the days of Greece has the world had such a sweet, just, boyish master. It will be a black day for the human race when scientific blackguards, conspirators, churls and fanatics manage to supplant him."

I have taken that quotation from the American publication *Life*, September 25, 1939, because it voices so perfectly what, I think, is the deep rooted, (*Continued on page 77*)



Peace From Heaven

A new terror from the Air . . . Paris was in ruins . . . The Germans had produced a new war weapon, so terrible that it eventually abolished war

IT was a hushed night of brilliant stars, so almost ostentatiously brilliant, multitudinous eyes winking abnormally close and clear, that a man could feign they had an interest in earth-happenings. Involuntarily, one kept looking up to them from this large clearing in the great dark pine forest. All was silent in the clearing. The last of the intensely white arcs had been abruptly extinguished five minutes ago. In the obscurity rimmed by the tall black pines small parties of men stood ranked and motionless, waiting for orders. Four men only, two civilians and two long-overcoated soldiers, moved across the clearing. They came from the now dimly seen tall lattice-built, not quite vertical, steel tower, with sundry cranes and gantries in potential attendance, the lower fourth of whose height was filled with a big flanged tank-like receptacle, several times longer than its diameter, its top a cone. One of the civilians glanced—vainly in the darkness—at his wrist-watch. He was Minister for Co-ordination of Industrial Production (Military). Those functions more or less justified to-night's privilege.

"*Bitte*, Herr General, what is the hour?"

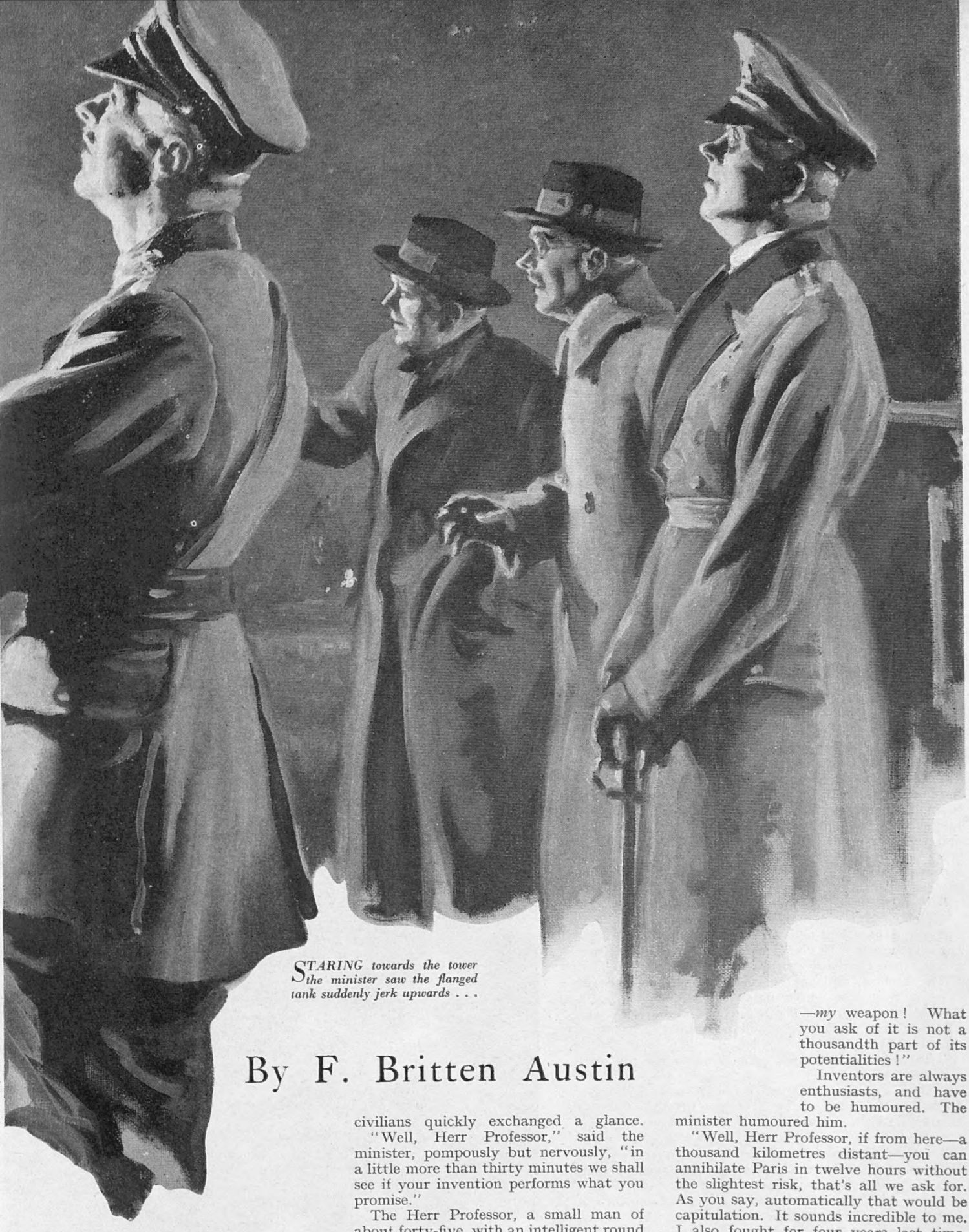
The general, a tall regulation-military figure, glanced at his own watch. It had a luminous dial.

"Twenty-three twenty-five, *Exzellenz*."

"*Noch funf-und-dreissig Minuten*," muttered the minister, unhideable tension in his low tone. He tripped over the light railway track dark across the clearing, and swore under his breath. At midnight the ultimatum would expire. In thirty-five minutes—incredibly, not to be realised—they would be at war. "I shall be glad now when it starts." He shivered, involuntarily. "Chilly, don't you think? I suggest, Herr General, that we wait the next thirty minutes in your office—but I want to see the first discharge."

"Certainly, *Exzellenz*. I was about to suggest that myself."

All four went to a vaguely seen concrete shelter, where a sentry stiffened smartly to his rifle and saluted. The general pushed open a door to a brightly lit interior. They entered, descended concrete stairs, some thirty feet down. The minister had a brief glimpse of an electric-lit vault, where a number of staff officers sat at tables, each with a



STARING towards the tower the minister saw the flanged tank suddenly jerk upwards . . .

By F. Britten Austin

telephone, and then the general showed the two civilians into his own more comfortable office, decked with the inevitable portrait. He himself did not enter. Courteously, he excused himself and the other officer, a colonel of the General Staff and therefore, despite his lower rank, potentially more important, for the space of five minutes. There were last-moment verifications to make.

Alone in the general's office, the two civilians quickly exchanged a glance.

"Well, Herr Professor," said the minister, pompously but nervously, "in a little more than thirty minutes we shall see if your invention performs what you promise."

The Herr Professor, a small man of about forty-five, with an intelligent round face, smiled brightly.

"Have no fear, *Exzellenz*. It could perform much more—infinitely much more. This will not be like the last time, *Gott sei Dank!* When I think of those hideous four years! Millions of men, painfully and clumsily massacring each other. I was one of them. This time not a man need march. This time we have the weapon which must infallibly, automatically, give us victory in a few hours —*my* weapon! What you ask of it is not a thousandth part of its potentialities!"

Inventors are always enthusiasts, and have to be humoured. The minister humoured him.

"Well, Herr Professor, if from here—a thousand kilometres distant—you can annihilate Paris in twelve hours without the slightest risk, that's all we ask for. As you say, automatically that would be capitulation. It sounds incredible to me. I also fought for four years last time. Fortunately," his smile was that of experience, prudently sceptical, "we have in reserve three million men ready to march, and the strongest air force in the world."

"They will not be needed, *Exzellenz*. What can the enemy do against us that is comparable? Nothing. What can he do to protect himself? Nothing—nothing at all. He will not even know where annihilation is coming from. In each

projectile, *Exzellenz*, is twenty tons of high explosive and thermite. The biggest aeroplane bomb—and it is too big for convenient use—is one ton. We can deliver our twenty-ton projectiles—I call them the Hammers of Thor—at short intervals indefinitely, self propelled without need of planes or guns. Planes require crews. Guns wear out. Our long-range gun which bombarded Paris in 1918 had a maximum life of fifty shots. It could fire only at long intervals, with small shells. But it had an immense moral effect, although it was under heavy counter-battery fire, from the second day. What must be the moral effect of colossal projectiles falling from the stratosphere, with no possibility of retaliation!"

Illustrated by W. Smithson-Broadhead

"Yes," said the minister, but still pessimistically, "that should be frightful. A properly delivered aeroplane bombardment should be frightful also. But since Barcelona, I have become doubtful if a victory can be won by air bombardment. It is terribly inaccurate, more noise than damage. Your projectiles falling from the stratosphere may have the same effect. I do not in the least doubt, Herr Professor, that you can propel your rocket for many kilometres, but can you with certainty hit a target—even a relatively big target like Paris? It is a thousand or more kilometres away, don't forget."

"It does not matter how many kilometres, *Exzellenz*. The modern rocket needs great distances to demonstrate its real powers. Rocket flight is merely a matter of mathematics, like howitzer fire, working out the curve of the parabola required and adjusting the amount of propulsive agent—in this case, liquid fuel—so that the propellent force will be exhausted at the zenith of the parabola." The minister still looked unconvinced, although polite. "You remember the Stokes bombs which the English invented for the last war, *Exzellenz*? Very simple and very tiresome they were, as we found. On a miniature scale and for short trench ranges, they were on precisely the same principles as my rocket bombs. The Stokes bomb had a simple tube fixed at an angle on the ground. Into the tube you dropped, base down, a bomb fitted at its base with a cartridge like a sporting cartridge. In the bottom of the tube was an upright spike. When the sporting cartridge on the bomb fell on the spike, it detonated. It emitted a rush of gas. The bomb soared up and over, to fall where you wanted it according to the elevation—twenty metres, two hundred metres. In exactly the same way, my rocket soars up and falls a thousand kilometres—five thousand kilometres—away, according to the angle of discharge and the amount of propellent flaring behind it. Its speed is the rate of emission of its gases, minus the air resistance in the lower strata. Any mathematician can easily work out those factors."

The minister stroked his chin doubtfully.

"Well, I am eager to see the experiment. It is certainly something new. I hope that you are right, Herr Professor. If you are right, and can hit your target, then Germany can dictate to the world."

The general, and the colonel of the General Staff, entered from the outer room. The colonel was a shrewd-faced monocled officer of about forty, the incarnation of the abrupt civilian-contemptuous army of 1914–1918.

"All well, Herr Oberst?" the minister greeted him. "No hitches?"

"No, *Exzellenz*. The other twenty-nine discharge-posts are all ready. At twenty-three fifty-five General Headquarters will telephone the latest news, the final orders."

"Any decision from England, Herr Oberst?"

The staff colonel barely condescended to shrug. Like everybody else, he was jerky with excitement and suspense. "No news. England is still sitting on the fence, waiting to see what will happen. Her usual way. But the English will do nothing. I will bet on it."

"We could easily smash England at the same time as France," said the Herr Professor, with truculent confidence. "Germany alone has a rocket organisation. It would be all over with the English before the first English planes could arrive here, even if they could locate us. We are far inland. Our discharge is almost soundless."

"*Gott strafe England!*" remarked the general, reminiscently. "I do not in the least mind fighting another English army, but God forbid that we should ever have another English blockade."

"We shall not, Herr General," said the staff officer shortly. "That is an axiom. That is why we have not included her in our ultimatum. But if Herr Schmidt's rockets are effective, the English cannot make a blockade. All their ports would be annihilated in a few hours and their fleet useless. Then England's time will come!"

"*Gewiss*," said the minister. "Annihilate the English ports, and there can be no blockade. Can you do that, general?"

"Consider for yourself, *Exzellenz*. We have thirty discharge-posts. Each one at present is scheduled to reload and discharge every fifteen minutes, firing at half-minute intervals in succession from this post. Each has one hundred giant rockets in the expense magazine, and several hundred in immediate reserve. Plenty! For the beginning, all are ordered to aim at Paris. Later, according to orders, we can disperse our fire—on the other great manufacturing cities and ports like Marseilles, Havre, Bordeaux. Every inch of France is equally within our range—and England also. Personally, I hope that we shall not be disappointed of

THEY went on, through this vast deserted wilderness of ruin, where everything was hurled and riven and fire consumed . . .

a destructive blow at England. The only thing that defeated us last time—in the *grosse Zeit*—was the English starvation blockade."

The minister mused. "How long did you say between the discharge and the hit, Herr General?"

"On Paris? Approximately eight minutes, *Exzellenz*. In 1918, the time of flight of the shell from the first Paris gun was one hundred and seventy-six seconds, firing from one hundred and twenty kilometres. Its shell rose to a height of forty kilometres, where the air thins to virtually nothing. From here, Paris is distant one thousand and twelve kilometres. The rocket will rise swiftly to the stratosphere, and travel there at the rate of emission of its gases. Nothing, of course, can intercept it." He spoke with absolute confidence.

"Marvellous! *Fabelhaft!*" said the minister, convinced since a general was convinced (shades of 1914–1918!). "These new inventions are incredible. In advance, I congratulate you, Herr Professor. One must not be sceptical just because a thing is new."

"There is nothing new about it," said the Herr Professor, rather shortly. "The thing has been possible for the past five years at least. Rockets have been scientifically studied ever since the end of the last war. Especially by Professor Oberth in Austria, Professor Goddard in America who was specifically subsidised for the purpose by the Smithsonian, and Robert Esnault-Pelterie in France who many years ago invented the joystick for aeroplanes. Those were the pioneers, all working independently. You should get their books. They solved all the fundamentals of the problem, they and many other experimenters like Max Valier, who was our first martyr, and Opel the automobile manufacturer. I no more invented the rocket than Fokker invented the aeroplane. I merely perfected the practical details—particularly those of the combustion chamber and the cooling arrangements which prevent the rocket from becoming incandescent in its rush through the lower atmosphere. In a few years you will probably see regular mail rockets travelling between Berlin and New York in less than an hour. It is perfectly possible to-day."

The telephone rang sharply. The clock on the wall marked eleven fifty-five.

The general sat down at his desk and picked up the receiver. He listened, spoke with deep respect.

"*Ja, ja, Exzellenz.* General Meinhold speaking. Yes, *Exzellenz*, everything. We wait but the order." He listened. "*So?* There is no change then? No news from England? *Ach!* The usual English way! France will commence hostilities at midnight? *Gut!* Then everything stands? At hour S—*es mag losgehen? Zu Befehl, Excellenz!*" He listened for another moment, and replaced the

(*Continued on page* 64)

H.M.S. *Rodney* and H.M.S. *Renown*, two of Britain's battleships, firing their main armament at target practice

SCUDDING clouds over the grey channel made the observation balloon look as if it were darting and diving, like a silver trout after flies. Behind sandbagged posts, steel-helmeted French artillerymen were alert at action stations. More units of the British Expeditionary Force were coming in across the narrow strip of water between the coasts of Britain and France. Dark-hulled destroyers, super-fast, with a complex deck armament completed by depth-charge slings, escorted the big transports.

But no enemy submarines took a poke at the British Navy, and its war machines and supplies. The watchful balloons, the land guns, the eye-skinned destroyers, comprised a gauntlet too fearsome for any U-boat to run, although the prize was large.

Watching from that port of debarkation I had the illusion of seeing a whole picture. But I knew this was only one small part of a tale which went far beyond this narrow sea. The real work of keeping open the vital sea lane between the two allies was being done elsewhere, and as part of a larger job.

That story begins in the ship and dockyards, the gun plants, laboratories, and naval training colleges of England. It goes on to a huge invisible fleet, commanded by men who were only lieutenants and captains in the last war. It has innumerable angles, sub-plots within the main plot, but, essentially, it is the story of holding Britain's great defence line.

That line is located in John Bull's traditional element—the sea. It is built of ships—a mercantile marine aggregating 18,000,000 tons and a navy totalling 1,400,000 tons, and with enough new warcraft building, from 40,000-ton battleships swinging sixteen-inch guns to the small high-powered gnats of the anti-submarine flotillas, to enlarge this giant fleet by half or more again.

You can get a highlight picture of Britain's sea communications by glancing at a Stationery Office chart, published a year ago, illustrating the distribution of British shipping on a typical day in 1937. The chart shows that on this typical day 1,545 British merchant vessels of 3,000 tons gross and above were at sea "on their lawful occasions" in every ocean in the world. Another 705 British merchantmen were in harbours all over the navigable globe, presently to resume their voyages. These ships were thickest in the North Atlantic; less thick in the South Atlantic; thinner in the South Indian Ocean; and sparse across the wide ocean spaces of the Pacific. They were thick again in the Mediterranean and the Red Sea, and thence to India, Ceylon, Rangoon, Singapore and northward to Hongkong, Shanghai and Japan, and not quite so thick round about Australia and between that Dominion and New Zealand.

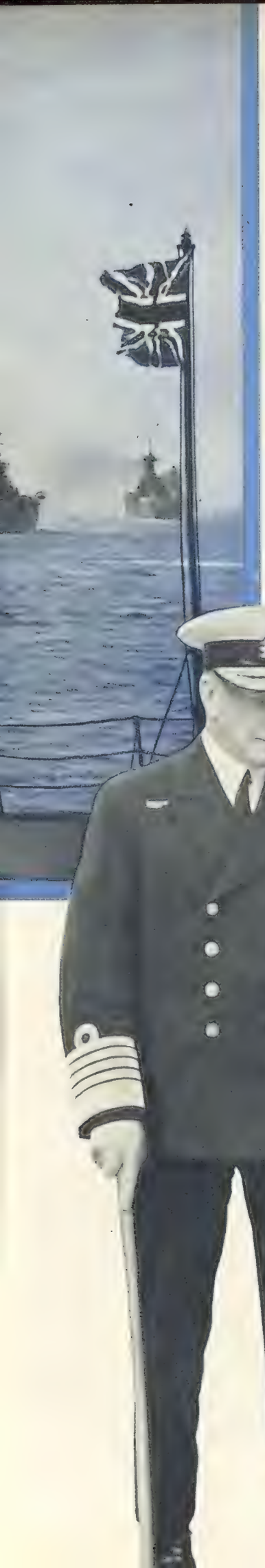
Those ships were food and raw materials carriers. They were maintaining the essential lines of sea communication between Great Britain and the self-governing Dominions which form the British Empire. The primary job of John's sea fleet is to ensure that those sea carriers moving along those 85,000 miles of sea routes shuttle to and fro without interruption.

It is necessary, because thirteen out of every fourteen ounces of wheat consumed in bread in this British island comes from oversea. So it is in varied proportions with other foods and materials—meat, cheese, butter, eggs, sugar, rice, cocoa, tea, tinned foods, oil, petrol, cotton, wool, flax, timber, wood pulp, iron ore, rubber, copper. In all, around 200,000 tons of stuff has to be dumped from ships on to the docks of Britain to keep the country going. Left to their own resources, the people in Great Britain would be brought to the verge of starvation in a few

John Bull's Sea War

It is waged to keep open Britain's sea communications and close the enemy's

By C. Patrick Thompson



Admiral Sir Charles Morton Forbes, Commander-in-Chief of the Home Fleet

The Rt. Hon. Winston Churchill First Lord of the Admiralty

weeks, and her workers would be workless.

The sea war is waged to keep open Britain's sea communications and close the enemy's. It is a complex and highly technical game. The British sea fleet has the main body of the Reichsflotte bottled up behind its fortified island chain, in gun-and-mine defended bases.

AROUND a million tons of German merchant shipping, immobilised at the outbreak of war, has to be kept immobilised in its sundry ports of refuge on the coasts of West Africa and South America, in the Black Sea and Japanese waters. The German ships cannot get back to home ports, except by luck combined with extraordinary daring. But they are potential supply sources for U-boats. Several have turned themselves into commerce raiders. The latter can at best have only a brief life, but it may be a destructive one while it lasts, especially if the commander is a bold and resolute man.

Hunting down commerce raiders in wide seas is no joke, as the experience of the last war showed. The raider *Wolf*, in a cruise lasting fifteen months, steamed 64,000 miles between December, 1916, and February, 1918. She laid minefields off the Cape of Good Hope, Ceylon, the south-east coast of Australia, New Zealand, and in the South China Sea. She captured fourteen vessels of various nationalities, while eleven more ships were lost in her minefields. Another disguised raider, the *Moewe*, twice slipped through the British patrol line, in the winter of 1915–1916 and again in 1916–1917. Besides mining the Pentland Firth the *Moewe* accounted for about fifty merchant ships during her two cruises. Hitler's surface raiders up to November had small gains to show for the risk they took in being out on the high seas.

Thus, the first phase of the sea war. It is warfare which the British Navy chiefs like about as much as big-game hunters like rat-catching in a swamp. They are big-ship, big-gun men; and the main work in this first phase is being done by composite packs of amphibians, trawlers and destroyers, hunting U-boats and sweeping up mines laid in the merchant shipping lanes.

Admiral Sir Dudley Pound, First Sea Lord of the Admiralty

THE navy's chiefs to-day would pass unrecognised in a crowd whose visual memories still retain the etched faces of dead Jellicoe and dead Beatty. The political chief is the only well-known personality. But, then, the Churchill career would make an exciting personal saga in any age or place, and probably no one is more acutely aware of that than Churchill himself—soldier, statesman, historian, orator, dilettante artist and the most Roman figure in British public life.

He is incidentally the veteran of the sea fleet, if one eliminates Admiral Lord Chatfield, who retired at sixty-five from the First Sea Lord's job, and became the British war co-ordinator with a seat in the War Cabinet. Much water has flowed under the bridge of Winston Churchill's life since the day he sat in the First Lord's room at the Admiralty and wrote the order for the fleet to mobilise for imminent war with Hohenzollern Germany. Many things have changed, including war methods and machines, and the very texture and shape of everyday life. Winston himself—son of the lovely American, Jennie Jerome, and the picturesque patrician politician, Lord Randolph Churchill, third son of the seventh Duke of (*Continued on page* 80)

Illustrated by Jack Faulks

Death May Have a Silver Lining

Doomed, he sought his Fate, and found a Love that brought him Life

By John Haggart

JIMMY RANSDALL sat staring at his pale, tired face in the make-up mirror; or what passed for a make-up mirror in a theatre dressing-room in Bangkok. It was a cracked, fly-specked piece of glass hanging forlornly on a streaked plaster wall, which was sweating, Jimmy thought, as uncomfortably as he from the intense tropic heat.

Why in hell there had been an audience out there, why well-to-do Europeans—who mainly composed the audience—why they chose to congregate in this poorly ventilated, old-fashioned theatre when they might lie in silk panungs on cool verandas, sipping gin pahits and be fanned by Chinese house boys, Jimmy could not imagine.

It was not exactly flattering to accept the obvious reason for their attendance—

boredom. These foreigners who made their homes in Bangkok and had grown rich exploiting the resources of the country had, by the same process, grown infinitely weary of bridge and gossip and politics among themselves. So they were forever keeping an eye peeled for fresh, new diversions. And an English-speaking repertory company arrived in town! What could be a quicker, pleasanter pick-me-up?

This was the second week now of the engagement and still they filled the house to see Jimmy featured as the debonair, nimble-tongued husband in *Private Lives*. And next week the bill would change and they would see him as the gentleman farmer in *The Shining Hour*.

He sighed and wiped away the remaining traces of cold cream at the edge of his blond hair, and immediately fresh beads of perspiration strung themselves across his forehead. Lord, it was a task to maintain the illusion of being debonair in this heat!

And how he dreaded the parties to which the company was invited, even if they all meant an opportunity to relax for a few hours on a comparatively cool, well-screened veranda.

"BUT I didn't invite you to go," said Jeannie. "But you would perhaps if I asked you to," he whispered to her as his blue eyes met hers

To-night would be a duplicate of the one last night and the night before. There would be the same kind of faces, the same painful questions he had put to him in Honolulu, in Manila, in New Zealand and Australia.

"Mr. Ransdall, I suppose you're on your way to act in London and New York?" one would giggle. "You're so clever you don't want to be a star out here; you're waiting for Broadway, aren't you?" would coo another. "It's a pity someone doesn't write a play especially for you. Or maybe someone is?" suggested another.

And Jimmy once or twice when he had had too much to drink had been on the verge of answering them all. "No, ladies and gentlemen! I am not on my way to London or New York. No one's writing me a play . . . because . . . well, because I'm on my way to die. Does that shock you? It wouldn't if you knew the reason. It's an excellent reason. And it'll strike at me one day . . . like one of those deadly snakes you have here in the Far East. Only, there won't be any warning hiss or rattle. It'll just—happen. The reason? Oh, no use bothering you with that. It might destroy your illusion of me as the gentleman farmer or this romantic, witty fellow in *Private Lives*. But I can tell you this: I'll never see the Atlantic or Pacific Oceans again. I'm going to do a fade-out here in the East. I just won't turn up for performance some day. The understudy will step in. He's clever. Let him go on and star in New York and London."

Yes, that was how he had felt like answering so often. To-night it was to be Lady Rochefort's cool veranda. The company manager, Tubby Hawkins, had pointed it out to him over a high stone wall coming back to the hotel at dawn this morning.

Tireless, red-faced, perspiring Tubby Hawkins. He got around every city faster than the choicest piece of gossip. The company scarcely ever had time to check in at a convenient hotel with modest rates and unpack damp, wrinkled wardrobe before Tubby was popping in at every door with full particulars of the city at hand.

Jimmy slipped on his linen trousers and coat, switched off the light and went out. He would step around to the hotel and have one quiet drink by himself before another of those blotting-paper hostesses arrived in her car to absorb him for the rest of the evening. At the stage door was an English motor car of considerable vintage. In the voluminous rain which had started falling just after the performance, it looked like a grey, shaggy, unwanted mongrel shivering in the gutter.

"Right here, Mr. Ransdall," called a feminine voice from within the car. Jimmy muttered disappointment at the dissipation of his quiet drink alone. He plunged through the irksome curtains of water and climbed into the front seat beside a girl.

"You'll think Bangkok is a city of the dark ages judging by this old trap," she said. "I told Kitty Rochefort it was a shame to pawn it off on you. But it's her favourite car, and you're the favoured guest. So draw conclusions."

Jimmy liked her voice. Being an actor he was

THEY had turned off the smooth road and were now driving slowly through the forest

sensitive at once to voices. And now he had a good look at her as she slowly swung the car out of the narrow black street into a broad, well-lit avenue. She was dark haired with a vital, alert face that was apparently indifferent to the heat, and she had an unbelievably kind smile. It seemed to illumine her whole presence, like a stained-glass window shining out in the darkness.

like Bangkok with its glittering temples.

By now they were passing through a large gate into Lady Rochefort's gardens. Jimmy fervently wished he could go on driving through the darkness and the rain with this girl. Why did there have to be parties? The car came to an abrupt halt before a carved stone doorway.

"This isn't the formal entrance," said the girl, "but you're something of a local

as mother lived. But there was no use fooling himself. He's a research man through and through. And that's where Kitty Rochefort took up the rôle of a Lady Cecil Rhodes in the tropics. She offered him a fellowship to come out here and experiment on theories he's dreamed and worked on for years. That's Kitty the Magnificent, for you."

Her quick brown eyes turned to him

MR. STANDISH dropped his cup on the saucer and rushed to the laboratory and on to a door that gave upon the clearing. Jeannie rose at the same time. "Please don't think you have to go with us," she said to Jimmy

"And you are Lady Rochefort's chauffeur?" he asked.

"No. Her two chauffeurs are busy gathering up the rest of your actor friends at the hotel. I thought I'd best come along and warn you she's going to prescribe a terrific hypodermic of sight-seeing for you to-morrow . . . and in this ridiculous old thing. So I'm advising you to make excuses, and she'll catch on and relent and come for you in one of her streamlined models."

"But I'm afraid you won't be the chauffeur."

"No, I won't. I'm working with dad in his laboratory to-morrow. But Kitty is superb. She can out-do any rubber neck bus tour when it comes to showing off a city celebrity. I'll let you through this side door, give you a chance to get your bearings before that torrent of grinning, teethy, glamour-starved people come rushing at you."

"You know this house well. You live here?"

"I used to all the time when I first came out here as Lady Rochefort's secretary five years ago. But then I wore her out talking about my dad's passion for research. So she insisted I get him out here, too. Now I spend half of each week with him."

"Your dad is some sort of scientist, I take it."

"Oh, he tried to be a conventional, practising physician in Liverpool as long

suddenly. "There I've been at it again. Talk, talk, talk about me and mine My name's Jeannie Standish and I apologise. But you won't have to listen to me gibbering any more this evening. They're waiting for you in there."

"But aren't you staying to the party?" Jimmy asked mournfully.

"Oh, yes, but they're going to crowd you, crush you in there . . . like some of our first-class Siamese pythons."

"I won't go in there!" he shouted against the pelting rain. "I don't give a tinker's cuss about those people. You must know we actors come to these parties also because they're a means of publicity. It drums up trade at the theatre. But I've ceased to care what they

think of me personally . . . because . . . because it really doesn't matter any more."

No, it didn't matter, he thought desolately. The reason, the hideous reason which was ever lying in wait to strike at him. He moved back towards the car.

"Oh, please," she said hastily, "please, go in—well—as—as a favour to me. Kitty Rochefort's been so nice to me. She'd think it terrible if I came back empty-handed."

"Then for you," he said revelling in her warm smile. "Yes, for you."

WHEN at last Jimmy was standing before Lady Rochefort he saw a tall, large-boned woman in black chiffon, and five strands of exquisitely matched pearls hanging around her wide throat. Her black hair was obviously dyed, but you got the idea from the twinkle in her smile that she rather wanted you to know it was dyed, and to agree to it being a pretty good job of dyeing. And after all, didn't it blend better than grey hair would with her healthy, smiling, weather-tanned face and jet-black eyes?

She subjected Jimmy to an introduction to the "pythons" gliding about the cool drawing-room and around the bar on the veranda; and then she yanked him away from their coils and conducted him to a little balcony off the first landing of the handsomely carved teak-wood staircase.

"This is my most favourite spot of the whole house, Mr. Ransdall." She spoke in a low, vibrant voice which suggested the pleasant booming of surf on a far distant shore. "Here I can watch the sun and the moon do all of their beautiful tricks. And look at the rain drip. . . ."

"And look at death out there," added Jimmy, watching the clusters of insects vainly plotting an entrance through the fine mesh of the screen. "I understand there are many varieties of very poisonous insects in this country."

"Oh, there's plenty of death beyond that screen. A few years ago they actually discovered a cobra coiled in some dry goods on the second floor of one of the stores. Cosy little town, isn't it? And as for my lower garden down there—my gardeners are always coming upon the most amazing creatures that do away with you in one nip."

"I trust this screen is very, very secure, Lady Rochefort," he said with a half gulp and a laugh.

She smiled. "I'm just as apprehensive of crawling things. Yet isn't it odd? My bread and butter, this house, everything I possess comes from some treacherous forests up country. Teak-wood forests, Mr. Ransdall, filled with all sorts and forms of death. Yet my husband disregarded the death element, and made a fortune exploiting those trees commercially and replanting more on his plantation."

"Do you have to go up there regularly, Lady Rochefort?"

"No, I confess I'd never been up there even as a courtesy to my husband's business until Jeannie Standish came into my life. That girl's fearless. She made me wretchedly ashamed. I don't think she's ever been bitten too seriously by any of those crawling things, but she's not afraid to go out and be exposed. Her father, Dr. Standish, has a laboratory out in the jungle, doing research on—well that's a secret—anyway, she's not afraid to be out there with him. Except, lately. She simply won't leave town on account of you."

"On account of me?" said Jimmy amazed.

"Oh, you didn't know?" said Lady Rochefort with a wise curl of her lip. "I see . . . that little devil's put it off on me. I'm the one who's supposed to be palpitating over you. Well, I shall be brutal and wound your actor's vanity, Mr. Ransdall. I've never laid eyes on you until you came into my house this evening. The invitation issued to you was Jeannie's doings. She's been seeing you act every night you've been in the city."

"I'm not wounded, Lady Rochefort. I'm so pleased . . . I mean, of course, about Miss Standish."

"Jean said you had a fascinating face. It was sad in an odd way. Sad behind the eyes. That's (*Continued on page 74*)

Below: Freddie Bartholomew accompanied by Cora Sue Collins, arrived at a recent first performance of a new film shown in Hollywood

Judy Garland cutting her birthday cake on her sixteenth birthday. Louis B. Mayer looks on and Mickey Rooney wise cracks. The other guests in the picture are Ann Rutherford, Betty Jaynes, Leni Lynn and June Preisser

Above: Bing Crosby with Linda Ware, who makes her first appearance on the screen in his film *The Star Maker*. Linda Ware has a glorious voice and is hailed as a second Deanna Durbin

Left: Jane Withers enjoys a breakfast of cereal and strawberries. She is among the ten big box-office attractions in the United States

YOUTH *in the*

YOUTH stands alert in the spotlight to-day. Youth—in the air, behind the camouflaged guns, in the trenches, on and under the sea, protecting us. Youth—on the film screens of the war-saddened world, entertaining us, helping us to forget.

A letter from a friend in Hollywood had a sentence that gripped my attention. "There is a big change here; youth is taking over the town." Inclined to disbelieve such a statement, at first thought, some more considered thinking made me agree with the rest of the letter, in its remarks about youth in to-day's spotlight.

Here's the whole thing, as it came to me: "Can just imagine you shrugging shoulders and shaking a wise head, when I tell you that youth has taken command of Hollywood. But it's the truth, s'welp me! Come over, if you are sceptical, and ask the man who owns any drive-in sandwich stand, or the man who runs the bowling alley, or the rollerdrome, or a dine-and-dance spot, or a moving picture theatre. If the facts those proprietors are ready to hand out fail to ring the bell with you, let me throw forward a few names: Judy Garland, Mickey Rooney, Jackie Cooper, Bonita Granville, Virginia Weidler, Jane Withers, Linda Ware, Deanna Durbin, Freddie Bartholomew. They represent the TEEN AGE, all of them. Younger still we have a young lady called Shirley Temple, the group of seasoned veterans known as Our Gang, and a four-year-old future star, young Carolyn Lee. There's Bobs Watson, too, and little Johnnie Sheffield, who has the honour to represent Mr. Tarzan Junior. Yes, to-day is the day of youth, without any argument.

"And look, it's Saturday. Any old Saturday. I've just come back from one of M-G-M's big stages, where Mickey Rooney and Judy Garland have been planning a friendly 'get-together' to celebrate the end of weeks of hard work in *Babes in Arms*, their latest starring picture. The 'get-together' includes most of the young players mentioned already; and the jumping-off place is set for Mickey Rooney's house in the San Fernando Valley. Care to follow the gang around?

"They all show up at the Rooney residence early enough in the afternoon so that there can be a lot of plunging in and out of the pool in the garden; to-day's version of the old swimming hole, beloved of the American novelist. These Teen-Age Kids certainly know how to plunge. Bonita Granville, particularly, is a brilliant swimmer; has many medals to her credit; sticks her mop of thickly curling fair hair under a tight white cap, and dives and dives. Grand kid, that Granville girl.

On her sixteenth birthday, Judy Garland gave a swimming, badminton, and dancing party for her personal friends. Mickey Rooney shapes like a champion table-tennis player, whilst his hostess, Judy Garland, looks on. *Right:* A new portrait of Deanna Durbin. It is estimated that by the time she is twenty-one she will have earned the sum of £320,000

SPOTLIGHT

Hollywood's Teen-Age Gang

By Margaret Chute

"The badminton court is close by the swimming pool, and there's much activity in that quarter, too. Give the kids a couple of hours or so at this kind of healthy fun, and the whole bunch is more than ready for something in the food line. Mickey insisted that a real barbecue pit should find a place in his garden; and ex-boy scouts Mickey and his pal Jackie Cooper, do their stuff in no flimsy fashion, when they dash forward to get a wood fire blazing in the pit. The kids would never wait while meat was roasted in the dear old-fashioned way; Mickey wants his blazing fire for hot dogs, toasted buns, and marshmallows that drip and sizzle on the end of long thin wooden toasting sticks.

"The radio plays all over the house, and all over the garden, too. Soon it is switched on for dancing; and before the dance music has been thrumming through the air for many minutes our host vanishes to return dragging his precious jazz drums. A swell drummer is Master Rooney; and so is Jackie Cooper. Bing Crosby put Jackie on the air in his own big programme, not long ago, as a trap drummer; and Jackie panicked the customers, believe me.

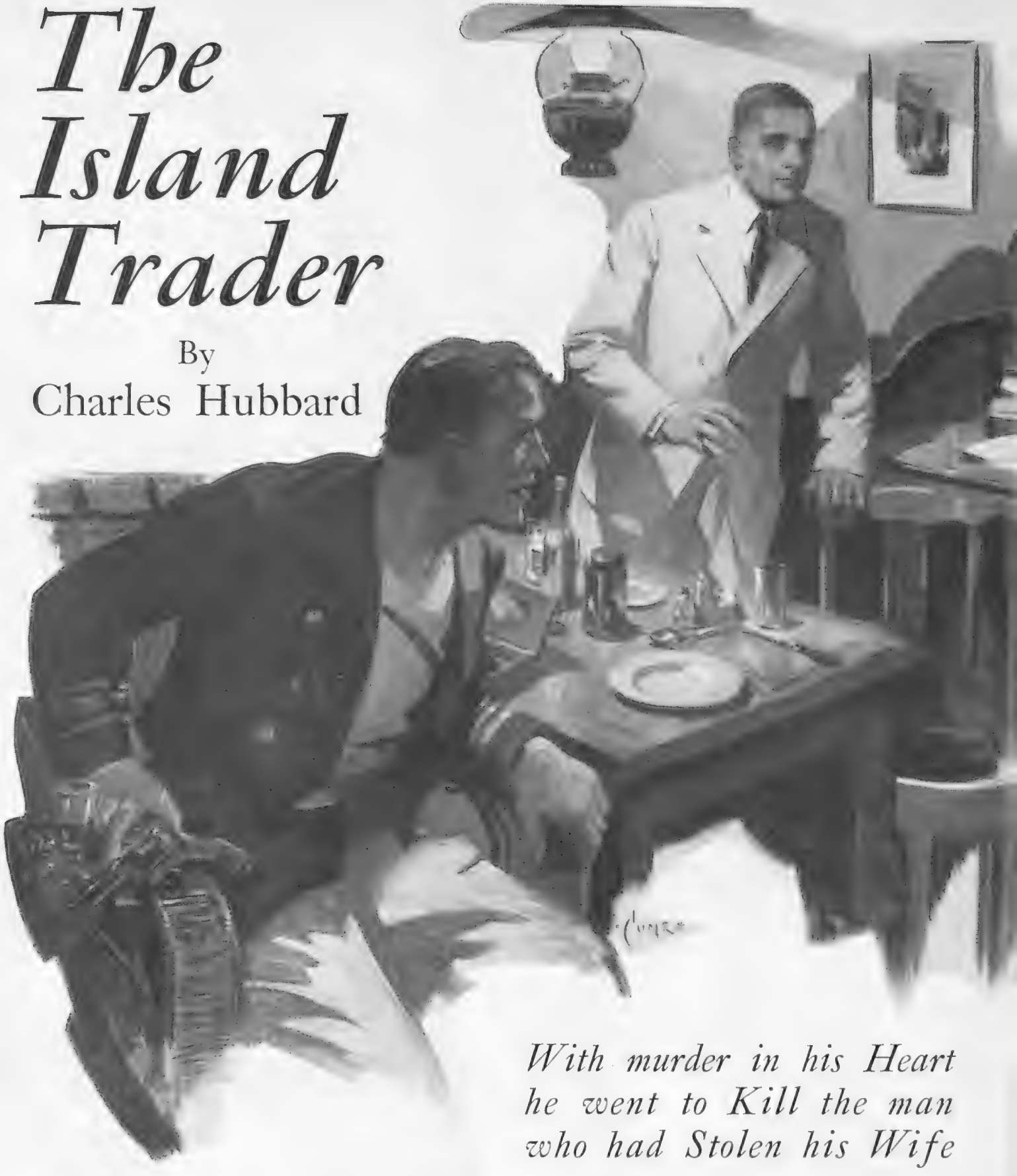
"Swimming, badminton, dancing, community singing, hot dogs, and toasted marshmallows being things of the past, the *real* business of the get-together gang begins. All of them have cars; most of them drive those cars themselves. They bound in, sorting themselves out as they please; and off they go on a round of fun. The bowling alleys in the Valley come first—five minutes away. Fine bowling is done by the eager youngsters; Deanna Durbin has a straight eye, and a firm right arm; so has Judy Garland.

"Next, there is the new all-year-round pine needle ski slope; you get all the thrills of Switzerland on that slippery slope, with not a flake of snow in sight. The whole thing is made of pine needles; and if you have ever tried walking on a bed of the said needles you will know that they are far more slippery than ice. After the pine needle ski slope comes a miniature golf course; then the place where golf drives can be practised, by them as likes that kind of sport. Mickey does, so does Freddie Bartholomew. Then comes a quick trip to one of our renowned open-air drive-in film (*Continued on page 78*)

Shirley Temple, Hollywood's number one film star, has, among her other accomplishments, now learned to play the ukulele

The Island Trader

By
Charles Hubbard



With murder in his Heart he went to Kill the man who had Stolen his Wife

THE island was called Ao, from the cloud which hung about its central hill. During the forenoon a schooner worked in from the horizon. She was a typical trader, her white paint streaked with rust and her mast bleached grey by long exposure to the tropic sun. Near the land she got a shift of wind and stood straight for the gap in the beach where a stream emptied through and smoke rose above the wall of trees.

The mate climbed to the masthead to choose a passage among the off-lying shoals and sandbars. With broad gestures of his arm he directed the native helmsman. Two native seamen stood by in the waist for sudden orders. In the stern the skipper leaned both elbows on the rail and stared ahead from under the brim of a large thick pith helmet.

The skipper went by the name of Sprague, John Sprague.

He was a short man with a large head. His body seemed to have shrunk in the sun and his helmet was like the top of a mushroom. When he removed the helmet to fan himself, his face was pasty compared to the brown of his bare arms. His face was hollow, exaggerating the heavy jaw and large features. Long, fine, grey hair clung to his bulging skull.

He moved away from the rail to the main companionway as the schooner slipped into the river's mouth. The channel turned and opened up a stretch of still lagoon hemmed in by steep mud banks and bright green jungle. In a clearing on the north side the thatched

Illustration by T. Cuneo

"MY past!" she said, looking from one man to the other. "What a pretty picture! Two old fools"

huts of a village showed among the palms and at the landing place a crowd of natives were launching their canoes. Excited laughter echoed across the water. Sprague pushed back the hatch and went below.

As the fleet of dug-outs surrounded the ship, the mate descended from the masthead by sliding down the throat halyard. The crew addressed him respectfully as Mister Webb, but he was only a boy. He was tall and overgrown. A loose undershirt hung outside the belt of his dirty duck pants. He wore a white-topped yachting cap with a cracked visor on the back of his head, and his nose was peeling from sunburn. He had a long humorous face, and an easy laugh as he invited the people in the canoes to come aboard and help furl sails and get the anchor down. Being fluent in the native language, he mingled with them intimately, joking and asking questions. He caught their excitement when one of them jumped on to the rail and pointed towards the village.

On the crude wharf at the landing place stood a man, smartly dressed in a suit of white drill. In spite of the distance, he was obviously immaculate. His shoes were white. Even his helmet was newly chalked.

Webb hurried aft, and leaned across the roof of the deck-house to put his head through the cabin skylight.

"John," he said. "Hey, John! Their trader's on his way out. Cripes! Wait till you see him!"

THE skipper was busy laying out stock on the table in the middle of the cabin. The chests which stood against the walls were open. They contained a great collection of bright cotton fabrics and shoddy clothing and cheap jewellery, cooking utensils and shiny knives, tobacco and cans of milk and salmon. The skipper was arranging the different goods in neat piles on the table.

He said, "What's the matter with him?"

"He's all dolled up like the Prince of Wales," Webb said. Sprague looked up.

"I don't give a damn if he is the Prince of Wales," he said.

"You'd better take it easy, John," Webb said. "The people here think he's a little tin god. They worship him."

"No little tin god is going to do me out of my business," Sprague said. He began to shut and lock the chests.

"Maybe he thinks it's his business, too," Webb said. "With this gang on deck, we don't want any trouble. Take it easy."

He withdrew his head and called the schooner's native bos'n and gave orders that no one was to be allowed aft while the visiting trader was aboard. The newcomer's canoe was now approaching rapidly. Webb put his head in the cabin skylight again and said in a falsetto voice, "The Prince of Wales to see King John."

Behind him a canoe bumped against the ship's side, and a man said, "May I come aboard?"

The skipper threw back his head and stared up through the skylight. He said, "Who's that?"

"It's Princey, of course," Webb said. He started to laugh. He stopped short as he glanced down into the skipper's face. Sprague looked as though he had been hit in the pit of the stomach.

Webb stood up and scratched the back of his head before returning the yachting cap to its precarious perch. He turned and watched their visitor climb slowly over the rail.

The man had a round mild face with extremely pale blue eyes. He stared about him stupidly and finally moved aft along the ship's rail without taking any notice of the boy.

"Don't mind me," Webb said. "I'm just the mate here."

The man turned. "I'm sorry, I didn't see you," he said. "The fact is I'm practically blind. I apologise."

He held out his hand. Webb put his own hands in his pockets and leaned back against the deck-house. He said, "I don't see so well, either, come to think of it."

"My name's Mandell," the stranger said. "I didn't intend to offend you. And now that I know where you are I can see you, although it is just a blur. I'm not altogether blind—nearsighted, it is. Extremely nearsighted. I can't focus on anything more than a foot away."

He stepped forward unexpectedly and thrust his face close to the boy's. "You're young," he said. "Sorry to startle you. I haven't seen a white man's face in nearly a year."

Webb drew back and clenched his fist. Then he looked over his shoulder at the gallery of natives amidships. Finally, he smiled. "It must be hell to be blind," he said. "My name's Webb. Mate of this here *Silver Swan*. You'd better come below."

He moved around to the companionway and swung himself into the opening to drop down into the cabin.

He found himself staring into the muzzle of a revolver in John Sprague's right hand. Sprague stood across the little room with his back to the bulkhead, holding the revolver to cover the square of sky in the open hatch. He held up one finger for silence before Webb could speak and motioned the boy to a seat on one of the chests.

Mandell's legs and white shoes appeared at the top of the companion ladder. He turned and came (*Continued on page 72*)

New Books *for the New Year*

Reviewed by Alan Seymour

"HUSBANDS Can't Help It," by Eliot Crawshay-Williams (John Long, 8s. 6d.), is grand fun.

Mr. Crawshay-Williams has an infectiously light-hearted outlook on life and writes so airily on guilty liasons that for the once, at least, the reader—no matter who he or she may be—accepts them completely as, of course, the usual thing.

In this breezy tale, Charles, one of the helpless husbands, has a charming wife, Rosemary, and a bachelor friend of his university days, Alistair.

Alistair, although a well-known writer of somewhat risky novels, is himself a sedate and entirely unromantic man.

He is inspired, however, on one occasion to enter upon a rather unusual adventure with an anonymous young admirer, who, wishing to preserve her incognito, insists upon their one and only encounter, in her bedroom at a well-known West End hotel, taking place in unrelieved darkness.

When Alistair tells Charles of this episode the latter's adventurous instincts are immediately aroused and, his friend disavowing further interest in his unknown companion of one night, Charles himself determines to pursue her.

This he does, unknown to Alistair, by means of an advertisement in the agony column of a daily paper.

The unexpected results of his advertisement, together with other fortuitous happenings arising out of the fact that Alistair has embodied the full story of his hotel romance in his latest novel, form the material of a story which, despite the slightly un-moral flavour of its title and the rather unusual character of its contents, may yet be said in its ultimate issue to award the victory to Virtue.

Here is rich entertainment. I should like to see "Husbands Can't Help It" filmed with Tom Walls cast for the role of Charles and Yvonne Arnaud as Angela.

And if Mr. Crawshay-Williams is more than somewhat concerned with broken marital pledges, that is, surely, an inappropriately appropriate cue for me to introduce to you a novel called "Broken Pledges"—the first novel about the present war—by Philip Gibbs (Hutchinson, 7s. 6d.).

Here is a book, thoughtful and thought-provoking, in which the tragedy of life at a time when a great nation was being led into folly by a band of corrupt (*Continued on page* 69)

The Book of the Month

"No Arms No Armour," by R. D. Q. Henriques (Nicholson & Watson, 8s. 6d.)

IF ever a book was distinguished by an exquisite sincerity, that book is "No Arms No Armour."

It is a first novel, but a first novel of such outstanding character and of such consummate artistry that it carried off the £3,000 prize in the All Nations Prize Novel Competition.

The fact that it has as its background the life of a soldier at work and at play—a background of more than usual interest to-day—in no way influenced its recognition as a work worthy of this high honour, for the award was made before the outbreak of the war.

The author is passionately, urgently concerned with imperishable values. He is inquisitive as to the underlying truth of truth itself. He has the rare gift of a sympathy which is intensely moving without ever becoming cloying. He is a truly great writer.

The story is the story of a journey. Not an ordinary journey, not one that can be seen on the map or reckoned in mileage. For it is the story of the fulfilment of, and a man's awakening to, his spiritual destiny.

Second-Lieutenant Tubby Windrush was a gunner in the days when the Royal Regiment was truly a mounted unit. His life was a gay and simple one, his interests circumscribed by his love of horses and, through them, by polo, hunting, racing and the feel of a saddle at daybreak.

He found it good. And so it was a harsh but purposeful fate that made a horse the cause of long months in hospital.

His journey had begun. And against his will it was to continue, with Fate and his brother officers and friends—Sammy, Daddy, Watson and Lydia, too—goading him to the path he never wished to follow.

Fate took him to the Sudan, filled Sammy with a sniper's bullet, left Daddy—ruthless, drunken, but above all lovable Daddy—talking and talking under the brilliant stars of those desert nights that freed tongues and skimmed the dross from a man's feelings.

That, too, was frightening. Then, for a while, the journey became physical, and when Tubby returned, it was to find that Fate had loosed a further shocking and perplexing trick. . . . But by now Tubby was a long way on his journey and the goal, still indistinct, was not far distant.

That is the theme of the book. Its insight is profound, its mode of telling very lovely and moving but the one great characteristic which stamps it instantly as a work which will endure, is the way in which the author has welded the conglomerate emotions of its various and varying characters into one unified whole on the very pattern of Life itself.

"No Arms No Armour" is one of the few really memorable books since "All Quiet on the Western Front."

Old Tales Re-told

How the "Secret Weapons" of Archimedes Kept the Mighty Roman Army and Navy at Bay for Three Years

Written and Illustrated by F. Matania, R.I.

Some Roman war machines: (left to right) the ram, tower counterweight catapult, and the adjustable catapult

UNTIL the discovery of gunpowder revolutionised every system of military offensive, the development of weapons had been very slow, for since pre-Roman time the construction of weapons had made little or no progress. In fact, the only notable event that shook the fighting world was in the year 215 B.C., when Archimedes, in defence of his native Syracusa, invented some new devices with which he baffled a supreme military force in the shape of the combined Army and Navy of the Romans.

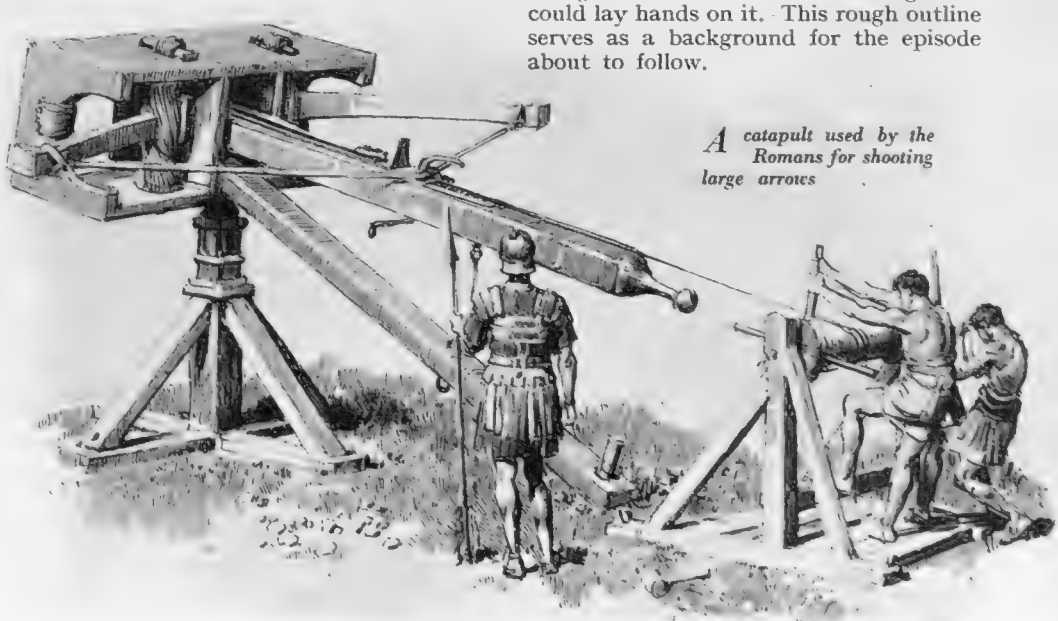
Archimedes was a great mathematician, and it is generally admitted that during the last 2000 years no new methods have proved more effective than those invented by this genius. He did not, however, consider his military inventions to be his chief work, and looked upon them almost with contempt.

It was Hiero II., King of Syracusa, who recognised that Archimedes had a master mind, and insisted that his genius should be put to practical use in the defence of his country. The task that he gave to Archimedes was to render Syracusa impregnable on land and sea, and the State treasury was put at Archimedes' disposal for this purpose.

At that time Syracusa was a great and prosperous city, a centre of magnificence surpassed in later years only by Rome. The Greek theatre cut out of the rock, the temple of Diana, the Arethusa fountain, and many other remains of its past glory are still to be seen to-day. Syracusa was protected by a massive wall, a great part of which had its foundations on the rocks along the seashore. It was built practically between two harbours, of which one is still called Porto Grande.

KING HIERO had spent practically his entire life in preparing Syracusa for defence against invasion under the guidance of Archimedes. But, incredible as it may seem, he was not at all eager to make use of the enormous armaments that he had prepared. He was an exception among rulers. His conciliatory policy of friendship with the Romans secured for him and his people an uninterrupted reign of peace and serenity for fifty-six years. When he died, troubles began. The throne went to his grandson, Hieronymus, a mere boy, who proved to be only a tool in the hands of an anti-Roman gang.

Because of the fact that Carthage had once scored a great victory over the Romans, Hieronymus disregarded the wisdom of his grandfather and allied himself with the Carthaginians. The result was that in time the Roman army and the Roman fleet made their way towards Syracusa with the object of subduing the town before the Carthaginians could lay hands on it. This rough outline serves as a background for the episode about to follow.



A catapult used by the Romans for shooting large arrows

MARCELLUS and Appius were the leaders of the Roman expedition. The first was in command of the navy; the second of the army. They landed in Sicily and started by taking the city of Leontini. But the population was spared and no acts of violence committed against property. In short, Marcellus lived up to his reputation of a gallant soldier and a humane general. Yet a false report reached Syracusa. It was said that Marcellus had slain all the male population from the age of puberty upwards; that the town had been looted, and that he was marching towards Syracusa to repeat the massacre there. These lies, taken in good faith by the majority of the population, aroused a wave of indignation, but in reality the position was just the reverse, for a body of Roman soldiers sent on an embassy had, contrary to all the rules of warfare, been surrounded and slain by the Leontinians.

Meanwhile, in Syracusa, there was not a man able to handle a sword who did not volunteer to defend his beloved city. Even little boys and old men were allotted tasks for the one purpose. Archimedes' war machines—strange monsters in wood and metal—were taken from their long sleep, assembled, and put into commission under the direction of the man who had invented them.

Marcellus had seen Roman galleys rammed and sunk, but to see them suspended by a chain, tossed about, hoisted upright and cast away like pieces of rubbish was too humiliating a spectacle for a Roman general

AN impressive galley with five rows of oars and flying a huge square sail bearing the Roman Eagle, appeared at the entrance to Syracusa harbour. It was closely followed by a second galley which had on board the ambassadors who were bringing a message from Marcellus. Every formality had been observed by the meticulous Romans, when suddenly the first galley was assailed from every side and captured. Once again the army leaders of Sicily had disgraced themselves.

The second galley, by a clever manœuvre, succeeded in escaping.

In the hope of avoiding battle, Marcellus tried again to parley, and this time by land; but Hippocrates, a wicked maniac who was at the head of Syracusa's defence, practically shut the door in Marcellus's face without even hearing the proposals of the Romans. He had also been responsible for spreading the libel of the massacre of Leontini and was equally responsible for the seizure of the Roman galley belonging to the emissaries. These actions were more than enough for the Roman generals, so they decided to attack.

SIXTY Roman galleys, each with five rows of oars, entered the harbour. They could not have been better equipped for the assault. There were catapults for heavy stones, small ones for big arrows, battering rams hanging from tripods, and enormous ones mounted on solid square pedestals covered with fireproof roofs, towers with drawbridges and an array of sambucas—large ladders very similar to modern fire-escapes. These ladders were wide enough to allow six soldiers abreast on one step, thus enabling the invading army to pour over the walls thousands of soldiers in a very short space of time. The Romans were sure that they possessed the most powerful engines of war known at the time. Some of them were so big that they needed a platform bigger than the breadth of a large galley, so they were mounted on two or more galleys tied abreast, and advanced only with oars on the free external side

Marcellus was certain that the mere sight of all this terrifying apparatus would induce the Syracusans to come to their senses before the menacing monsters began operations. At any rate, he expected the fall of Syracusa within five days. He waited for the anticipated effect, but nothing happened. Not a single soldier appeared on the walls, and nothing could be heard. He was so convinced that he would not meet with any appreciable resistance that instead of starting in the usual way—that is, by battering the walls and weakening the enemy before storming—he commenced by storming and ordering the sambucas to approach, together with the transport of soldiers. Bridges were ready to connect the vessels so that an uninterrupted flow of attackers could scale the walls.

As they started, strange wooden objects began to emerge from above the wall opposite every approaching sambuca. As soon as the first of them took up its position against the wall the mysterious object was lowered like a drawbridge, and down came a stone of enormous size, crashing through the platform, killing and wounding a great number of soldiers and damaging the boats. At the same time, and without a single defender being seen, came a rain of darts shooting out from the lower part of the walls. Loopholes had been made all along the wall—a ruse unknown till then in warfare.

That, too, had been one of Archimedes' ideas ; quite a simple one, but nevertheless, no one had thought of it before.

Another surprise soon followed. Thousands of small stones were hurled all at once by some unseen contraption as if they had been a handful of pebbles. The range was so well calculated that they fell as thick as hailstones on to the crowded ships, and they were shot out in such quick succession that the

When it became impossible to obtain sinews owing to the lack of cattle, the beautiful hair of the Sicilian women was all handed over to the bow-makers

trumpeter was ordered to sound the retreat. The battered sambucas then made way for the boats with the catapults, but before they had advanced sufficiently within range of the walls, a missile darted out, rose very high in the sky, described an enormous parabola, and crashed on one of the advancing galleys. It was a stone weighing 187 lbs. and had travelled one-eighth of a mile. This was followed by others, not many of which missed their mark.

No Roman machine had the same long range, so Marcellus ordered the advance at full speed. He knew that the Syracusans could not retreat with their catapults nor alter their range. But Archimedes had prepared engines for all emergencies. As the Romans approached, an avalanche of stones came from overhead, this time of various sizes, but all falling almost in a line. Never had anything so perfectly co-ordinated been witnessed before. The damage caused by these missiles was enormous. The order to advance still further with increased speed was given. Below, the rhythmic beating on the anvil of the " portisculus " was quickened to the utmost of human endurance. The galleys escaped once again from the danger zone, only to enter another, for a new salvo of missiles struck them. Mixed with the stones there was a number of distaffs composed of burning tow, heavy arrows with a piece of burning tow twisted round the ends, which remained fixed in the wood of the vessels, and before they could be pulled out many had already burst into flames. Still not an enemy could be seen on the walls ; nor had the missiles hurled by the Romans caused any apparent damage. Besides this, the quantities of ammunition carried by the Romans were not unlimited, as was the case on land. The only thing for the Romans to do was to persevere in getting right beneath the walls. Once there, apart from the arrows, they did not expect any other form of attack.

The wall was not of the same height all the way round. There were places where the topmost level was extremely high, and it was under those parts that Marcellus thought fit to place his most important vessels, while at the same time he tried again to bring up the sambucas. A lull ensued, which the Romans took as a sign that the Syracusans had exhausted their ammunition.

Suddenly some enormous arms were hoisted from behind the walls. These were lowered to a horizontal position projecting from the wall, then placed in such a way as to hang right above each vessel. From this arm a strange contraption was lowered down on to the galley. This was a grapple, attached and manœuvred by chains. As these were pulled up the vessel was caught as in a vice. The arm lifted slowly as the chains shortened, pulling with it the entire vessel. Up and up it went as if trying to climb the wall. Everything that was not fixed on the boat slipped and fell in the general upheaval, for, being lifted by the prow, it hung in a perpendicular position. Soldiers and sailors hung on anywhere they could and seeing that they were being lifted too high, let go and fell on the rocks and into the sea. The same thing was happening all along the wall wherever a boat had approached within the range of these terrible (*Continued on page* 88)

Out-of-work entertainers partaking of a meal which costs one franc, in the hall of the Bal Tabarin

To-day *in* The Bal Tabarin

This famous Parisian place of entertainment, which our grandfathers called Naughty, is now providing a satisfying meal for the equivalent of about threepence, to singers, dancers and actors, hard hit by the War

By Harry J. Greenwall

(Left) The Bal Tabarin show girls are famous for their beauty. (Below) Between the scenes the glamorous show girls, knit, sew, or read in their dressing-rooms

THE most modern of the Montmartre places of amusement was the Bal Tabarin, and paradoxical as it may be, the Tabarin is also the oldest of them all, yet it was only opened in 1904. Actually what happened is this: there was once a man called Tabarin, but to find him we have to go all the way back to the year 1600.

In the dawn of the seventeenth century, a famous charlatan roamed the fairs and hustings of Paris. His name was Antoine Girard, Tabarin to all and sundry. He sold his wares by what to-day would be called wise-cracking cross talk, shared with a partner known as Mondor. Tabarin sold balms for all ills. He could talk a bashful swain into purchasing a love potion, or he would sell a powder practically guaranteed to remedy the cow pox. Tabarin, Tabarin, Tabarin, here he comes, setting up his wares on a trestle table in the Place Dauphine. Here he is cracking blush-bringing witticisms with Mondor. A character, as they say, out of a book, but later to be put into books by La Fontaine and the play-writing Molière. Here he is, Tabarin, a forgotten hoaxer and cheap jack, with his name in neon lights in the Rue Victor Massé.

All the world that went to Paris has been some time or other "up the hill" which means Montmartre, besieged by Henri Quatre, *le Vert Galant*, who wanted to win a pretty nun; besieged ever since by equally gallant gentlemen, green either in experience or in the feel of the rising of the sap in their elderly veins. Most of those who will go to Montmartre again after the war will go to the Bal Tabarin, which until last September was enjoying an Indian summer of renewed youth which began shortly after the dawn of the twentieth century, three hundred (*Continued on page* 86)

WHAT HAS

War Wives You are the women who have the sympathy of the whole world, the women who stand behind the men who fight.

Perhaps you are a Christmas bride, hardly yet used to the plain ring on your finger. Or perhaps your marriage is almost as old as the war.

Getting the charming little home you have so lovingly planned together is one of the thrills that lie ahead, and for the time being you are still living with your parents.

Your wartime lesson is going to be to balance your duty to them and your duty to your new husband. And it is not going to be as easy as you think. They see you still as a little girl. He sees you as his woman.

It is going to be your job to enlist your parents' sympathy so that they will understand and not resent his possessiveness.

You will also have a grand chance of learning to be a really competent housewife, because that is going to count for a lot in the world after the war when you and your husband first set up house together.

It is infinitely harder for the pre-war wife who has had to give up the home around which she has woven the pattern of her life.

She probably cannot see anything very funny in the old music-hall jokes about going back to mother.

Small things that she accepted unquestioningly before she ran a house of her own now jar on her. Old prejudices drive her to the verge of distraction. But she has to remember that she is causing a great deal of disorganisation in her mother's house, and in return she owes her patience and cheerfulness and understanding.

All the same, her first duty is to herself. She must mix with young people and keep all her old interests alive or she will shatter the whole substance of the life that she and her husband have built up together, and to which he expects to return. He wants to find her as she was when he went away, not slowed down or blurred by comfort and apathy.

Married Bachelors These are the men who have sent their wives away to places of safety. They have settled down, most of them uncomplainingly, to a dull and uncomfortable routine in which each week drags along without much variety from Monday until Friday.

You wives who are away in the country, with or without children, would be wise to recognise that war brings other dangers than bombs and the risk of physical injury.

You know your own man, of course, but in times of stress and under abnormal conditions it is not fair nor wise to expect any husband to work all day and languish all night. When you do see him at week-ends, give him change, excitement and gaiety. Try not to hold domestic conferences.

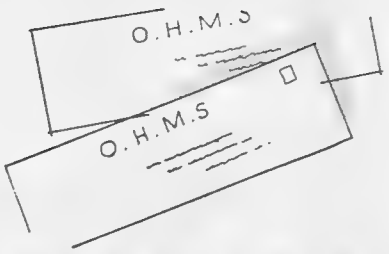
Office Husbands You can take it for granted, if your husband's office has been evacuated to the country, that he is leading a pretty colourless existence.

He is sick to death of office talk and office jokes and office faces, and he longs for bright letters from home. All the same, do not make them too lengthy or too frequent, or you will cause him embarrassment, and don't expect long screeds in return for he has very little time to himself, very little to say, and practically no privacy.

Yours is the real problem. Unless you are doing war work you probably have far too much time on your hands, which is dangerous, because this is a bad time for introspection. Instead of sitting around and brooding see if you can help with evacuees or sick people. Take up any hobby that requires brain-work and concentration, such as the mastering of a new language. Make a point of seeing your friends as often as possible.

The Fifties If there is one section of the community who bear a bigger load than any other, it is the people who went through the last war and now have to endure this one, since for them there is the additional weight

THE WAR DONE TO YOU?



Another New Year is here, a time for hope, but also a time for stock-taking, since the war is already old. It has been a period of readjustments for practically every man, woman and child in this country: a time of violent upheavals and quick decisions. This is the time to sit back and discover dispassionately exactly what is happening to our lives, so that we may arm ourselves against the future and, if necessary, rectify past mistakes.

Children of a New World

If your children are young you have a tremendous responsibility towards them, whether they are away from you or with you all the time. They will have to face the problems of the post-war world, and the finest gift you can give them is their independence.

If they are old enough, encourage them to make small sacrifices so that they may begin to learn early to be good citizens. Hide the horrors of war from them, but fire their imagination with stories of its heroism. If they are living with you and you have accepted evacuees into your home, teach your children the true meaning of hospitality and let them learn something of the way in which other people live. It is possible that (Continued on page 82)

In addition, of course, they can remember when they are talking to young people never to base predictions of what will happen in this war on things that happened in the last one.

We in the £

of memory as well as the uneasiness of anticipation.

It is not so bad for the men and women who are still young enough to serve again, for action is a powerful normaliser, but it is terrible for the older people.

They have earned the right to sit quietly back and watch, with affection and eager interest, the fruition of all they have done for their children and for their children's children. And now they are beset once again with the doubts and the privations of war.

Many of them are living in safety zones, in a sort of half-world that is vitally conscious of the war and yet is absolutely untouched by it in the ordinary daily round except perhaps for the presence of uprooted children and of lonely young mothers.

They live on memory and hope, and some of them are pathetically conscious of the fact that they are back numbers.

All the same, they can do a lot for younger people. They have tremendous reserves of strength, for they have proved their courage. They have learned that life itself cures most of the sorrows it brings, and that death ends nothing. They know how to wait and control their fears. These are the things they can teach by example.

Forty AND FIT

On that Sunday morning—the first Sunday of September—we stood, my week-end guests and I, in the long low room of my cottage, in a silent cluster round the radio.

All of us, that is, but two.

"*We are at war with Germany.*"

Solemnly, the Prime Minister's words fell, syllable by syllable, on our ears.

From the sofa, at the far end of the room, came a sound of sobbing.

A young woman sat next to a slim dark man. He was very upright; very still. His eyes stared straight ahead of him. His hand moved slowly over the woman's long fair hair.

These two were Germans.

It had only been a question of days before he should have received his naturalisation papers. Now, he faced separation for the duration, from the woman he loved.

War does things like that to people. The whip cracks, and, we irrespective of age, sex or nationality, must jump to it.

Along with the rest of the world, we six jumped, all right.

Of those half dozen people gathered together in that quiet room, one is in a concentration camp, one served a term in Holloway prison and now awaits the release of her man (no one can persuade her that it cannot come until war is ended); one is dead (a big business crash suicide); two have been received, and are happily lost, in the broad bosom of the Army of Women.

The other, wife of a film actor, is evacuated with her children to a Cornish cottage, while her husband earns £3 a week as an air-raid warden.

And only a year ago, I was worrying myself into a coma wondering whether I could afford the price of a new fur coat.

On one of my periodical inspections for moth (oh yes: I had the coat all right), I stroked its silky fur and fell to thinking of all the other things that used to worry me and my friends, only a year ago. . . Sylvia and her agony over a broken finger nail on the night of the party; my brother harping madly on the iniquities of income tax, he's in the Army now, so his worries are over; my constant irritation over the deficiencies of my secretary, then moonily in love, now a corporal in the A.T.S., and a demon, they say, for moral discipline. How I worked myself into a state over the problem of doing up my bedroom in the country. Should it be wistful blue and orchid, or white and gold, like the bedroom of my London flat? Interior decoration seemed important, a year ago.

"My dear," I can hear myself saying. "I couldn't sleep in a room done in that ghastly *grey* like Sylvia's. . . ."

Yet, here I am, sleeping as I have never slept before, in more senses than one, on the floor of a kitchen in an East End fire station, done in a daintily thought out colour scheme of dog's dinner yellow and fly stippled green.

(The sight of Elizabeth Arden's preparations, arrayed on the honest black surface of the kitchen range, usually starts my day with a quiet belly laugh.)

"War is a great leveller." And as if all this was not enough to give me a clear illustration of the cliché, they sent me to school.

With ten women of my own generation and eighty girls, I went to the Women's Auxiliary Fire Service Training School at Islington.

The scene is a rain-sodden back garden, with a leafless plane tree, planted, for some unaccountable reason, in the centre of the plot. Rigid, we await the arrival of madam, the company officer, to take roll call. Madam is a tall slight woman with silver hair, who wears uniform beautifully. Quickly she runs through the list.

"Williams."

"Yes, madam."

"Jones."

"Yes, madam."

As each name is called, heels come smartly or are dragged to attention.

"Right turn, dis-MISS."

We pelt upstairs to the classroom for three hours' lecture, cramming in knowledge of the war organisation of the London Fire Brigade, watch-room duties, appliances, mobilisation, fire fighting, topography.

At noon comes squad drill. We pelt downstairs again, go out into the icy cold square, noses blue, eyes watering.

(*Please can I wear gloves? Wassat? Gloves? Of course, you can, duckie! And bring your hot-water bottle. Bring your bed and your mother too, and we'll tuck you up and wheel the pair of you on to parade ground. Gloves. . . .*)

Left, right. Left, right. . . I am at the head of the column. *Left, right. Left, right.* Teeth chatter like castanets.

We right wheel into the High Street. Give the bus drivers and the errand boys a treat. *Pick 'em up, there. Keep your dressings . . . What d'ye think you are? An insomnyer class?*

Left wheel into the L.C.C. playground, an hour's drill in the bitter wind . . . *dis-MISS.*

Round the corner in a flash we go to the local for a drink, hot food, and a quick pore over the morning's notes. Then more lectures, more squad drill. The day's routine is punctuated by cups of tea, slab cake, and schoolgirl confidences.

7 p.m. *dis-MISS.*

I go home to a hot bath, an egg on a tray and bed;

FOR ANYTHING

exhausted, but feeling strangely exhilarated, strangely young.

Going back to school at forty gave me a mental and physical shake up and an insight into the lives of women to whom the Elephant and Castle is a real place, not a name on a bus, and to whom Sadler's Wells is home, not a ballet. I would not have missed it for the world.

I have a suspicion that the reason I have found stimulus in these strange circumstances along with mental peace is because, fundamentally, I hate responsibility. Can it be I, with my careerist mentality, who welcomes the shedding of my career? It looks like it. And I am not alone in my confession. Women and men, too, accustomed to great responsibility, used to command, are finding happiness in obeying.

A group commander I know gave up a thousand-a-year job to join the W.A.F.S. She now earns £2 a week, and although hers is a responsible position, she will tell you that were it not for the worry of diminishing capital, and the keeping of her home together on this small amount, she has never been so happy in her life. Her success in her new career, you see, is entirely non-commercial.

My business is dead. But so are my business worries. The payment of the exorbitant rent of my flat no longer gnaws at the vitals of my bank balance, because both flat and bank balance are non-existent.

No longer do I work myself into a passion listening from the other side of the partition to my secretary talking into *my* telephone, at *my* time and *my* expense, to her boy friend. I have no secretary. Instead, I am myself, a clock-puncher, hat-tipper, pay-packet snatcher, go-getter, clock watcher, sweet muncher, gossip passer-on, girlish giggler : just full to the brim with dormitory fun. Yes. And at forty I like it.

For the first time in about fifteen years, others have to worry about me and my welfare and my meals. Now, I am able to go to bed (orders) at ten-thirty, I have an evening off once a week (followers allowed), I have time to do my face properly, brush my hair by the clock and give my brain a holiday.

All the women of my generation don't feel the same way as I do about it. Many of them are looking down into the abyss of war with the same horror with (Continued on page 82)

By Lynne Joyce

In a London A.F.S. Station

1. Sleeping on the floor

2. Squad drill

3. Time off for tea

4. Lecture in the classroom

THE PERFUMED GHOST

A case from a Parisian private detective's notebook

By Peter Cheyney

I WAS leaving the office when the telephone rang. Lefty took off the receiver. After a minute he put his hand over the transmitter and turned to me.

"It's a woman," he said, "with a pretty voice. She wants to see you. Says it's urgent. She's introduced by Van Dine."

I don't usually see clients at nine-thirty at night, but Van Dine was a good friend of mine and if he'd sent this woman I thought I'd better see her. I nodded to Lefty.

"Tell her to come round," I said.

Lefty spoke to her, then he hung up.

"She says she'll be round in ten minutes, chief," he said with a grin. "Gee, has that dame got a swell voice! Do I stay?"

"You stay," I said. "You go in the other office and turn on the dictaphone so that we have a record of what she says."

I had been running an investigation office in the rue Clery, Paris, since I left the U.S. Infantry at the end of the war. Paris is an amusing place, and the investigation business was a profitable one Lots of Americans get into trouble in Paris, and they like someone to get them out.

At the moment I was wondering about this woman who'd telephoned. It had to be pretty urgent for her to ring up the office at nine-thirty. I sat down in my desk and lit a cigar and waited. In a few minutes the outer office door bell rang and Lefty let her in.

She was a picture! She was of good height, with a superb figure. She had a complexion like cream and turquoise eyes that might have melted the heart of a stone image. She was superbly dressed too, and as she came into my office she brought with her a very attractive and faint perfume. I have got a memory for scent. I solved one of my most important cases with my nose, but I certainly could not place this rare and exotic perfume which emanated from my visitor.

Lefty gave her a chair and went into his own room. After a second I heard the faint click which denoted that he had switched on the wall dictaphone. She came straight to the point. Her voice matched the rest of her. It was low, charming and had an indescribable quality.

"I must apologise for coming so late, Mr. Valentine, but there was no time to be lost. Mr. Van Dine told me that I would be perfectly safe in dealing with you."

She smiled and I understood the fable of Helen of Troy launching a thousand ships. I gave her a cigarette.

"Do you know Mr. Van Dine well?" I asked.

She nodded.

"My name is Mrs. Cynthis Severn," she said "I am an Englishwoman. I have known Mr. Van Dine for a long time."

I nodded.

"I wonder, did you know his great friend Duborg, another client of mine?" I asked. She smiled agreement.

"I knew him too," she said. "I have known both of them for some years."

I sat down in my chair again.

"Now for the story," I said. "Having satisfied ourselves about each other, we might as well get on."

"I am afraid you will laugh at me, Mr. Valentine,"

she said, "but I've come to see you about something which will probably seem very silly to you. Frankly, the situation is this.

"Up to a year ago, I was living in a flat just off the Fauborg St. Antoine. I was very fond of the flat, but always there seemed to me something mysterious about it, something which unsettled me in a vague way.

"Eventually, the night before I left I saw a ghost, or at least I *thought* I saw a ghost. It was the figure of a most charming man, dressed in modern clothes and looking very distressed.

"I was going to leave the flat in any event, but this thing decided me. I left next day, and since then I've done nothing but worry."

"About what?" I queried.

She laughed quietly.

She smiled and I understood the fable of Helen of Troy launching a thousand ships. I gave her a cigarette

"About whether I really saw the ghost or not. Can you understand that?"

"Oh, yes," I said, "I understand perfectly. Ever since you have wondered whether you saw the ghost or whether your eyes played you false. You are not certain."

"Quite," she said. "I am not certain, and I want to be certain. That's why I have come to you."

I smiled.

"This sounds as if it's going to be an interesting case, Mrs. Severn," I said, "and a rather nicer one than those which usually come my way."

"I am glad to hear that," she said. "What I want you to do is this. After I left the flat I made inquiries and I found that there were rumours about the place being haunted. It is said that this ghost appears once a year, and the anniversary on which it is due is to-morrow night. The day after I am leaving Paris and returning to England, but before I go I must know about this ghost."

"And so . . ." I queried.

"Well," she said, "to-morrow I want you to come with me to the flat, which is now unoccupied, and then we can see whether there is a ghost or whether I was suffering from nerves or imagination. What will your fee be, Mr. Valentine?"

I laughed.

"I don't know," I said. "It's difficult to assess the value of my services as a layer of ghosts."

She opened her handbag and placed an envelope on the corner of my desk.

"There are 2,000 francs in that envelope," she said, smiling. "Will that be enough?"

I grinned.

"More than enough," I said. "That's a very nice fee for such a short job of work."

She smiled and held out her hand.

"Excellent," she said. "Then it's all settled. Will you come for me to-morrow night at my hotel, the Splendide, at eleven o'clock. Then we might have some coffee and go round to the flat some time about the witching hour of midnight."

I got up and showed her to the door. As I helped her with the expensive fur which had slipped from her shoulders another whiff of that superb perfume came to my nostrils.

"I shall be there, Mrs. Severn," I said.

I watched her as she walked towards the lift. Then I went back to the office.

Lefty was waiting for me.

"Well, what do you know about that, chief?" he said. "So you're going to be a ghost layer. What a swell job! Two thousand francs for that!"

I sat down in my chair and looked at him.

"You never learn anything, do you, Lefty?" I said. "Don't you realise there's something very funny about this business?"

"Funny?" he queried. "How?"

"Work it out for yourself," I said. "Here is a woman, a very charming and beautiful woman, who has been worried for over a year as to whether she's seen a ghost or not, so she has to wait till half-past nine to-night to phone this office about it. That's point No. 1.

"Point No. 2 is that she's introduced by Van Dine. You heard that I was careful to ask her whether she knew his great friend Duborg, another client of mine. She said she did. Very well then, why didn't she get Duborg to introduce her to us? He is in Paris, whereas Van Dine, whose name was mentioned in the first place, is in Italy, and we couldn't check up if we wanted to.

"In any event, and this is point No. 3, to prevent us checking up she pays a large fee of 2,000 francs in advance. Well?"

Lefty scratched his head.

"You always see something that I don't," he said. "Well, chief, where do we go from here?"

"This is an interesting business, Lefty," I said, "but I think there's something behind it. Go out right away. Walk round to this flat, this haunted flat she talks about, and have a look round and see if there's a way we can get in without disturbing the neighbourhood or the police. I'd like to take a look at that flat, and I'd like to do it to-night."

IT was eleven o'clock when Lefty and I, having secured admittance to the flat through a back window, which abutted on a garage, examined the place. It was large, empty and desolate. All the rooms, of which there were many, led off the main

A lady reported that a valuable diamond had been stolen from the flat

Illustrated by Albert Bailey

corridor, and we went through them one by one. We found nothing.

Eventually, we came to the last room—the bathroom. It had one of those large marble baths sunk flush with the floor, and as I stood on the edge something vague stirred within my mind. At last I got it.

"Well, Lefty," I said, "what do you know about this?"

He looked at me vacantly.

"I don't know anything, chief," he said. "All I can see is a bath."

I smiled.

"Well, get down on your knees and smell it," I said. "Then tell me what you think."

He did so and looked up at me from the floor with amazement written all over his face.

"Well, what do you know about that, chief," he said. "This bath smells of the same perfume as she did."

"Right first time, Lefty," I said. "And what does that tell you? Bath salts don't hang about a bathroom for a year, you know. It means that woman was using that bath up to the last two or three days. The odour of the bath salts has not had time to evaporate. Now we'll go home."

We made our exit by the same means as we had entered. Outside I sent Lefty off. For myself I lit a cigarette and walked slowly back to my flat on the Boulevard Montmartre.

I was very interested in Mrs. Cynthis Severn.

NEXT morning I sent Lefty out to make some inquiries about the haunted flat. He came through to the office at noon and had some interesting information to give me.

The flat had been occupied up to a few days before by a Russian woman, a blonde named Madame Alexia Starinoff. A fortnight before, this lady reported that a valuable diamond had been stolen from the flat and brought a claim against the Lyons-Marseilles Insurance with whom the gem was insured. She then left the flat because, apparently, she was afraid of further burglaries, as she was the owner of other valuable jewellery.

I did a little quiet thinking and went round and saw the insurance people. They were not particularly satisfied with the case, but had decided that they would have to pay as the lady was pressing them.

I managed to get an exact description of the stolen diamond from them, and, at my request, they also procured a photograph of the jewel. Armed with this, and Madame Alexia Starinoff's address, I dropped in at the Café de la Paix, drank two grenadines, and made up my mind. I took a cab and went over to Papa Dubinet—Dubinet was the best "fence" and general jewel crook in Paris and got him to work.

Then I had lunch and proceeded to instruct Lefty.

THAT night I picked up Cynthis Severn at the Splendide. She looked ravishing in an evening gown that must have cost a small fortune. I drank some coffee with her, and we took a taxi round to the haunted flat in the Fauborg. She had secured the keys and permission to inspect the place from the agents.

When we arrived the flat looked very much the same as on the night before. Moonlight flooded through the windows making grotesque shadows on the bare floors, and, as we walked along the corridor I felt my companion give a little shudder.

Eventually we stood in a corner of what had been the drawing-room, and I lit myself a cigarette after she had refused one.

"I'm much too excited and frightened to smoke," she said. "What do you think about it all, Mr. Valentine?"

I grinned.

"I'm thinking that it's the easiest two thousand francs I've ever earned," I said.

The words were hardly out of my mouth before she gripped my arm. She was standing on my left and she pinched hard in her excitement.

"Look," she whispered excitedly. "Look—the ghost!"

I looked towards the door, but saw nothing at all. I had a .32 Colt automatic in a shoulder holster under my left arm and I drew the gun and went out into the corridor with Cynthis Severn at my heels. I walked through the flat but there wasn't a sign of any ghost. I told her so.

"I don't care," she whispered. "*I* saw it, and now my mind is at rest."

I laughed.

"So now you can go back to England," I said, "two thousand francs the poorer, but with a mind at peace. Let's go."

I slipped the automatic back into its holster, and we made our way towards the flat entrance. Outside she took my arm with a charming little gesture of friendliness.

"Come back to the hotel and have just one little drink," she said, "in honour of the ghost!"

We drove back and I drank a whisky and soda with her in the lounge at the Splendide. After a minute or two I asked to be excused and went into a telephone box and phoned Lefty who was waiting at the office.

"Put a phone call through to here in three minutes' time," I instructed him, "and ask for Mrs. Severn. When she gets into this booth pretend there's some mistake. Keep her here for just a moment.

"After that get round here and wait for me on the door. Just follow me and don't interfere. Do just what I told you to do."

I went back and finished my drink.

Two and a half minutes afterwards I made some complimentary remarks about my companion's evening bag. It was a pretty trifle in white and black silk, with a big jade clasp and her initials in ivory. I asked to look at it and she handed it to me. As she did so a bell-boy told her she was wanted on the telephone and she asked to be excused, leaving the bag in my hands.

Whilst she was away listening to Lefty apologising for getting the wrong Mrs. Severn, I opened the bag and did what I wanted. I had just replaced it on the table and lit a cigarette when she returned.

We talked for a little while and then she thanked me prettily for my services and we shook hands. She told me to go and see her if ever I was over in England. Then I said good night.

I walked out of the Splendide and went in the direction of the Boulevard Montmartre. I walked up to the Rue Clichy and turned down one of the dark side streets. I had got about ten yards down the street when somebody who had come up behind me sandbagged me and I went out on the pavement, my last thought being that I wasn't particularly surprised.

I came to about five minutes later to find a very concerned Lefty doing a first-aid act with a wet handkerchief.

I had a big bump on my head like a duck's egg, but beyond the headache I was fairly happy. Lefty got us a taxi and took me home. I went to bed with a cold compress on my head and slept like a top.

I drew the gun and went out into the corridor with Cynthis Severn at my heels

NEXT morning I got up early and went round to Madame Starinoff's address in the Rue Bercère. The flat was situated in a handsome block on the first floor. I rang the door bell and the door was opened by a Russian girl—obviously a maid. I told her I wanted to see Madame Starinoff.

"Pardon, m'sieu," she said. "But it is impossible. Madame can see no one."

I laughed, pushed her into the flat, followed her in and shut the door behind me. I walked straight across the hall to a room next to a bathroom in which I could hear the water splashing. I tapped at the door and looked in.

Cynthis Severn, looking perfectly sweet in an ivory *negligée*, was taking her breakfast in bed. Her pretty mouth opened in surprise.

"Good morning, Madame Alexia Starinoff," I said. "How are you this morning, and aren't you surprised to see the big bad wolf breaking in on you like this? Now be a good girl and order another cup for some coffee for me. I'm going to talk turkey to you as we say in the United States."

She took it very well. She made a little *moue* and then she rang for the maid and ordered another cup.

"Well, where do we go from here?" she said as she poured out my coffee. "I had an idea that you were a little more clever than you look."

"That's my failing," I said. "You see I was on to your game when I went to that haunted flat the same night that you came to see me, and smelt your bath salts in the bath. That perfume you use is very distinctive, you know. Next morning we checked up on Madame Starinoff's jewel robbery.

"I got the idea at once. You had been living in the flat as Madame Starinoff, wearing a blonde wig and talking Russian like a near-Cossack. Then you stage a fake robbery and claim from the Lyons-Marseilles people. But you know that they are a little bit suspicious and likely to make some very close inquiries and possibly do a little detective work on their own.

"Of course the diamond was never really stolen. You just left it in the flat stuck under a ledge in a piece of putty.

"Two days ago the company said that they would pay, and your next job is to regain possession of the diamond.

"In order to do this you've got to get into the flat, and naturally you want to go back there as Mrs. Severn *not* Madame Starinoff. So you come round to my office and you tell me that fairy story about the ghost and you pay me my fee in advance. You've got to have me for two reasons. One is that you're going to pick up the diamond when we visit the flat, but you think that there is just a chance that someone might recognise you when we come out as the recent tenant—Madame Alexia Starinoff—the woman whose diamond has been lost.

"The only person likely to do this would be an investigator on the insurance company staff, in which case you would have indignantly denied that you were Madame Starinoff, produced your passport to prove that you were Mrs. Cynthis Severn, and if he had continued to be suspicious you would have insisted on being searched. I should have supported your story that you were Mrs. Cynthis Severn, have explained our reasons for returning to the flat, and of course no one would have thought for a moment that the diamond was attached to the inside of my left-hand coat sleeve where you stuck it when you grabbed my arm at the time you pretended to be excited about seeing the ghost.

"We then go back to your hotel, and when I leave some hired thug of yours sandbags me near the Place Pigalle, removes the diamond and returns it safely to you. (*Continued on page* 68)

Where

By Winifred Lewis

If there is something to be said in favour of war, it is that, in a sense, it accelerates progress.

Looking back to the war of 1914–18, it appears that during and directly following the greatest conflict in history, we were making progress both in the scientific and in the social sense at a pace never before equalled.

For one thing, we emerged from that experience with a much higher standard of living, with a new, and in many respects, a much improved set of values.

It is a big subject and, for the moment, we are concerned with only one small aspect of it—the home. That, in itself is intriguing.

We came out of the last war with quite a new conception of what was fitting in respect to comfort and decoration.

Just how did it happen?

For one thing, women had acquired a new outlook. They had tasted for the time, the sweets of freedom, and were thirsting for more. Home and its confines no longer represented the alpha and omega of existence.

So we began to adapt our homes to these new theories, to free ourselves, to be masters of our homes instead of being mastered by them.

It was a new era and called for new forms of expression. The evidence of it was everywhere in the changing appearance of the home.

Sentimentality went out with a rush, taking with it the fringes and the drapes, the pot plants and the plush. Human nature which had been face to face with essentials for four years, was suddenly intolerant of the superfluous.

At the same time, the new longing for freedom to engage in wider activities started the cult of labour-saving. Once women had absorbed the idea and its promises there was no stopping them. Besides, there was the redistribution of wealth and the growing servant shortage to accelerate the movement.

All these matters had an effect upon the rapidly changing face of the home, and so we arrived at the nineteen-twenty phase, at which point decoration had the appearance of having been visited by a whirlwind.

There were plain walls in place of flowered ones, varnished floors with rugs instead of gaudy carpets. A new simplicity over all. People threw away their vases and ornaments. On the whole, the home was more comfortable. Easy chairs were easier. Simplicity made for a greater measure of restfulness.

The superfluous carving and the ornamentation were gone. The very atmosphere of home was pervaded with a new consciousness of simplicity. One could almost say of reality.

There is no question but that our homes were more beautiful and far more comfortable for the changes that were so rapidly brought about. They expressed freedom and a break with self-consciousness.

But the pendulum had not even yet finished its swinging and a year or so later it reached its extremity. There entered the cubist phase.

This was architectural strip tease, steel tubes, glass walls, and chromium plating. It was brutal and in most cases self-conscious. Only the rich and the eccentric affected it, but it represents a definite landmark in furnishing

Left. This was the pre-1914 idea of home decoration. It survived the war, but only just. Then this (above) in 1920, showed a new consciousness of simplicity, of freedom. A little later still the phase shown on the right. This was purely reactionary—steel tubes and shrill colours—but it soon passed

Do We Go From Here?

Left. 1933 began to show a softening trend, a reaction to eccentric contours. Unit furniture was born to meet a practical need. So, by progressive stages to 1939 (above) we arrive at femininity and new-old traditions of grace and charm

history. It was the end of the cycle. Walls were bare, pictures and ornaments were banned. Even flowers—in fact anything natural was verboten.

There was much talk of comfort and it cannot be denied that the furniture of this period was restful in a purely physical sense. Some thought it beautiful, others called it clever, it may have been both, but it was certainly superficial, and for that reason died young. It could not last. Its shrill colours and eccentric contours were fun for a while, but when the novelty wore off there was nothing.

So the mood passed. The war was becoming a memory, and the inevitable slackening of the *tempo* was setting in. Smaller and smaller houses were becoming the rule. Tiny flats and bachelor apartments were everybody's meat. Apart from the reaction to eccentric forms there was an urgent need for the design of furniture to adapt itself to the special conditions. The old furniture simply would not do for the new houses and apartments.

So unit furniture came into its own. It began in a small way, and, proving its value very rapidly, grew apace.

It was a sound principle based upon the needs of the time. You built up your rooms according to individual requirements, and the space at your disposal. You added to it as occasion or as finances permitted.

Unit furniture filled a vital need. It has survived and will continue to for this reason. More and more softness was showing itself in decoration. There was still a strong feeling for the practical, until by progressive stages we reached the reactionary phase of 1939.

Gracious, traditional effects are here and interiors that emulate the best features of the most elegant period in English decoration. Yet, it retains the comfort and the functionalism which the experiences of the past twenty years have proved indispensable.

So, where do we go from here? What can we expect to emerge from this new struggle? There must be changes, greater or smaller, in relation to the vicissitudes of war.

It is fun to prophesy, to sum up from our knowledge of what is already passed and our anticipation of what is to come, a picture of the home, say, of 1945.

My guess is that we shall continue at an accelerated pace on the course already set towards more gracious, more homely and more enduring things. If, as we hope, this war should not, after all, prove to be the brutal thing we had anticipated, but an economic siege; a battle of wits; we shall see for certain a great revival of home life, a renewal of family feeling. The restrictions that a long and tedious war must impose will force it upon us.

There is another point. We have undertaken this struggle with a high motive. It is to achieve a happier, a finer and a more enduring peace than we have yet known. When we have accomplished it, our new-found security must be reflected in our mode of life. In the very complexion of our homes.

I believe the home of the next decade—the peace decade—will be a very beautiful and gracious one, worthy of the struggle and the sacrifices made to achieve it.

Passion *and the* Pilot

Romance and Tragedy interwoven in a plot to sink a ship on the Barrier Reef

By Beatrice Grimshaw

IT had been wonderful, once.

To step up from the already high places where the liner commanders stood; to become one of the sacred sixteen, the grand lamas of the sea. To be a pilot of the Great Barrier Reef, than which there is nothing more important in the merchant services of the world.

To swing on to your ship in Sydney Harbour—an A. and O., and E. and A., a B.P., maybe a man-o'-war, possibly a big cargo steamer—and instantly take charge. The captain, in his gold and blue, your obedient servant. The passengers, sheep to be politely herded out of the way. The bridge, the chart room, the captain's cabin, sacred to you for the whole two thousand miles of the trip. Ship's officers spoke to people, were spoken to, joined, willingly or not, in the stereotyped deck sports, the inescapable dances. The pilot was no more to be addressed by the public than the king. The pilot never danced or shuffleboarded. He didn't have to consider the company's passenger lists, play the good fellow. He was almost too holy to be seen. Of him it might indeed be said, as he guided the great ships through the largest maze of coral in the world, within the line of the reef that breakwaters two thirds of Australia:

"Others abide the question; thou art free."

Yes, it had all been wonderful to Captain Amyas Drew, when he first joined the amply paid, more than amply worked small company of pilots; when he was thirty-one, then youngest of them all; glad to lay down the coronet of the passenger ship commander, and replace it by the King's Crown of the Barrier Reef pilot.

In ten years, there had not been a slip to his discredit; not that that was likely, for the pilots made no mistakes. In ten years, he had learned the reef, the whole two thousand miles of it, its islands, shoals, and minor reefs, so utterly that if he had been dropped from a plane, into the sea in the middle of the worst "thick" night, anywhere from Cairns southward, he would have unhesitatingly told you just where

Illustrated by Edward Osmond

THE light of Bathurst town, light of the high western tablelands, clung round her as she entered the office

he was. Plenty of men kept at it longer than ten years, though the work, with the thirty to fifty hours stretch at the Thursday Island end, was killing. It hadn't begun to kill Captain Amyas Drew, yet. But he wanted to go ashore, and stay. He had a flat in Sydney; he had his share in the pilots' cottage at the Island; he had had love affairs, been engaged to be married, broken it off. He was forty-one, though he did not look it, with his slim, broad-shouldered figure, and his still thick fair hair, and sailor eyes, blue, under lids that were wrinkled by weather, not by time. And he had come to hate the sea. As Conrad hated it. As Marryat hated and deserted it. But not for their reasons.

The sailor, tired of seafaring, is supposed, when he leaves his job for good, to take an oar on his shoulder, and travel inland steadily until he meets some countryman who asks him, "What's that thing you're carrying?" Drew had not exactly carried an oar, but he had gone inland on a recent holiday, until he had put the range of the Blue Mountains, and more, between himself and the Pacific. When he was well into the western plains, beyond Bathurst, where gold was once mined, and where now the level lands lie gold with harvest, he saw the house that most people see in their middle years. The house that one must have.

No use describing it. You saw the house yourself, maybe, and either won or did not win it. In any case, think back, and you will know why Drew began to hate the sea.

When he had filled his eyes staring at the house, at its white walls and the trees about it, and the long, long level plains before, he walked into the town and asked if it was for sale. They said it was, mentioned a price that made him wince. If you will come into a pastoral district, they said, where land is gold . . .

Drew left the agent's office, dispirited. A girl was going into it; she passed quite near him. Going to look for houses, he thought. Well, you don't look rich enough to buy my house. For he already thought of it as his. One day he'd buy it, if he had to poison an owner.

"TWO weeks ago," he said, "I was making for the middle of Australia as hard as I could go." "Was she very pretty?" innocently asked Marya

The girl, who had seen him, suddenly flushed, and this made Drew look again. She was rather tall, with honey-coloured waving hair, brown brilliant eyes, and a pink complexion, clearly natural. She was nicely dressed—somehow, the outworn adverb sprang to one's mind, looking at her; she was a nice girl altogether. Very nice. Captain Drew looked at her again, and decided that he hadn't seen anything he liked better for at least three years. Or liked as well. . . . Besides, she had blushed—so there were girls still, who could blush—and if that didn't mean that she liked the look of him, he didn't know what it did mean.

Not very, very young. Maybe twenty-six or seven. And a lady. If they'd given up the word nowadays, so much the worse for them—whoever they were. Captain Drew retained it. There was no real substitute.

The light of Bathurst town, light of the high western tablelands, clung round her as she entered the dark office; showered her as if she'd been Danæ under the rain of god-descended gold. So he saw her, for one moment; then the dark passage took her, and he was left, wishing (for he remembered something of his school classics) that he was Jupiter.

It was time for him to go; the chain pulled him back. Four days later he was on the bridge of the Eastern liner *Chang Li*, and well within the reef.

THE weather was good; passengers, like butterflies, had come out to sun themselves, as the ship ran north, away from winter and the cold of June. One or two women had placed their chairs where they could see the bridge, and the officers who passed along it. A little, dark-eyed thing in a Japanese woven chair sat there every day and almost all day long. Drew, as he stood looking ahead, taking no particular notice of anything but leading marks and light-houses and islands, was conscious of her, much as he was conscious of the gulls that wheeled and circled round the *Chang Li's* masts. He would be able to tell you, six months hence, how many birds there were at a time, and what they were doing; tell you, too, how many hours a day the little dark woman sat on deck, and how often she was driven down by passing flurries of rain. All without knowing that he knew. What his memory touched, on board ship, it held; he was a Barrier Reef pilot. . . .

But there were those who said that when you put him at the wheel of a car, he had been known to lose his way between Martin Place and Randwick. He wouldn't have minded, if you laughed about that. He wasn't a car pilot.

Mrs. Marya Hale had taken more notice of him, than he of her. She was talking to the flattered third officer, while her eyes strayed interestedly to the bridge.

"I am simply sick," she was saying, "of people who take me for a refugee. I don't know why they will do it."

It might be her delicately foreign accent, the third thought. Or it might be her feet. "Australians don't wear number twos," he suggested. "Maybe that's why."

A tiny, fascinating cleft showed up in each of Marya's cheeks—she was too thin to dimple. Watching her, the third decided that she was wonderfully attractive for a thin woman; usually, he liked them a bit fatter. But Marya's thinness, he thought, could easily be accounted for; it was her active mind, her restless spirit, that fined her down. Those burning, deep brown eyes beneath the waves of fox-black hair; that look of leashed energies, of fires banked, but alive . . . Australians weren't like that. Force they had plenty, but it ran in wider, calmer channels. Refugee, was she? If not, what?

She interrupted his thought. "Who," she asked, "is the handsome officer on the bridge?"

"Captain Drew."

"Oh. I haven't seen him in the saloon yet. Whose table is he at?"

The third laughed. "You might as well ask whose table George the Sixth will be at. He's the pilot; he doesn't come down from the bridge deck. If you tried to get up there and talk to him, you'd be shot at dawn." The third enlarged upon the status and accomplishments of Barrier Reef pilots.

Marya listened to him, twisting her little, olive hands together, and playing tunes on the deck with the toe of a tiny shoe. She was never quite still, any more than the seemingly calm ocean over which they were voyaging, was still. It might look quiet, but the officer knew that secret currents stirred it always, that every now and then a long swell from the stormy south might lift itself, snatch at the hull of the ship and set her softly rolling. The sea was always the sea, incalculable.

Like a woman . . .

The ship dreamed on. Narrowing now, the Straits of Torres, cemetery of brave ships, began to close upon the *Chang Li*. Not a beauty of the scene, not a stream of milky turquoise off to shoreward, a seaward lighting of pale emerald in the deep, an islet, feathered with palms, and beached with ivory sand, but held its own deadly peril. Years ago, a great ship, the *Questa*, had diverged by a few feet from the customary track of ships, and disembowelled herself upon a spear of coral, drowning almost every soul on board. But the *Chang Li* went safe.

Marya, listening to the talk of the third, looked up at the pilot, her dark eyes drinking in, delightedly, that most glamorous sight of the seas, one man commanding by a word, the crook of a finger, the destinies and safety of four hundred human beings and a ship. But this man, she thought, shrewdly scanning him, is not contented, for all that he's so great. This man wants something that he has not got. It's in his eyes.

To that, she added a mental comment in one word—Good.

FOR the small remainder of the voyage the third, when off duty, spent his time hanging about Marya's chair. She had other admirers—she was the sort who'd be sure to have a dozen, wherever she went, he thought—but none of them had a chance with him. There's something about a sailor, he told himself vain-gloriously.

Certainly it seemed as if Marya wanted to hold him. Even when his time was almost up, she kept him by her, asking unimportant questions—just to have a little more of his society no doubt. The commander saw him, once, and began asking questions on his own account.

"What the hell d'ye mean by coming late on watch?" it began.

The third was sorry. He hadn't realised. . . .

"What the (several times qualified) hell d'ye want, gabbing with that foreigner? What was she asking you?"

"Nothing, sir. Only about the pilot—she has a bit of a crush on him, I think—and what ship he'll be taking down from T.I. again."

"What d'ye mean, has a crush on him? Drew don't talk to passengers."

The third played consciously with his tie.

"Why, sir, she thinks he's good looking; but there's really nothing in it. She—she—I mean——" His reddened face told the rest.

"Get to hell out of here. You're six minutes late." The commander turned his broad back, and stamped down the deck.

Marya Hale may have overheard, may simply have seen, and drawn her own conclusions. She did not become visible again until they reached Thursday Island.

Drew was not altogether pleased to see the end of her white skirt whisking down the veranda of the Prince of Wales Hotel. He had just landed; he walked from the wharf in a daze of weariness, eyes red and smarting, feet swelled and legs like wood. He would have given his hopes of heaven for half an hour's sleep, earlier; now he felt as if he would never sleep again. It had been forty hours this time, in calm, thick weather, with the tides playing the devil as they

always did; there were no tides as accursed as those of Torres Straits. No one knew better than Amyas Drew that, in spite of leading marks and buoys and lighthouses, the safety of that passage depended, still and always, on the ability of one man; one very tired man fighting sleep as St. George fought the Dragon, unable to eat more than a snatched sandwich, not daring to drink anything but coffee, when his whole strained body and tired brain cried out for the relief of a stiff whisky.

It was over, once more, and there would be two or three days before he returned. He was not going to the pilots' bungalow —there would be a party on to-night. He would have that whisky, and another after it, and go to bed in the quiet old hotel at the end of the waterfront, the hotel that didn't seem to have noticed anything subsequent to the eighteen nineties, that was kept by an old brother and two old sisters, relics of Victorian times. A place where tourists didn't go—usually.

But here was one of them. It would be that handsome little piece who'd given him the glad eye from her chair below the bridge. Oh yes, he'd noticed her once or twice. A little bit of fur and fire, with her fox-black hair, and the eager, restless movements of her slender body. If he hadn't been on duty. . . .

Here was the hotel, the bar. Everything was dreamlike, but this wasn't a dream; you couldn't dream a long, good whisky, sliding—at last—down your swollen throat. But the stairs were a dream. And by and by he dreamed a bed. And just as the dream went out like a candle in the wind, he dreamed he heard a voice, whispering, near his door. "Hush. Turn the wireless off." It was a fox, he dreamed—a black fox talking. . . .

Then nothing more, for fourteen solid hours.

The commander, of course, had told the pilot all about that little encounter with the third; and they'd had a good laugh together over the pretty refugee and the alleged "crush." Drew wasn't sorry, a couple of days later, to find Mrs. Hale next to him at a party supper in the pilots' bungalow. It was a good party, and Drew was enjoying it.

Marya Hale had been telling him about herself. She was a widow; she had fled from Europe as from a burning house; her husband had been British, and she was partly Rumanian. (But her accent, the prettyish foreign intonation, wasn't eastern European; Drew couldn't exactly place it. It didn't matter . . . anyhow.)

She had been assigned to him by common consent for the evening; that she was his temporary property no one seemed to doubt. It wasn't true, but he didn't worry; the bit of fire and fur was good company. There were other ladies there, pretty all of them, and some of them correct; few social barriers exist on Thursday. Outside, the heavily scented frangipannis shook in the unceasing gale that for ever scythes the island, and the straits below went muttering and rumbling like an angry bull.

The simile struck him. Yes, and he could hold that bull by the horns; to-morrow, he might be doing it. Keeping someone else out of trouble. What was the poem he had learned long ago at school —rotten seamanship, but pretty verse?

"She struck where the white and (something) *waves*
Looked soft as carded wool,
But the cruel rocks, they gored her sides
Like the horns of an angry bull."

"Naughty. I heard you," Marya was saying. He didn't know he had been speaking aloud. That was the fault of the champagne. And of the row they were beginning to make; you couldn't hear yourself think.

"It's bad luck to talk about such things," Marya warned him.

Now a pilot believes in luck; but he does not like you to say so. Drew changed the conversation abruptly.

"Two weeks ago," he said, "I was making for the middle of Australia as hard as I could go."

"Was she very pretty?" innocently asked Marya.

Drew threw her an amused glance; he was far from being embarrassed. "I didn't get to the middle," he said, "hadn't time, but I got a good way from the sea. Over the Blue Mountains; to where they used to get gold. Plains all coloured gold now—with wheat. Cattle. Sheep. And wonderful old houses. Ah—" He raised his glass and drank.

"And girls in the houses," suggested Marya.

"No," Drew corrected, his innate passion for accuracy tripping him up; he really didn't want to talk about the girl. "Not

(*Continued on page* 83)

DREW took two steps into the chart room. On a lounge, crumpled up dead asleep, was Russell. Beside him, sat Marya..

1939

This is resolution month—and here are suggestions, some for every one and some just for you. Don't be afraid to make your resolutions, you'll be far more likely to keep them now than at some odd time during the year. If a reminder-chart pinned on your wall will help you, send here for one (Women's Department, "Britannia and Eve," "Hazelwood," Hunton Bridge, King's Langley, Herts). The essential daily resolutions for every one are filled in. Space is left for you to fill in your individually needed ones. Scan it morning and evening.

FACE Now and then you decided that you must discover and adopt a complete and discreet make-up. You used lipstick and shunned eyelash cosmetic, or dabbed on powder indiscriminately—refuging behind the boast that at least you were really natural. You were merely lazy. Superfluous hairs may have grown so gradually that you became accustomed to their presence, but they are much darker than you think. People notice them. Occasionally pimples spoiled your skin yet you did nothing to clear up the blood condition responsible. You plucked your eyebrows in May, then left them until August and found them terrible.

CLOTHES You bought haphazardly. Things put away for mending, dyeing, cleaning, still wait. You meant to list what you needed, what you might need, and give the rest away, but you didn't. So your wardrobe remained unorganised. Your handbag was worse than a schoolboy's pocket. You meant to take the greatest care of your clothes, but you took off your frock and put it away without repairing the traces of wear. Perspiration reared its ugly head, and left its ruining mark when least expected.

SLEEP If you slept and woke perfectly, count your blessings and rejoice. Most likely you didn't sleep too well—not a matter of bad insomnia, just an hour or so awake to rag your nerves. You owe it to your associates as well as yourself to see that you sleep soundly and wake with renewed vigour and spirits. Perhaps you slept for about ten hours each night, yet seemed as tired as ever when you woke. Or wallowed in late nights, living on your nervous energies and feeling strangely keyed up during the day. This takes its toll later.

HEALTH There were things to make you depressed but others didn't seem as depressed as you. You were unnecessarily nervy with those children, it made you all very miserable. Last November you had a bad cold and got rid of it within a fortnight, but the ghost of it stayed in a rather regular cough that now seems to be part of your existence. It is wearying to you and to others. Catarrh became almost a chronic condition, not very bad, of course, but always with you. You read advice with the best of intentions—and did nothing more. It is a serious, if gradual, drag on your strength.

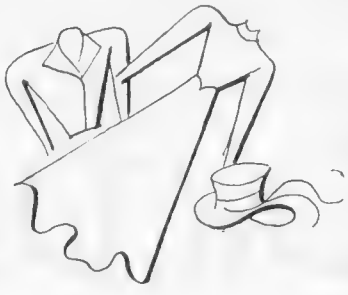
HANDS AND FEET For a week before your summer holiday you did your hands and feet furiously. Since then, peeping finger-nail moons have retired and toe-nail cuticles have become as unkempt as ever. You meant to wear gloves for chores and to use a good hand lotion and night cream—but you didn't. That almost imperceptible bulge around your big-toe joint is no bigger well, not much bigger. It may mean ruined shoes and agonising, unsightly feet, before you are much older. Tiny corns will soon make their presence felt.

HAIR Perhaps you did pull out that crop of grey hairs discovered last June, but you promptly forgot to try and prevent their reappearance. You moaned about fading or darkening tresses and, if you are blonde, you wept; but the necessary remedial treatment remained unstarted. Dandruff appeared gradually and has not gone of its own accord; you accepted it as a nuisance. It is more than that—it is fatal to hair health. Thinning hair? You fancied the scalp looked a little more visible, but assured yourself it was only imagination. Look again. It may soon be too late.

FIGURE Every time you bought a new rig-out a bulge just spoiled the line. Then the frock adjusted itself, your eye became less critical, and you forgot to continue the exercises you had started so energetically. You noticed a slight thickening of your waistline last August. Get out your tape-measure. It is now half an inch thicker. You made no true effort to retain your youthful suppleness. Perhaps it was a matter of salt cellars that deepened; bones that seemed to protrude more; a bust that you allowed to sag, completely spoiling your figure's feminine allure.

1940 TURN OVER A NEW LEAF

FACE Here are the secrets of perfect make-up for you : a delightful foundation lotion made in three forms, to suit dry, normal or greasy skin. It gives a soft matt freshness to the skin, is protective and beneficial. A new indelible lipstick in living-rose shade, is lip-softening and natural. A really rain- and tear-proof mascara is good for the lashes and not too evident. In addition, *superfluous hairs* on your face only need tweezing out once, if you soak the root-places with a root-killing lotion. *Pimples* need treating internally—go lightly on sweets and pastries, drink glasses of water every day between meals, and take a skin-clearing pill, rich in calcium and sulphur. Eyebrows are to be trimmed fortnightly.



CLOTHES Delve into your wardrobe. Repair, clean, sort out and give away a large bundle rather than keep odd clothes for an occasional wear and a fade-out as moth fodder. Throw out all odds and ends from your handbag, buy a small, neat address book, shopping list, purse and a perfect three-and-sixpenny make-up carry-all. Tree and brush or dust your shoes immediately you take them off. A small square of rough material damp with eau-de-Cologne will remove powder and wear stains. If the spots are more serious use a marvellous cleaner that melts them away. Use a perspiration preventative twice a week after your bath—or perhaps once a week will do you.

SLEEP These are your rules : Never go to bed hungry or over fed. At least five nights each week should be good eight-hour sleepings. Never have a last cigarette in bed. Stand at your window and take several deep breaths of fresh air before you go to sleep. If you wake heavy despite this, it is time for vitalising mineral salts every morning. Insomnia calls for a herbal bath, soothing and nerve calming, before you retire, and a herbal potion to be taken last thing every night. If very troublesome, a herbal nerve tonic pill should be taken after every meal. If work or duty makes you a late-nighter take a tonic to refurbish nervous energies.

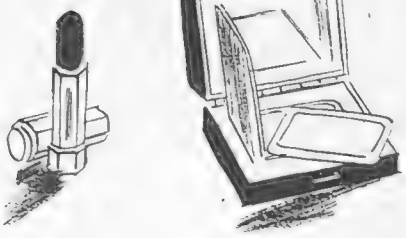
HEALTH Ordinary health rules are : balanced diet, regularity, outdoor exercise (even if only half an hour's walk in the fresh air) and at least three pints of water each day between meals. In addition, if you think there is anything seriously the matter with you, see your doctor; it will be worth the consultation fee to know that you are worrying unnecessarily. Take a herbal tonic to regenerate the nervous system. *Coughs* will fade if you take a famously effective cough cure. *Catarrh* can be treated (according to whether bronchial, gastric, nasal or intestinal) by several preparations—all of them from a herbal specialist.

HANDS AND FEET Get these essential habits : Hand lotion after hand washing —there is one so perfectly greaseless that you could handle chiffon immediately afterwards. Wear gloves at least once a week, over a nutritive whitening hand cream. Two nail preparations will cost you about 10s. 6d. each, but will give you nail and cuticle beauty for the entire year. Use each one night a week. One night a week do your toe nails and massage your feet with olive oil. This will prevent bunions from increasing, and generally improve the condition of your feet. If bunions are too bad there is a herbal remedy. In addition *corns* should be wilted away with drops of liquid corn cure. Toe-cracks call for more careful drying and a special foot powder; if they are very bad, a herbal ointment is essential.

HAIR Keep to this routine : Five minutes scalp-kneading with firm finger-tips every night; five minutes quick brushing with a clean brush every morning; a hot olive oil soaking at least once a month. In addition, *fading or darkening* hair must be made radiant with a harmless brightening preparation or a light henna application, and a special soapless shampoo to bring out golden lights.

Prematurely *greying hair* needs a clever hair tonic which is definitely not a dye, yet prevents grey hairs from increasing, and restores natural colour. *Dandruff* can be dispelled in a week or so, by a remarkable herbal pomade. *Thinning hair* is serious; it needs a threefold treatment—effective hair-growing tonic, vegetable oil, and shampoo.

FIGURE Start now : simple exercises done regularly will keep you supple; rolling exercises flatten the tail; bending exercises are essential for the waistline. In addition, *local bulges* must be wheedled off with a scientifically prepared thinning lotion. Fatty tissues and sagging tissues can be slimmed and revitalised with an excellent home vibro-massage instrument. *Salt cellars* will soon disappear if massaged with a tissue-feeding nutritive cream. *Bones* will soon be hidden if you take a remarkable tissue-building food. For building up and firming the breasts you should use a nutritive application cream and tissue-strengthening lotion.



BY far the most attractive women to-day are those who know how to make the best of themselves both on duty and off duty, particularly those who can resist the temptation of wearing uniform when they are off duty and yet know how to replace glamour with an air of efficiency as soon as they get into uniform.

This two-faced policy is not easy, but it is so much appreciated and admired that it is worth a certain amount of study.

During the past four months I have been impressed by the almost pathetic pleasure of men in uniform when they are seen out and about with women wearing pretty clothes and glamorous make-up.

I have also been mildly astonished by the kind attention my exceedingly plain uniform attracts as I walk to and from the hospital where I work each day. Being a remnant of the nursing staff, I have been known by the borough

On Duty—

On Duty

REMEMBER that the more plain boiled your appearance, the more confidence you will inspire.

We all know that physical training is a most important part of every branch of National Service because it helps to keep the personnel in the pink of condition; but many women forget or do not realize the importance of wearing a good, firm supporting brassière during P.T. The jumping up and down exercises put a great strain on the so-called suspensory ligament of the breast, and unless a well-fitting brassière is worn, a woman is courting the danger of fallen breasts which can never be uplifted again except by a very drastic plastic operation. Each woman should choose the brassière best suited to her particular type of figure. Kestos, Kempat, Berlei, and Twilfit are all well-known makes and from these, every type of figure can be suited. Incidentally, every type of purse is also considered.

THERE is something about an English winter which seems to encourage colds in the head and chilblains. The best way to deal with these problems is to provide yourself with plenty of internal sunshine in the form of Vitamin D, which you can get by taking egg yolk, summer cream, milk and butter. As you have probably discovered by now, eggs, butter and cream do not flow very freely in canteens or in the staff dining-room of any hospital, but you can still get your sunshine vitamins concentrated in cod-liver oil or halibut oil which is sold in capsules. These little capsules have an extraordinary power of guarding you against colds, flu, and chilblains.

If your nails are going to pieces, here are some first-aid tips that you may find useful: Avoid scissors and steel files; keep your nails in shape with an emery board only. File the nail oval and allow it to grow up to the finger-tip, but not beyond. Allow the corners to grow up. Rub cuticle oil around your cuticles night and morning. If the nails themselves have become soft, brittle or ridged, protect them with a nail varnish base. Both the Cutex and Peggy Sage varnish foundations are excellent for this purpose.

I THINK I have found the best way to treat the National Service complexion. Forget the nightly massage and be content with smearing on a cleansing cream and wiping it off with tissues. If the tissues look particularly grubby, smear on a second layer of cleansing cream and when this is wiped off, sponge the face with lukewarm water, giving it plenty of friction with a rubber sponge. Concentrate on your complexion when you have your bath. The following routine will give you the best results: Before you have your bath clean your face with cleansing cream, follow this by washing with lukewarm water, a rubber sponge, and the best complexion soap you can afford. Rinse with warm water and smear on a very generous layer of skin food. Leave the skin food on while you have your bath and you will find that the steam from the bath helps the skin to absorb at least half of the skin food. When you come out of your bath massage in the rest of the skin food for at least five minutes. The quickest and most effective way to massage the skin food in is to use the cushions of the first three fingers of each hand simultaneously:

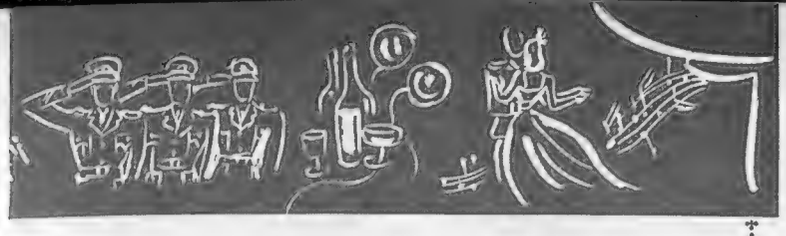
(*a*) From the bridge of the nose, out under the eyes towards the temples.
(*b*) From the nostrils out under the cheek-bone towards the ears.
(*c*) With the first two fingers of each hand placed at the centre of the chin and the thumbs below the chin, draw the fingers out towards the lobes of the ears.
(*d*) The index finger of each hand placed at the bridge of the nose and moved in small circles down to the nostrils.
(*e*) Three fingers of each hand from the bridge of the nose out towards the hair-line and the temples.

After massage wipe off all skin food with cleansing tissues and rinse the face thoroughly with cool water.

A lipstick does more than colour your lips—it keeps them soft and smooth. Lips that are accustomed to lipstick and are left unprotected will soon get dried and cracked. The easiest way to keep your lips in good condition is to get yourself a white lip pomade. Roger and Gallet and Vinolia both sell white lipsticks which will keep your lips soft and smooth. Curiously enough, skin foods and face creams cannot do this for you. If you cannot wear lipstick with uniform then use a lip pomade. Even if you can wear lipstick, use the lip pomade at night to prevent cracking. For pale, anæmic-looking lips the vest uniform lipstick is Tangee, which turns to a natural shade of pink as soon as it is applied.

BY now you will know what it is to come off duty aching in every muscle from head to foot and you probably never knew before you started work how many muscles you possessed which were capable of aching. A cocktail bath will stop all this nonsense in ten minutes and if you treat yourself to the right kind of bath, you will be able to dine and dance till dawn even after the hardest day's work.

Pine bath (Continued on page 88)



workmen, the woman who sells the newspapers, and other locals for years.

However, now that so many new and exciting uniforms have cropped up, they seem to regard my plain boiled starches and plainly washed face as an old friend, and perhaps one who might also turn out to be a friend in need. These people distrust make-up combined with uniform. They would never believe that a nurse with a made-up face could take care of them properly and I suspect that the same prejudice may also hold good in the case of ambulance drivers and all women A.R.P. workers.

It is true that you cannot please everybody but in these days each woman has a great opportunity of pleasing the people who mean most to her, by acquiring the habit of separating her on-duty personality from her off-duty self, and showing each to its best advantage.

Jane Gordon

—and Off

Off Duty

THE more glamorous your appearance the more pleasure you give.

There is no need to let your face fall just because you have closed your town house and are living in the country miles away from a beauty parlour. With Elizabeth Arden's face-moulding treatment folder your face can be self-supporting during a ten-year war if necessary. In this slim folder you will find six exercise charts telling you what to do for the six major facial defects. The first gives you exercises for a sagging chin and relaxed throat; the second routine for reducing double chins; the third tells you how to exercise and mould a hollow and scrawny neck back to youth and beauty; the fourth describes the routine for the smoothing out of forehead lines; the fifth gives you the treatment for crow's-foot lines, hollows and puffs under the eyes; while the sixth deals with hollow sagging cheeks and lines around the nose and mouth. There is also a chart giving directions for cleansing and another to describe the use of a special face moulder used in massage; descriptions of special home treatments, ten-minute tie-up, as well as make-up, are all thrown in for good measure.

HAVE you heard tell of Helena Rubinstein's newest luminous lipstick? It will make your lips glamorous despite the blackest blackout. Even glaring electric lights which make the average lipstick appear insipid cannot dim the luminous quality of this one, which is designed on an entirely new principle. It is rich and dark and velvety, and it gives the complexion a frail fairness which is most intriguing. I have discovered that you can get Helena Rubinstein's treatments at Marshall & Snelgrove, Manchester; Brown's of Chester; and Switzer's in Dublin.

THE newest Dutch treats are the permanent waving parties that women are getting up in various parts of the country. Vasco's "Hair Bubbles," which is the star turn of permanent waves, can be sent down to you in the country providing you can get three or four friends together to share the cost. "Hair Bubbles" is Vasco's fancy name for the steam-point-winding method which is his speciality. The advantage of this method is that the hair curls up from the ends towards the crown instead of forming sausage curls.

Naturally, the more friends who share in the party the less expensive the party becomes. Prices are quoted plus the return fare of the expert sent down to do the work.

WHAT with knitting and work parties your hands are shown out and about nowadays more than ever before and if you work hour after hour you will find your fingers and hands getting very stiff and work-weary. The exercises recommended by Peggy Sage will limber up the fingers and take the strain out of your wrists and hands.

There is, for instance, the "Merry-go-round." In this you hold the hands out, palms down, and while keeping the hands relaxed swing them round in circles from the wrist clockwise and anti-clockwise. Repeat ten times. The "Swan" will ease fingers stiff from knitting. Bend the hand at the wrist, holding the fingers backwards as far as possible, then dip the fingers down, imitating the dive of a swan, and move the hand forward, continuing the motion. Five times with each hand will complete the rest cure. Another good antidote for knitting, crocheting or sewing is the "Circle." Grasp left hand firmly with the right hand and rotate at wrist clockwise and anti-clockwise ten times. Repeat with the other hand.

A hand mask can do lovely things to work-weary hands. The Peggy Sage Hand Mask Cream is a particularly good beauty treatment for dry coarse skin and wrinkled knuckles. The Mask Cream is smoothed on and left for five minutes, then it is removed with a soft cloth or tissues. You can even leave on a thin film of the Hand Mask overnight. If you want to dress up your hands for an extra special evening there is a Whitener Cream which can, incidentally, be used for arms, shoulders and ankles as well as hands.

THE best beauty treatment you can possibly give your legs is the almost incredibly simple one of wearing low-heeled shoes. If you have been accustomed to walking round town precariously balanced on high heels you will be astonished at the improvement in both your carriage and your legs after a few weeks in low-heeled shoes. Walking the countryside in well-fitting, low-heeled shoes slims ankles, streamlines fat uninteresting legs to elegant curves and rounds out the calves of spindly legs.

WOMEN who have parted from their favourite manicurist will soon learn to manicure their own finger nails, and whether you have been accustomed to a professional pedicure or not you will be wise to learn how to give yourself a fortnightly pedicure on professional lines at home.

Everything used for the pedicure should be kept (Continued on page 88)

Substitute for Sunshine

January is the danger period. Vitality has just been drained to a low ebb by the darkest days of December, and January follows with days that are generally more intensely cold and just as dreary. February brings little relief—it is a dead month anyway—so that at the moment when our bodies can offer least resistance, they are called on to bear the longest strain.

Even so, if January is hard and bright, people keep fit. If January is wet, illness abounds. This is largely due to the lack of a vitamin generated by sunlight, dancing vitamin D.

Vitamin D regulates and co-ordinates the forces in our bodies. Vitamin D is cox of the crew. Vitamin D marries and inter-relates and lifts these forces to a degree of efficiency, pitchforks them into tune, just as sunlight lifts us into a state of well-being and harmony.

The trouble is how to make up for the lack of this vitamin during mid-winter months.

You can do it by taking two to four ounces of cream daily with your food if you can afford it. Don't take it on fruit or cold sweets if you want the best results; take it in hot chocolate or soup. And don't cook the cream either, that destroys the vitamin; add it when the drink has been poured out, allow it to remain floating on top for a while and then stir it in. In this way the vitamin remains unimpaired and the cream is more readily assimilated owing to the heat of the drink.

Vary the drinks you have cream in. Unless you are exceptionally active do not make a habit of taking it in chocolate, for although few beverages are as delicious, chocolate has to be worked off, or your system will need de-carbonising. Take it in soup.

A particularly good brand of soups has just come on the market in the shape of nine different distillations of vegetable juice. Although some of these are mixed, as for instance, tomato and onion, mushroom and celery, others are of the single vegetable, and all are pure and highly concentrated essences. They are appetising and energising and, with the addition of cream, make a meal in themselves. This can be a boon to the overtime worker, for they are an easily digested, sustaining, and a fully-reviving food.

Of course, this way of taking cream is only to insure that you have your minimum ration. Take it in any other shape, or with any dish as well, you like. Besides cream, have at least a dessertspoonful of glucose D in the morning. This is indispensable for children; it is their breakfast stand-by *par excellence*; those who are going to school should have a tablespoonful.

Use it to sweeten cereal, porridge or grapefruit; as fine a powder as the softest sugar it is not as sweet, but infinitely more stimulating.

Even after taking the minimum health allowance you will immediately be conscious of a better arrangement of your food inside and a more settled balance; it soothes and calms, and yet quickens activity, sets you in step with the world. Nor is this effect merely temporary, you will find strength maintained within you all day.

One of the finest recuperative drinks after a severe cold is two heaped tablespoonfuls of glucose D in as much freshly-pressed orange juice as it takes to dissolve this.

This amount is not too large for people who have never had glucose D, as too much cannot be taken. It corrects acidosis, which is one of the reasons why those who are in the habit of taking it throughout the winter, rarely succumb to 'flu or colds, unless they are subjected to inordinate strain. The germs have nothing to settle in.

All the same, if you know you are going into an office or place where 'flu and colds are raging, besides having glucose D, it is as well to take a precautionary dose of fifteen drops of Radiostoleum—in liquid form—before setting out. Health is always a question of increasing resistance against increased menace.

Radiostoleum contains vitamin A besides vitamin D, so that not only resistance to infection heightens, but vitamin A deals death to cold germs.

Children should take Radiostoleum at the rate of seven drops a day almost without ceasing, certainly with only a lapse of a fortnight between ending one bottle and starting another. It is claimed that if they do this until they are fifteen, not only will it keep them free from colds, but it will render their teeth immune to decay from that age on, even if they never take another drop.

Expectant mothers should also take Radiostoleum continually. They need as much vitamin D as they can procure. But the majority of adults should not fail to it as a daily habit. It is (Continued on page 71)

Your Good Looks

There are innumerable types of beauty, says Elizabeth Arden, and only one key to looking superlative in any of them—a clean skin.

This does not mean a skin that has been superficially washed, but one that has been cleared of impurities through and through, until it presents a perfect breathing conduit to the lower tissues. When this has been achieved, every cell of the seven and more layers of skin—actually there are thirteen—is free to distend and contract, to receive and reject, not air alone, but the full impact of each feeding blood-pulse.

Consequently, elasticity is ensured, clogging does not take place, smoothness is certain, wrinkles will not form, and texture and clarity are evident.

The function of make-up is to supply glamour. "But so many women," says Miss Arden, "use make-up as a prop to send them out looking all right. Now, that is a misdirection of the great power of make-up. My cosmetics are there to make women look supremely beautiful, and that they will never fail to do if they are applied on a clean skin."

One Commandment

Obviously the quickest way to obtain a clean skin is to have a corrective and restorative treatment at Elizabeth Arden's. Every woman in the country can enjoy this now, as eight experts from the Bond Street Salon have gone out to the leading stores in big cities from as far north as Edinburgh, south to Bournemouth.

But even if you do not have a treatment you can do a great deal for yourself by observing one rule: *Clean your face during the day each time before you put on fresh make-up,* besides cleaning it at night and in the morning.

All you have to do is to carry a small bottle of Skin Tonic and a pot of Fluffy cleansing cream, two or three tissues and some cotton-wool. (Arden's supply a special compact bag for the purpose.) Squeeze a pad of cotton-wool out of cold water, moisten it in Skin Tonic, dip it in cleansing cream and work it over your face *upwards,* always upwards, wiping away every trace of surface cream and coating with tissues.

By this simple three-minute beauty treatment, your skin cells will have been freed, restored, and re-activated.

Added to which you will look three times as good-looking as if you had made-up without cleansing.

You will gradually acquire that transparency of complexion which transforms any face, young or old, lending deeper glow to the eyes, softness to the expression, animation—for it reflects every emotional change—and exquisite contour—for lines become delicate with texture.

This may encourage you to follow all the rules. To pat in an astringent after cleansing at night, just to counter any inclination towards sagging muscles, and then smooth in a rich cream of Orange Skin Food, if your face is thin and your skin is dry, or a Velva Cream if your face is full. It is as nutritive but differently balanced, so that it does not fatten. You've only to give your face half a chance with these preparations, they'll do the rest for you.

By CHRYSIS

War conditions have created their own beauty troubles. If you want help with yours, or further details of anything mentioned on this page, write to me at "Britannia and Eve," "Hazelwood," Hunton Bridge, King's Langley, Herts.

TEN CURES

Acne. A recently devised and highly medicated powder foundation will blot out the pimples, dispel congestion, dry up the excess secretions from infected pores, prevent spreading, heal, *soothe.* Fly to it directly a spot appears, for salvation.

Also look to your diet, keep off fries, on grills, on apples, off starchy foods.

Blackheads and Enlarged Pores. Foment with a blackhead magnet, or highly potent herbal sachet. Place this in hot water and remove it by means of forceps or tweezers into a clean handkerchief to wring out. Then hold it over the blackhead, being careful to have another sachet soaking to replace it when cold.

Continue this process until the blackhead can be easily expelled by pressure from your two first fingers wrapped in tissues. Smooth in a Pore Cream and leave till morning. No traces will remain. The same treatment closes down distended pores without any pressing, purifies and refines the skin.

Scars. Either cuts or burns or others need never show if covered by a flesh-coloured film. All you apply of this amazing paste is what the warmth of the finger will convey.

A Double-Chin will be worked off in a very short time if you work in a reducing agent, and assist this by using a reducing soap. The two combined are infallible, complementary. Exercises are good, too. Throw your head right back, then move it slowly from right to left, down and round again. Also while your head is right back, keep a feather in the air (Continued on p. 71)

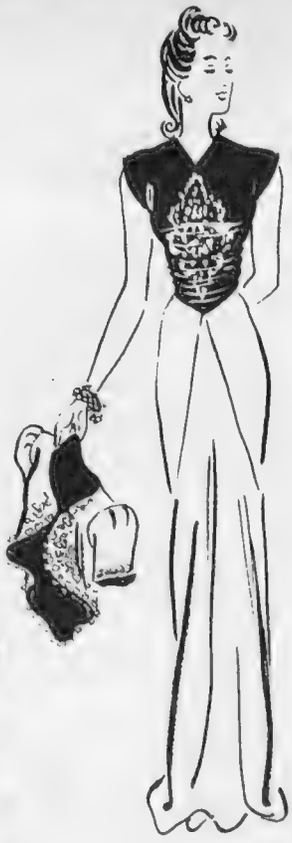
Fashions

By Jean Burnup

Editor Women's Department

Hats On The Right.

1. Black felt tricorne with a grosgrain cockade trim. *Thaarup.*
2. Black antelope high-crowned sailor, edged with petunia and emerald grosgrain ruching. *Thaarup.*
3. Persian lamb pill-box, a black braid snood tied with satin bows. *Suzy from Harrods.*
4. Rust breton sailor, with a double dented crown, a green ribbon band. *Suzy from Harrods.*



White crepe skirt, turquoise top, vividly embroidered with dangling turquoise hearts, red and green sequins. The embroidered bolero is turquoise lined. *Hartnell.*

Black woollen coat tying twice at diaphragm and waist. The front panel is black velvet. *Strassner.*

Chestnut and lilac tweed jacket, with scallopy yoke and hem, a chestnut skirt. *Stiebel.*

Medium and dark grey fitting woollen top coat, with grey lamb trim. *Molyneux.*

Flame crepe low-cut dress, royal woollen bolero, both heavily embroidered with vine design in blue, green, red and silver stones and sequins. *Stiebel.*

Grey-green woollen suit, the thigh-length jacket side-fastened, the skirt of medium fullness. The grey-green woollen bag has a bamboo handle. *Strassner.*

1

2

3

4

The bulky blurred silhouette of winter outdoor clothes changes to a suave line for coats and suits. One-sided fastenings, alliance of two shades and two fabrics, two-piece dresses, glowing reds, blues and greens are prophetic for Spring. Evening and dinner dresses fit all at once, making a silhouette of dreamy smoothness. Brilliant velvets, crepes, woollens, gorgeous embroideries match the evening mode to the quick tailor-made gaiety of the evening mood.

Double-breasted collarless red wool jacket over a black pleated skirt. *Spectator model.*

Grey woollen two-piece dress with scallopy lapels, a scalloped side fastening, grey taffeta binds. *Stiebel.*

The dinner suit at its finest, a brown velvet fitting jacket, a pink satin top joining beneath the bosom to a brown velvet skirt. *Molyneux.*

Ethereal grey chiffon, a full floating skirt, a tightly swathed, crossed over bodice. *Molyneux.*

Aquamarine woollen dinner dress, high necked, long sleeved, heavily embroidered on shoulders and diaphragm with gold, mauve and rust sequins. *Hartnell.*

Managing Mannerisms

Bad mannerisms are more disastrous to charm than bad manners.

Some mannerisms give the emphasis to personality. Others make a repetitive theme through movement or conversation which is irritating beyond words.

I knew a woman who had a way of lifting an eyebrow when she smiled. It was a natural gesture, unstudied, and gave a quizzical accent to her smile. I remember this about her though I have forgotten most other things. That was a mannerism worth having.

But when mannerisms degenerate into mere habit, it is time to take yourself in hand. This goes for most of us, because the mannerisms which are half wrecking our charm are probably the ones you don't realise you have.

Take habits of speech, those words or phrases, often meaningless—which punctuate our conversation with such irritating persistence. " You see," " I mean," " and what-not."

Pluck these weeds out of your speech if you find you are guilty of them. They are ugly and useless.

Listen to yourself. You may be surprised to find you have a pet word. " Absolutely," " Definitely," " Fantastic," " Cute," " Darling." Meaningless endearments are a fungus growth in modern conversation. Count the women who bring unnecessary

emphasis to bear upon the most commonplace remarks. They are legion. This particular mannerism is responsible for homicidal tendencies everywhere. " My dear, the girl is simply br-r-rilliant," says an addict, referring to the new parlourmaid's talent for dusting. She is a conversational dramatist. She is a bore.

The woman who finishes every other sentence with " sort of " ought to know that it means nothing and leads nowhere. Cut it out of her vocabulary, however, and she would be practically speechless, because conversational mannerisms get such a stranglehold that only persistence and a sense of their absurdity will rid you of them.

Listen to yourself. Watch for the " quite " habit, the " I said " menace. " *I said, don't you think it matters to me, I said, because I said if you ask me. . . .*" Quite intelligent people are guilty of this sort of thing.

While you are at it, look for other mannerisms which may be making you a burden to your friends. Gesture, for instance. The whole point of gesture is its spontaneity. The moment it becomes affected it is irritating, even ridiculous.

Study gesture by all means, but be as modest of practising in public as you would be of practising your ballet dancing.

Think of the women you 've met who were told when they were young that they had expressive eyes. Look what it 's done to them. It started them fluttering those eyes until their natural expressiveness has been lost in affectation.

Just as there are adjectives and phrases of the moment, cut-priced for universal usage—remember " I ask you," " grim," " I wouldn't know " ?—so there are maddening gestures common to far too many women. One of the most tiresome is the slight negative shaking of the head, accented breathing, a look up to the ceiling, a roll of the eye; this is supposed to denote a mock despair. Real despair is the emotion it arouses in even the most uncritical beholder.

And let 's not dwell upon the women who continually nibble the corners of handkerchiefs, who play with their powder compacts, fidget with their hair, push down their cuticles, smooth out their skirts. Let us simply acknowledge that something should be done about them. Just as something should be done about those people who lick pages as they turn over, and those who listen to your story with an expression that clearly denotes that their one anxiety is to tell you *their* story. I hope you are not one of these people, because you can't be loved if you are.

Yet irritating mannerisms grow upon the nicest people. I know a perfect gem of a girl who reads over your shoulder—newspapers and letters are all the same to her. I hold it against people when they habitually leave doors open or are always losing their handbag or their cigarettes or their knitting.

You can't get away from it, other people's mannerisms are maddening, but before you permit yourself to be too critical about them be sure you are managing your own. K. L.

Mary Young's Guide to a Pleasanter Life—Even Now

1. Perhaps with fuel prices soaring you have toyed with the idea of making yourself a hay box? And perhaps, what with the nearest haystack being a petrol coupon away and the home carpenter serving his country, thinking about it is as far as you've got. Don't worry. Something far better than the old hay and tea chest idea can now be bought for a very modest sum. It is an auto cooker filled with a fabric that is cleaner, lighter and more hygienic than hay. It will take any of your cooking utensils so long as they have a lid. The cheaper cuts of meat are tastier cooked by this fuel-less method. Food can be left in the box and forgotten, but it will never overcook and be wasted.

Another clever fuel saver is a kettle with a bottom that acts as a top.

It works like this. Instead of using a lid for your saucepan, you use the kettle. The broad bottom of the kettle is ridged so that it fits firmly into any ordinary sized saucepan. When not needed as a lid, it will sit on hob or gas ring with equal composure. Price, 4s. 11d

2. Somebody with one of those minds has produced a three-purpose cushion. According to requirements, this can be filled with ice, air or hot water. And if that, reader, does not fill your imagination with ideas in regard to its possibilities in emergency, I regret that space does not allow me to enumerate them. The cushion is made of brightly patterned fabric that has heat, or cold, retaining properties. It is washable in ordinary soap and water, and is so light and supple that it can be folded up and carried about in the pocket if desired. The patent clip fastening makes leakage or deflation impossible. Prices range from 1s. 6d. to 4s. 6d.

3. News of a gadget for making your butter ration go twice as far may be gratefully received. It is a clean and workmanlike churn that makes two pounds of merged butter from a pound of butter and a pint of milk. The butter is cut into thin slices and put in the jar with the milk. The churn is then stood in a pan of hot water in order to soften the butter. The top is then screwed on to the churn and the mixer brought into action. When thoroughly mixed, contents are turned out into a bowl to harden. You'll like the result. It is sweet, wholesome and nourishing. From 8s. 6d. to 21s.

4. "But I can't work in gloves," is the cry of many women who in the same breath deplore the condition of their hands and nails. I sympathise. I have always detested working in gloves. They either seem to fit too tightly or if on the large size make the fingers clumsy. It's good news, then, to hear of a slip-on working glove that is *comfortable* to wear and as elastic as a second skin. The reason for the elasticity is that the fabric is processed with latex, which also makes for increased durability. The gloves are waterproof, snagproof and dirtproof, and being lined are cosy on the hand. They can be cleaned in a few seconds by holding them on the hands under a running tap. Price 3s. 6d.

5. If your skin is missing its periodical visits to your favourite salon this wartime winter, you are probably not feeling too pleased with yourself. And if, like me, you get caught out by a sudden invitation to an "on twenty-four hours leave" party, you will be doubly determined that no dictator's capers shall make your looks suffer. The answer to this is a really inexpensive plastic mask that has healing as well as uplift properties. It is especially designed for the woman unable to have salon treatment. It soothes and also nourishes the nerves of the skin, as well as rejuvenating tired tissues. The mask needs no mixing or preparing. Price is 3s. 6d.

6. Women who live in the country seldom seem to have as much time or patience to spend on their skins as women who live in town. Perhaps they don't think it is necessary. And maybe they couldn't be more wrong; especially if they have passed the thirty mark.

If it is time and patience they lack, let me recommend to their notice a cream sponsored by one of our loveliest actresses (blonde, and a complete refutation of the adage that blondes don't last) which has a dual purpose in life. It provides the skin with a complete food, nourishment and stimulation, and also makes a perfect foundation. In these days of economy, the fact that it *must* be used stingily to get the best results should be noted. Also the price, which is 4s. 6d.

If any of the subjects discussed on this page answers your current problems, write me at "Britannia and Eve," Hazelwood, Hunton Bridge, King's Langley, Herts, giving numbers in which you are interested

No Man Could

Trimmed with a Twisted Rib

REQUIRED

6 oz. of 2-ply "Femina" wool; 1 pair each of No. 8 and No. 13 "Stratnoid" knitting needles, and 6 buttons.

MEASUREMENTS

Length from shoulder, 17 ins.; across back under-arms, 17 ins.; Fronts, half, 9½ ins.; sleeve length from shoulder, 10 ins.

TENSION

Approximately for No. 8 needles, 13 sts.
Knit into the backs of all cast-on sts.

BACK

With No. 13 needles cast on 94 sts. K. 6 rows plain knitting, inc. 1 st. in 2nd and in every st. following, but not the last st. of last row only (186 sts.).

Continue in the following pattern :

1st row —Change to No 8 needles, sl. 1, k. to end.

2nd row —Sl. 1, p. to the last st., k. 1. Rep. rows 1 and 2 four times more

11th row.—Change to No. 13 needles, sl. 1, * k. 2 tog.; rep. from * to the last st., k. 1 (94 sts.).

12th to 15th rows.—Sl. 1, k. to end.

16th row.—Sl. 1, * k. twice into next st.; rep. from * to last st., k. 1. (186 sts).

These 16 rows form patt. Work 2 patts., then inc. 1 st. each end of 12th to 15th rows of next 2 patts. (110 sts.). Work until 11½ ins. from the cast-on edge (ending on the 11th row of patt.).

SHAPE ARMHOLES

Cast off 5 sts. at the beg. of the next 4 rows (90 sts.). Work 7 ins. on the remaining sts. (ending on the 11th row of patt.).

SHAPE SHOULDERS

Cast off 10 sts. at the beg. of the next 4 rows. Cast off the remaining sts.

FRONTS

With No. 13 needles, cast on 48 sts. Work as for the back, inc. at the armhole edge only, until 56 sts. and 11½ ins. from the cast-on edge.

SHAPE ARMHOLE

Cast off 5 sts. every armhole end row twice. Work 5 ins., on the remaining 46 sts. (ending on the 11th row of patt.).

SHAPE NECK

Cast off 10 sts. at the neck edge. Work 2 ins. on the remaining sts., casting off 3 sts. every neck edge row twice (30 sts.).

SHAPE SHOULDER

Cast off 10 sts. every armhole end row 3 times. Work another front with the shaping at opposite edges. (Continued on page 86)

ABBREVIATIONS

K. = knit; p. = purl; sts. = stitches; st. st = stocking stitch; beg. = beginning; tog. = together; dec. = decrease or decreasing; inc. = increase or increasing; patt. = pattern; sl. = slip; ins. = inches.

Wear This Out

REQUIRED

11 oz. 4-ply "Femina" wool; 6 buttons, and 1 pair each of No. 9 and No. 12 "Stratnoid" knitting needles.

MEASUREMENTS

Length from shoulder, 21 ins.; across back underarm, 19½ ins.; across fronts, 10½ ins.; sleeve length from shoulder, 24 ins.

TENSION

7 sts. to 1 in.

BACK

With No. 9 needles cast on 132 sts. Rib 1 in. in k. 1, p. 1. Continue in the following patt.

1*st row.*—K.

2*nd row.*—Sl. 1, * p. 4, k. 2; rep. from * ending k. 1. These 2 rows form patt. Work until 13 ins. from cast-on edge.

SHAPE ARMHOLES

Cast off 3 sts. at the beg. of next 8 rows. Work 7½ ins. on remaining 98 sts.

SHAPE SHOULDERS

Cast off 6 sts. at the beg. of next 10 rows. Cast off remaining sts.

FRONTS

With No. 9 needles cast on 72 sts. Work 4½ ins. from cast-on edge as for back.

SHAPE POCKET SLIT

Work 18 sts. Cast off 36. Work 18. *Next row.*—Work sts. of pocket lining (*next column*) in place of those cast off. Continue until 13 ins. from cast-on edge.

SHAPE ARMHOLE

Cast off 3 sts. at beg. of next 6 armhole rows. Work 7¼ ins. on remaining sts., dec. 1 st. every alternate row, at neck edge, until 30 sts. remain.

SHAPE SHOULDER

Cast off 6 sts. every armhole row 5 times. Work another front with shapings at opposite edges.

POCKET LININGS (2)

With No. 9 needles cast on 36 sts. Work 3½ ins. patt., break off wool and leave on spare needle.

SLEEVES

With No. 12 needles cast on 60 sts. Rib 3¼ ins. in k. 1, p. 1. Change to No. 9 needles and work in patt. until 21 ins. from the cast-on edge, inc. 1 st. each end of every 8th row until 96 sts. Then cast off 2 sts. at beg. of every row until 12 sts. remain. Cast off.

FRONT STRIP

With No. 12 needles cast on 12 sts. Rib 4 rows in k. 1, p. 1. Make buttonhole. Rib 4, cast off 4, rib 4. *Next row.*—Rib 4, cast on 4, rib 4. Make 5 more buttonholes 2¼ ins. apart. Rib until 50 ins. from start. Cast off.

POCKET TOPS (2)

With No. 12 needles cast on 6 sts. Rib 5 ins. in k. 1, p. 1.

TO MAKE UP

Press with warm iron and damp cloth. Sew up all seams. Sew in sleeves. Sew pocket linings to fronts. Sew edgings to pocket tops. Sew edgings to fronts. Sew on buttons. Work buttonholes.

Just Plain and Purl

REQUIRED

7 oz. Bairnswear "La Laine" 3-ply wool; 1 pair each of No. 12 and No. 10 "Stratnoid" knitting needles, and 5 buttons.

MEASUREMENTS

Across back underarm, 16½ ins.; across front underarm, 16½ ins.; length from shoulder, 19½ ins.; sleeve length from shoulder, 10 ins.

TENSION

7½ sts. and 10 rows to 1 in.

BACK

With No. 12 needles cast on 96 sts. Work k. 1, p. 1 rib, working into the backs of the k. sts. but into the fronts of the p. sts. as usual. (This applies to the rib throughout the jumper, the st.st. is worked in the usual way.) Work 3½ ins. in this width. Now change to st.st. and No. 10 needles and inc. 1 st. at beg. and end of every 4th row until there are 126 sts. Now work on in this width until there are 12½ ins. along side seam from cast-on edge.

SHAPE ARMHOLES

Dec. 1 st. at beg. and end of every row until there are 112 sts. Work 4 ins. on these sts. Now work a dec. row as follows: * K. 4, k. 2 tog.; rep. from * to end of row. Change to No. 12 needles and work on these 94 sts. in the rib as for waist for 1½ ins.

SHAPE SHOULDERS

Cast off 4 sts. at beg. of every row 16 times. Cast off remaining sts.

FRONT

Cast on and work as for back until the rib is finished. Now p. 34 sts., * k. 1, p. 1; rep. from * using the twisted rib for 12 sts. Leave other 42 sts. on holder until later. Always work 12 sts. at centre edge in the twisted rib and the other sts. in st.st. all up work. Dec. 1 st. at outside edge on 4th row and every 4th row afterwards. Work a buttonhole after 2¼ ins. of st.st. have been worked. On a row starting at ribbed edge, work 4 sts., cast off 4, work to end of row.

Next row.—Work up to casting off, cast on 4. Work to end of row. Continue to work a buttonhole every 2¼ ins. and continue to inc. 1 st. at armhole edge on every 4th row until (Continued on page 85)

On the left is an interior by Maurice Adams, showing the effective use of a Radiation Standard High Beam gas fire. The High Beam changes the air several times an hour, thus ensuring healthy warmth. Below, left, is the Velomain Heater which requires no connection with a flu and is therefore ideal for halls, corridors and bathrooms. It can be had in a variety of colours to blend with decorative schemes. Centre : An R. & A. Main self-lighting gas fire in a bedroom setting. This fire is obtainable in a variety of colours to match individual rooms

WARMING

We can dispense with a discussion about the need for economy because it is only too painfully obvious that we have all now got to practise it.

So accepting facts as they are, the next step is to see how much excitement can be got out of something that isn't supposed to be exciting at all.

At least there is interest and satisfaction in doing a job well if it's only doing a job of economy and cutting down the expenses of the home without impairing its comfort or efficiency can be quite a lot of fun if you'll let it.

Take the heating problem. Fuel rationing and the need to cut heating costs to a minimum presents a pretty nice little equation for those who care for working things out scientifically.

In the first place it must be admitted that economy over the distance is often best served by a drastic overhaul of old apparatus. Scrimp and save as you will, you cannot get results if the apparatus you are working with is not up to the job.

So it is inevitable in many cases that money should be spent to this end before you can begin seriously on the business of cutting down expense.

Practically nothing in housekeeping is so ill-advised as continuing with an out-of-date heating system on the assumption that it will be cheaper than replacing it with new.

You want comfort and you want economy, but you can't have them without some initial expense. In this matter it is essential to take the long view.

We will suppose, for instance, that your living-room fire is responsible for the greater part of your household coal consumption. You are interested in installing a stove that will give you the maximum amount of comfort, heating capacity and appearance value with the lowest possible maintenance cost.

An Esse heater comes to mind for this purpose. The illustration at the bottom of the opposite page shows its worthiness in the decorative sense to take the place of an open grate.

This stove offers one of the most economical systems of heating yet discovered. It is an anthracite burner requiring very little stoking. Because the fire never goes out, an even temperature is maintained in any room where it is used. This makes it particularly suitable for nurseries, dining-rooms and living-rooms where circumstances make it necessary to leave the fire unattended for hours together.

For a business man or woman out all day, for instance, it is invaluable. The fire is stoked once a day and maintains its steady warmth from early morning until night. You can buy an Esse stove for twelve monthly payments of 8/4.

In rooms not constantly in use the gas fire is best

and unquestionably cheapest—a dining-room for instance, or a bedroom.

There was a time before the science of gas heating had reached such a high standard, when gas fires were really not adequate to heat large rooms, nor were they always comforting to sit by. Only in the area directly in front of the fire was it possible to enjoy full warmth.

But all this has been changed by the scientific process of radiating the heat outwards, upwards and sideways. Now, all the room is warmed, yet the modern gas fire is not more exacting in its use of fuel than the older less efficient one was.

Another point to remember in connexion with heating by gas fire is that once a room is thoroughly warm the fire can, in normal weather conditions, be turned down, while still maintaining the temperature of the room at a comfortable level.

Again, regular meter readings make it easy to keep a weekly check on maintenance costs, and this is a consideration of some weight in such times as these.

An official of the gas company will readily explain the reading of the meter to you if you are not familiar with it. It is quite simple and provides an essential guard upon expenditure.

From the point of view of health, open gas fires have more than proved their advantages over solid fuel for domestic heating. The relationship between air heating and radiant heating is of primary importance to health. Air heating is inclined to make the atmosphere of a room stuffy and enervating. Radiant heating—which is common to all good modern gas fires—has an entirely different and more beneficial effect, though the warmth of the room is not impaired at all.

It is claimed, and the claim is supported by doctors, that the infra-red ray present in the radiant beam of the up-to-date gas fire is a very valuable contributing factor towards modern health conditions, and one cannot afford to ignore these factors at a time when good health is as important as life itself.

The Glowmain portable gas fire illustrated in the third drawing burns only one-sixteenth of a therm an hour, and yet will heat a bedroom of average size sufficiently well for all normal purposes.

The fire is easily carried about and can be plugged in by means of a flexible tube in any room where a gas point is provided.

One more method of really economical heating which is of especial interest for halls and corridors is the Velomain flueless gas heater shown in the illustration on the left.

A special advantage of this heater is that it does not have to be connected to a flue. It warms and circulates the air of a normal size room once every twenty-five minutes, and the gas consumption is remarkably low. In many respects it glves the advantages of central heating, but with none of the cost and trouble.

When alight the flickering effect from its burners, seen through the bottom window and in the top reflector, give it a very cosy appearance. The top of the heater and the outer side of its back are always cool so that damage to paint or walls by discoloration or deposit is impossible.

You can have your model in any one of many good colour finishes, so that it can be fitted harmoniously into most decorative schemes.

Above, right: A convenient and effective portable gas heater—the Glowmain. You can plug it in wherever a gas point is available, and it will warm an average size bedroom with ease. Right: The Esse heater, one of the most economical stoves yet discovered. It gives constant warmth and an equable temperature continuously at a cost of from threepence for twenty-four hours

Eating

By Harriet Muir

It's nice to think that we have progressed far in the matter of cooking.

Yes, I know all about our industrious grandmothers and their stillrooms bursting with home-cured hams and home-made elderberry wine. But in our own lifetime I notice an immense and refreshing difference between the economical dishes of twenty-five years ago and the economical dishes of to-day.

Maybe it's because we've had more practice in parsimony this last quarter-century than they ever dreamed of in the Edwardian years of peace and plenty. Anyhow, we have learned how to dress up our humble pie food, and to make it taste good too.

Our knowledge of foreign cookery has widened. Travel in places where they eat ritzy on nothing-a-year has made us sit up and take notice of such refinements as that little scatter of herbs in the ragout and the spot of paprika that glamorises even the homely poached egg.

A particularly horrid memory of the last war was the pulses, meaning the beans and lentils that, with their high caloric value and their protein ("second class," it's true, but still protein), were, and still are, recommended as a healthful substitute for meat.

But beans are an excellent food, and rationing or no rationing, we would do well to chalk them up on the kitchen slate for the sake of economy, for they are very cheap and are easily stored.

Italian beans

Soak beans overnight, and next day drain them and boil in salted water. Drain again thoroughly when cooked. To 1 lb. beans allow 3 tablespoonfuls olive oil, lard or dripping; 2 tablespoonfuls tomato pulp (tinned or fresh); 2 sage leaves, salt and pepper.

Heat oil and sage leaves till very hot, sprinkling with salt and pepper. Add the beans, and cook them until all the oil is absorbed. Shake and stir to prevent sticking. Add the tomato, cook a few minutes more and serve sprinkled with chopped parsley.

A good set of oven glass will go a long way towards making simple dishes look attractive. And, of course, casserole cooking conserving all the mineral salts and food values is a boon to the wartime food campaign.

Phœnix produce a particularly good-looking range of oven glass. They have a deep stewpot, grand for hot-pots and stews; an *entrée* dish with a lid you can use separately; and a covered roasting dish which saves all the flavour of the joint or poultry instead of letting it waste itself in cooking odours round the house.

The deep stew-pot comes in handy for baked beans done the American way. The recipe which follows needs a long time in the oven; try it on a day when the fire is on, anyhow.

Mexican baked beans

Ingredients are 2 lb. haricot beans, 1 large tin tomato *purée* 2 tablespoonfuls treacle, 2 tablespoonfuls olive oil, 1 teaspoonful dry mustard, 1 or 2 chilli peppers, 2 large onions, salt.

Soak beans overnight. In the morning, drain and bring to the boil in salted water. After they have boiled a few minutes, drain again and boil until tender in a fresh lot of water. Drain again; keep the liquor.

In a large frying-pan heat the oil. Cut up the onions and fry until tender, but not brown. Add the tomato, treacle, salt, mustard and the chillis, chopped.

Now put in the beans. Cook a few minutes. Next take your largest glass casserole and transfer to it the contents of the frying-pan, filling up with the liquor in which the beans were boiled. Bake twelve hours in a slow oven, stirring occasionally and adding extra liquid as needed. Serve very hot. (Regulo Mark ¼).

Haricot salad

The best bean salad is the simplest. Simply boil the beans, after soaking overnight as usual, and dress with one part red wine vinegar to three parts olive oil, with salt and pepper to taste. Scatter liberally with chopped parsley or chervil, and, if you like, chopped shallot. Mix very thoroughly.

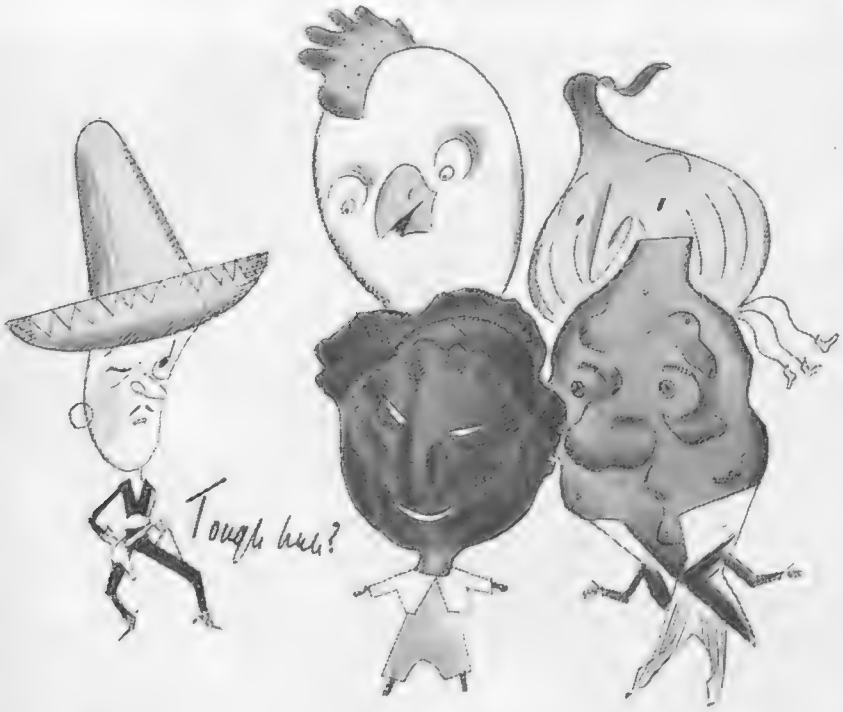
Another way is to use the same dressing, but to add it to the beans while still hot. Cool, and garnish with chopped parsley and fillets of anchovy.

There may still be some case-hardened people who still dislike beans, so although I have lots of other good recipes for them in the bag, I will switch off to one or two other ways of saving on the butcher's bill. You might like to try a favourite middle-European dish.

Red cabbage and apple

De-stalk a red cabbage and cut it into thin strips. Pop it into one of your glass casseroles with one pint water, two ounces lard, two or three cooking apples (pared, cored and cut up), half a pound of onions (sliced).

Stew until tender. Then add one tablespoonful wine vinegar, a pinch of salt and one dessertspoonful of sugar. Stew for another half-hour, and serve.



Artichoke soup

Take four or five onions and, at the very least, twice as many artichokes—more if you like. Peel them, put them in a saucepan, cover with milk, add seasoning and boil until tender. Strain into a basin.

Return the liquor to the saucepan and put the vegetables through a sieve.

In a basin put a lump of margarine, with flour to thicken. Rub together with a wooden spoon. Pour into the basin the boiling liquor from the saucepan, and stir until mixed.

Return the mixture to the saucepan. Add the *purée* and more seasoning, and boil up. A few spoonfuls of top-milk, added just before serving, adds a touch of pre-war luxury.

Serve in individual glass soup-pots.

Humble Pie

AND LIKING IT

Quaker contemplating his oats

Bacon used to be a star turn in the breakfast menu, and the business of finding an understudy for it on most days of the week is driving many a good home-manager crazy.

I don't attempt to minimise her difficulties. Bacon is grand stuff if you can get it; it is, say the dietitians—and they ought to know—about the best, cheapest and most nourishing start to the day. You did not need to exercise much intelligence on breakfast planning when the good old rashers were around.

A lot of stand-ins for bacon you see suggested are hopelessly impractical. They would entail getting up in the middle of the night if you gave them the hours of preparation mentioned in the recipes. No, you have to find something quick as well as something good.

Take a look back at my Scottish youth for an idea or two. Breakfast and high tea are the meals they do well among the burns and braes, and at both you will encounter a creature called a mealie pudding.

You may not care for the appearance of the mealie (or "white") pudding. It looks like a stout, anæmic sausage doing a contortionist act. Let not that deter you, for the mealie pudding is grand.

It is sold by weight—about 1s. a lb. in the London shops—and the average one, enough for a family of four, weighs about ¾ lb. All it requires of you before being eaten for breakfast is that you warm it through gently in hot water, and brown it in a frying-pan or under the grill.

Or cut it in slices and fry it with sausages, tomatoes or what you may fancy as an accompaniment.

Still looking around for something which can compete with bacon in food values, think of herring roes, which are said to be simply bursting with calories and everything else that's good for you. As a change from the ordinary fried variety try

Soft roes on toast

Wipe the roes and put them in the ever-useful casserole dish. Mix half a pint of water, half that quantity of vinegar, a little salt; add a few peppercorns and a bay-leaf, and bring to the boil. Strain, add liquid to roes, and cover. Bake in a moderate oven for ten minutes (Regulo Mark 5) or cook over the fire.

Butter a piece of toast for each person, put a roe (drained) on it, add a dab or two of margarine and cook seven minutes under the grill. Sprinkle with lemon juice and serve.

While on the subject of herrings—if you don't want to make a mess of the griller so early in the morning, why not cook herrings or kippers in a little water in the frying-pan? They're both a lot juicier this way, and their inimitable scent is less pervasive.

Fresh herrings cooked like this, with salt and a little vinegar, are good with horseradish sauce, potted or home made.

And again to ramble on in the that-reminds-me strain, there's the too-often burning question of

Porridge

To my mind, there is nothing to be said in favour of English porridge. Here's the Scots way.

Each person is allowed a breakfast-cupful of water, a good handful of oatmeal and a saltspoonful of salt. Boil the water. Just as bubbles appear, start to add the oatmeal slowly, stirring energetically with a wooden spurtle or stick. When you've got it boiling merrily, move it to the side of the stove, clap on the lid and let it cook slowly for about half an hour. Add the salt about ten minutes before it is done.

Serve with milk or cream. And, of course, salt.

If you don't seem to have much appetite for the morning porridge, take a fruit-juice first. It's wonderful what a cocktail of apple, orange, grapefruit, prune-juice will do to a jaded palate. You can get all these tinned.

Eggs

Are apt to come expensive, but their excuse is that there is no pleasanter breakfast dish.

Far be it from me to teach my grandmother to cook omelettes, but I have a winner here.

You don't use butter or margarine, just olive oil. When the blue smoke arises, put in a couple of cooked potatoes (cubed) and a small onion (chopped). Then skin and slice two tomatoes and add them to the mixture.

When they are all nicely cooked, pour in your eggs (three eggs to two people) which, contrary to all the rules, you have for economy's sake eked out with a tablespoonful of water. Add salt and pepper.

Cook the omelette, but don't try the early-morning temper by trying to fold it. This is a Spanish omelette, which is, quite correctly, eaten flat.

Sausages

I am not suggesting how you should cook these, either; but just reminding you that they will go twice as far if you fry something with them. As a change from tomatoes, try slices of apple one day, and split bananas another?

And if you get tired of sausages in their skins, strip them and roll in egg and breadcrumbs. They're good fried this way.

Salmon fishcakes

Every diet expert in the world seems to agree that tinned salmon is the goods, and that there is no better breakfast dish for a winter's morning than salmon fishcakes.

Many recipes for these would keep you up all night; this one is quick and easy.

Take a cupful of flaked or mushy tinned salmon, two cups mashed potato and one egg. Mix together and add salt, pepper and chopped parsley or chervil. Divide into patties, roll in breadcrumbs and fry in deep fat.

Learn From Animals

We were talking about animals, dogs particularly. "I suppose you get fond of them, but I've never been able to understand it myself," a woman said to me.

I thought of the shining presence which is the companion of my household and felt sorry for her.

You miss something very vital, if you miss the understanding of animals. The loss is not to be counted only in love and companionship, either. Animals have much to teach that opiniated human beings would do well to learn.

Whenever animals are referred to in that particular tone which so arrogantly implies an inferior origin, I wonder, have we the right to be so sure?

What can we learn from these creatures of a lesser breed?

For some of us, far more than we care to confess. For nearly all of us, some sound and healthy principles of living.

Begin with loyalty. Where will you find among the human species the same unflinching integrity towards the loved one that a dog has to give its owner? He requites you with equal generosity for love, injustice misunderstanding. His devotion has no price.

Stupid? Maybe, if you look at it that way. But if love and loyalty are stupid what use is there in anything? No, stupid isn't the word. Courage, perhaps.

Take the lowliest mongrel and ask yourself what human being of your acquaintance can measure up to him for dignity and I mean *dignity*. That is, the variety which only nature bestows, the variety that is untouched by human affectations.

You can dress your mongrel up in a paper collar and make him jump through hoops for the entertainment of superior man. You can force your jungle beast to dance upon his toes, but you can't take away his dignity. It is inviolate because it is real and of the spirit.

Simplicity is a shining virtue. So is humility. The animals have it. We should take note of it.

Count up some of the more common faults of the human species. Selfishness, snobbery, untruthfulness, personal vanity. . . . They go on and on. Look for these qualities among the higher animals. You won't find them.

Rogues there may be, but half the vices that are attributed to animals are forced upon them by the petty conventions of our human civilisation.

As to the physical aspect of the matter, we can learn from the animal world and learn again.

The exuberant health and unflagging vitality which we envy so much in those not yet ruined by their contact with civilised conditions are traceable to simple, natural laws of living.

They eat when they are hungry and they don't eat when they are not. Excessive indulgence is a rarity. Exercise is the breath of life. Above all they know when and how to rest.

Relaxation is an art that most animals practise to perfection. Watch a dog or a cat relax after physical effort, any animal in fact. He flings his body into an attitude of utter relaxation. Every muscle lets up. He sprawls. In a matter of moments he has passed into a deep slumber, independent of all disturbance.

He rises from his rest refreshed, vital, ready for anything that comes. An animal's remarkable powers of recuperation are founded in this ability to relax.

This is not an easy thing for human beings to learn, more especially the mental part of it, but it *is* possible and those who do it tap a life stream of health and vitality.

There are plenty of hazards in animal life. Most of them, under native conditions, are natural ones. The animal is well equipped by nature to deal with most of them when they come. We are endowed with many of the same advantages. The difference is that in our superior intellect we have thought fit to discard them.

Only the animals know what we have missed.

L. W.

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COMBINING COOKING & WATER-HEATING

How you can give your child PERSONALITY

It was thought at one time that children were born either beautiful or plain, healthy or otherwise, clever or dull. It was a question of luck and you took your chance. If Fate was against you that was that. There was nothing you could do about it.

If we need any proof that this is a wonderful new world we live in, we need only consider how all this is changed. Plain children are made beautiful; ailing children become healthy; even personality is developed and encouraged until it blossoms into something rare.

More and more parents are coming to an understanding that personality is not just an accident of birth, but the result of environment. Obviously children are not all equal in this respect. Some are by nature shy, others too bold. Some have the capacity to endear themselves without effort to others, a few find themselves from the start with the power to dominate others.

By Louisa Kay

But in general sense personality can be cultivated just as successfully as good health and straight teeth.

Parents can do it. They are in fact the only ones who can, because it is only in daily, almost hourly, contact with a growing mind that it can be moulded, curbed, encouraged.

Starting at the very earliest age you begin by encouraging mental and physical poise.

You teach the child self-control. You encourage her (or him) to be master of her emotions. In short, to be a person who is neither at the mercy of her own weaknesses nor those of other people.

This alone stamps her as a personality of some consequence in later life.

Whether your child grows up into an amusing talker, a stimulating thinker, depends very largely upon the encouragement given in infancy to exercise her imagination.

A good talker can discourse on practically any subject, whether she is well informed upon it or not. This is because her imagination never fails. It springs into life at the least challenge. A lively imagination will only develop if it is exercised when a child is young. So talk to her. Let her talk. Talk on all and every subject. Encourage her interest in all things and all people.

At first you may find her responses slow. Be patient. Later she will develop initiative. You will find her exploring subjects for herself, developing her own ideas, discovering new interests.

Encourage them. The more interests she has the more interesting she will become to others.

If your child is shy you have a responsible task ahead of you to cure her of it and to cure her with sympathy and skill.

Make up your mind that her shyness will diminish as her confidence in herself increases. This will happen as she discovers herself to be a person who can interest others, a person who can command respect, affection.

Above all things nurse her sense of humour. Teach her to laugh and to be laughed at. Encourage her to see humour in the least obvious places. If you suspect yourself of being deficient in a proper understanding of this quality, encourage the child to mix with people who have.

Mould her, but don't run away with the notion that you can make a personality like a garment and fit the child into it. That would be disastrous. The personality is there to start with. Your task is to encourage its growth.

Family life is undoubtedly a great stimulus to personality. The child who grows up in a family of three or four often shows a more forceful character than one who is brought up alone.

The reason is that in healthy competition with brothers and sisters she finds herself sharpening her wits upon theirs, learning to mix, to adapt herself to other people, to assert herself and challenge interest in a crowd.

This does not mean to say that the child of a smaller family is too badly handicapped. It is up to parents then to provide that stimulus which is inevitable in the larger family circle.

Don't leave things to chance. Don't just go on hoping that your child will be lucky enough to stand out from the crowd. See to it that she does.

This is something that you can accomplish in your daily contact with her and it is the greatest gift you have to give.

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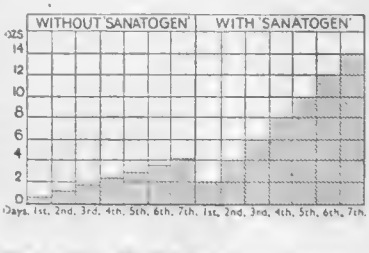

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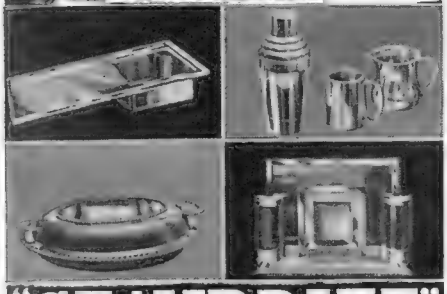

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SAYS LADY RUSSELL OF LIVERPOOL

LADY RUSSELL, wife of Lord Russell of Liverpool, says: "I've used Pond's Creams for a long time and they've always been simply marvellous. Indeed, they've improved my skin wonderfully—made it finer, softer and fresher-looking, besides smoothing away the little lines that once threatened to form."

ANALYSIS of Lady Russell's features

(1) *Forehead.* Broad, with very fair skin. No sallowness or wrinkles to which her type is especially prone.

(2) *Eyes.* Hazel, wide, with long lashes. Deep-set yet without crows' feet or "sun-lines."

(3) *Nose.* Delicately modelled, with no big pores or blackheads.

(4) *Mouth.* Generous, with beautifully moulded lips. No ugly droop of flesh at the corners.

(5) *Chin.* Firm and rounded, the skin ivory-white and even-pored. No blemishes, no blackheads in "crease" of chin.

Lady Russell of Liverpool gives the credit for her gloriously smooth, flawless complexion to her regular use of Pond's Creams.

What Pond's Creams have done for her complexion, they will do also for yours. Every time you use them you give your skin the self-same beauty care that the loveliest Society women rely on to keep their complexions exquisite.

In just a few weeks you can see the difference it makes. Your skin begins to breathe freely—becomes softer, fresher, lovelier-looking. Big pores close, sallowness disappears, your skin glows with radiant, natural colour. Blemishes and blackheads vanish and, little by little, every trace of lines and wrinkles disappears.

For a satin-soft skin that glows with lovely, natural colour, use Pond's Creams faithfully. Use Pond's Cold Cream every night for cleansing and softening your skin; smooth on Pond's Vanishing Cream every morning for day-time protection and to hold your powder on smoothly. You will be amazed how much more attractive your skin will look in just a short time.

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Of Course You'll go On Driving

By Alan Hess

WELL, here we are at the start of a New Year and it must be confessed that it doesn't strike one as possessing many of the characteristics of a Happy New Year for any one—particularly for motorists.

Taxation at twenty-five shillings per horse-power, petrol at a relatively low price but all but unobtainable, lights bureaucratically dimmed almost to the point of extinction, and so many of the really good mechanics serving in the forces that efficient maintenance is hard to come by.

The cumulative effect of all these rather grizzly considerations must be that of making the private motorist ask himself: "Is it really worth while to license my car—at any rate for the next quarter?"

Permit me to answer this question for you with an uncompromising "Yes."

Of course it's worth while—better worth while, I think, than ever before.

To begin with, how long is it since you have been without a car at your beck and call? You'll be astonished—if you *don't* license it—to find how utterly "lost" you will be without it.

Not only will you miss the comfortable feeling of knowing subconsciously that your car—like some genuine old friend—is always in the background, ready to do your bidding in moments of emergency, but apart from the handiness of popping up to the shops or the post, you will find week-ends so depressingly empty.

NO more runs into the country to revel in the never-ceasing pageantry of Nature as one season merges almost imperceptibly into another. No more ecstatic glimpses of the sunset with the delicate tracery of winter boughs silhouetted in all their glory of filigree in the foreground. No more sudden comings upon quaint and ancient cottages nor that touchstone in these bitter days—the plough—slowly cleaving the good earth behind a pair of steaming, friendly horses, with the blessedly enduring hand of the ploughman there to guide it—a last link with international sanity—and a swirl of crows and seagulls in its wake. . . .

Won't you miss these things?

You know I am a bit sentimental about motor cars. To me they are not mere conveyances from X to Y and back again to X, but rather they are the modern (and equally miraculous) equivalents of the magic carpet.

Have you ever thought, as you have hurtled at a mile a minute across some drearily splendid and gale-swept moor, that only an inch of tinplate and a few pieces of glass and a thickness of upholstery are separating you from—eternity?

Those ingredients have been scientifically designed, selected, refined and assembled by the brains and the hands of your fellow-men and yet with a sublime confidence you repose in them your very life.

If one of the artisans whose workmanship, had it been less skilful than it was, would have spelt disaster for you, were to come to you as a stranger, would you entrust your well-being to him without question?

I wonder . . .

No, you *must* keep your car in commission. There are other far more practical reasons, too, for my saying this.

Inevitably the roads are emptier now than at any time during the past twenty years. I have not the slightest doubt that you are one of those who, like myself, began to feel just before the war, that the roads were becoming so congested that much of the true enjoyment was vanishing from motoring?

Well, that argument no longer applies.

To-day you may go long miles and scarcely meet another car.

Still the wind whistles about the roof with a slightly flattering suggestion of speed; still the steering wheel kicks and writhes and twists in your hands like a live thing; the tyres still sing their song of zest as you bowl them along the open road.

Surely these are things unmeasurable in terms of pounds, shillings and pence?

Oh yes, I know there are expenses to be met—insurance (the rates have *not* increased), taxation (they are getting it out of you in income tax until there's little enough left for pleasure—you may as well get what fun out of life you can—while you can!). Maintenance (this will not be great because owing to the petrol ration you will not be doing a huge mileage) and lastly, depreciation—ah! there we have it!

DEPRECIATION, to my way of thinking, is the final, completely telling argument in favour of keeping your car on the active list.

When this war is over there will be an instant demand for second-hand cars. And the knowledgeable buyer will go for the car which has been running throughout the war period in preference to the car with the much smaller speedometer mileage reading.

Why? Because when a car stands idle it depreciates much more rapidly than when it is working. (This, by the way, is so nearly another human attribute that you may begin to perceive why I am sentimental about cars.)

When a car is laid up, its tyre rubber perishes, corrosion goes on within its tanks and inside the engine and radiator. The battery deteriorates, and the metal fatigues so that it is not only a less efficient car after a prolonged period of idleness, *but it is a far less safe car.*

A car which has been run consistently and carefully throughout a number of years, well driven and scrupulously tended, is like a well-seasoned, mellow pipe—a friendly thing.

So, you see, if you can sentimentalise over cars like I can, you will want to continue to run your own car for obvious reasons.

If, on the other hand, you take merely the hard, practical view, you should still want to run your car, for the expense of running it under existing conditions will be largely offset against decreased depreciation and increased selling value when the war is over.

But I and those like me are the lucky ones, for indulging our sentimentality in this respect we are (for the first time in our sentimental lives) deriving the best of both worlds!

Mr. Raymond Mays, the well-known racing motorist, has recently purchased a 14 h.p. Rover Sports Saloon and is here seen with the car at the Rover works. Followers of motor racing will recall that Raymond Mays was the first driver to hold all the following important records at one time: the Shelsley Walsh Hill Climb, the Crystal Palace Circuit, the Campbell Circuit at Brooklands, the Prescott Hill Climb, and the Mountain Circuit at Brooklands

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DR. BARNARDO'S HOMES

Peace From Heaven (*Continued from page 9*)

receiver. He sat for yet another moment still, his lips pinched in seriousness, and then rose. "Come then, *meine Herren*. There is no change." He glanced up at the clock. "In four minutes we let loose—whatever we let loose!"

He led the way out, and up the concrete stairs. The three others followed, silently. The minister was speechless in an oppression of imminent event. The others also, perhaps. They emerged to the starry night, to the dark view of the rocket tower across the clearing. The general went a few steps to an adjacent concrete control post, where a junior officer sat before a switchboard. At his order, the officer switched on the arc lights across the clearing. It was evident that all men had now prudently been moved from the near vicinity of the tower.

The minister uttered a silly last-moment question, a cover for his nervousness.

"How do you launch your rocket, Herr Professor?"

"It is tossed up two hundred metres by a compressed-air catapult, Excellenz. At a hundred metres the fuel—liquid oxygen and alcohol—is automatically ignited." The Herr Professor was calm, a man who knew exactly what would happen.

The general was looking closely at his wrist-watch. Eleven fifty-eight. How slow that hand! Eleven fifty-nine. An eternity! The hand almost touched twelve.

"*Es soll losgehen!*" cried the general. The junior officer's hand went to a switch on the board. "*Feuer!*"

Staring towards the tower, the minister saw the flanged tank suddenly jerk upward, vaguely white in the arc lamps, and then from it—almost instantly as it tossed free—came startlingly a great downward blast of flame in violent vehemence. At its commencement, the fierce blast was already well above the trees. As he looked, the roaring rocket exhaust rushed rapidly upward, higher and higher, in incredibly swift diminishment. He had to jerk his neck back to follow. The flame was still rushing upward, at meteor speed, soaring towards the western stars. It became a minute speck of radiance, vanished. In about eight minutes . . . ! There were only stars. The point of yellow light had gone. For all his scepticism, he was glad that his wife was not in Paris.

A COUPLE of minutes earlier, in a high correlation post of the "D.P." (*Défense de Paris*), three officers—a colonel and two captains, who were his aides—and half a dozen telephonists and messengers sat silently, all conversation hushed. A wall clock marked ten fifty-eight. In Germany the clocks were marking eleven fifty-eight, Central European time. This post was at the top of a tall modern building, incongruous among the picturesque antiquity of the height of Montmartre. Within the room all lights, invisible from the outside, were either blued or shaded down to concentrate on the telephones and map tables. Two sides of the room had broad plate glass windows, open to the view. Normally, at this hour that view was a sea of lights, where the instructed could discern the curving bisection of the Seine. Now it was a black pit. A single searchlight, of the many potentially vigilant over the darkened city, snapped out suddenly, left the sky tenanted by stars alone. The two captains and the orderlies had their eyes fixed on the clock. Ten fifty-nine.

The colonel sat with a telephone permanently against his ear, listening. The clock hand jerked. It marked eleven.

The colonel glanced at the two captains.

"*Messieurs,*" he said gravely, "we are at war." He replaced his receiver.

No other person spoke. The moment was too awe-inspiring, fraught with the fate of France, of European civilisation. There was nothing to say. All preparations had already been made, since several seconds the great war machine of France was already functioning. Several millions of the inhabitants of Paris, including virtually all the children, had been evacuated days before. A vast and elaborate scheme of protection against gas and fire was automatically in operation. All the ultimate grave measures had been carried out smoothly, entirely without panic. That was something for national pride. The colonel lit himself a cigarette. Certainly, high above this immense black silent city, squadrons of French fighter planes were vigilantly patrolling. Over the distant frontier other nocturnal air squadrons were circling in defensive watch and ward, guided by radio telephones from the many listening posts on the ground. Perhaps French bomber squadrons were already speeding over a darkened Germany. Which side would get in the first blows—blows surely on a vital nerve centre?

The silence became oppressive. The clock hand jerked from minute to minute. Capitaine Delahaye shifted in his chair. He was about thirty, fundamentally still a peasant, visibly a good conscientious officer. "We have at least half an hour to wait," he remarked. "That's the earliest minute possible for anything to come over. Unless the Boche stole a march, and crossed the frontier with high-flying bombers before time." His comrade, Capitaine Mareuil, *chic* in his neat elegant uniform, to whom the pleasantly frivolous *vie de Paris* had hitherto been the only thing that really mattered, laughed lightly. "*Bah, mon vieux!* Of course he has! The only thing certain about a Boche is that he will cheat you. Every minute counts in these first hours—what do you think, *mon colonel?*" The colonel, tight-mouth with a greyish clipped moustache, answered in a snap. "I do not think! We are here to observe—that is our duty. Devote yourselves to it, my friends."

The two captains sat silent in the reproof, ears sharpened for the tiniest sound in the hush. Far up was the hum of invisible planes—their own, certainly. The hidden searchlights obviously ignored them. Five minutes after eleven . . . six minutes after . . . seven. Capitaine Delahaye whispered, "What did I tell you? They can't possibly——" Eight minutes. What was that? Seen through the broad window, across the dark depression of the city, a great flash leaped up. That must have been near the Eiffel Tower. Why? There was nothing thereabouts to detonate. A few seconds later an immense crash and reverberation rolled across to them. *Nom de Dieu!*

Scores of searchlights sprang automatically into sudden radiance, methodically sweeping the sky. In a moment, one of them would pick up the enemy bombers. A telephonist spoke from his instrument. "*Mon colonel!* Post eighty-four reports big explosion between the Seine and the Invalides. Nature unknown. Investigation proceeding." The colonel nodded. "Good. Tell them to report details as soon as possible." He turned to another telephonist. "Get headquarters! I will speak myself." He picked up his receiver. "D.P.?" His voice was swallowed by another vast detonation, all but coincident with the huge flash that briefly lit the room. Nearer, that one. He was speaking to D.P. Headquarters. "Nonsense! Do not argue. They must have got through. Check all listening stations between here and the frontier—at once!" He turned to the two captains. "Ridiculous! Headquarters insists there is no information of enemy planes. Sound stations between here and the frontier have heard nothing. They must be flying high." He reverted to the telephonist. "Get communication with Group XB2!" Group XB2 was a high altitude scout-formation of planes. Before he could speak further, there was a third vast explosion, more distant. It seemed to be somewhere near the Est railroad terminus. Capitaine Mareuil glanced at the block. "Half-minute intervals," he remarked. "Odd for planes."

Since that first crash there had been no respite. Already great fires were reddening the searchlight-slashed sky. Punctually at every half-minute, another great flash and detonation erupted, sometimes near, sometimes far. Reports were coming in ultra-rapidly, jamming each other. Capitaine Mareuil, plotting on the map as the telephonist reported, could make nothing of these vast mysterious bursts—causing incredible damage, it seemed—which apparently occurred haphazard. They did not correspond to any probable bombing pattern. Their timing was a riddle. Headquarters, D.P., repeatedly questioned, still obstinately denied that there had been sound or sight of hostile aircraft. French high-altitude scouts similarly insisted that no enemy planes were discoverable. But there *must* be enemy bombers! That was simple logic.

Those German flyers had certainly evolved a good technique of invisibility. And Capitaine Mareuil had emphatically never heard of such immense bombs; he would have denied their possibility. Assuredly, they were dropping thermite as well as high explosive. No gas had yet been reported. It was not needed. Shock and fire were doing all that was required.

Mon Dieu! That was a near one—half a kilometre away, perhaps! The entire building rocked as in an earthquake. In the vacuum caused by the burst, one of the big plate-glass windows fell out, despite the strips of paper pasted across it. The night air came suddenly cold on Capitaine Mareuil, plotting at his map that was almost whisked away. Inwardly, in a turmoil where logics conflicted, baffled to guess how and whence this destruction came, outwardly he had lost nothing of his cool jauntiness. That was in his tradition, maintained for the benefit of the uneasy telephonists; an ancestor had mounted the breach at Sebastopol with a cigarette between his lips. Capitaine Delahaye and the colonel continued to talk methodically to headquarters, to the listening-stations, to anti-aircraft batteries, to the searchlight posts, to the fire brigades, to the police. None could give even a hint that was useful. The Boche must be flying, with oxygen respirators, at ten thousand metres or over. *R-r-rrump!* The flash had occurred seconds before, right across Paris, at Auteuil perhaps. That half-minute regularity was getting on his nerves, not that he would in the least betray it. If he could get an instant between the messages, he would light himself a cigarette. He had it handy.

He realised suddenly that he had been flung—how?—in a wreck of chair and table right across the room. He scrambled to his feet, automatically counting seconds as he did so. The memory of that super-deafening crash came to him; consciously he had not heard it. An entire wall of their building had fallen out. An instant conflagration had started in the target struck, not a hundred metres away. Already the red flames leaped in the emptiness below, their crepitation curiously audible through the uncanny hush following the monstrous blast. He saw the colonel and Delahaye pick themselves up, the telephonists re-settle themselves. No one was hurt. *Boom!* The next had fallen, very far away. He began to count the seconds to the next, in what had become habit.

One of the telephonists reported, "*Mon colonel!* German radio broadcasting to France." The colonel considered briefly. What was the Boche saying? A radio instrument was part of his observation equipment. "Switch it on," he ordered.

Instantly a voice filled the room now open to the night, over the voices of men—firemen?—shouting deep below, over faint remote screams. The broadcaster spoke in French. "*Frenchmen, this is Radio-Berlin. Frenchmen, this is Radio-Berlin. Listen. Listen, everybody. Radio-Berlin speaking. Listen everywhere, Frenchmen. Paris is being destroyed at this moment by German bombardment. Paris is being destroyed by German weapons hitherto unknown, of a power hitherto unknown, against which no defence or protection is possible. After Paris, every other great town in France will be similarly destroyed unless the French Government surrenders immediately. Frenchmen, the whole of France, in every part, is at*

German mercy. You are impotent. Surrender! Surrender! Surrender!" The loudspeaker began to reiterate, without pause, as if from a gramophone record. *"Frenchmen, this is Radio-Berlin. Frenchmen, this is Radio-Berlin. Listen. Listen, everybody. Radio-Berlin speaking."* There was another great crash and reverberation. *"Paris is being destroyed by German weapons hitherto unknown . . ."* The loudspeaker was blotted out by the long rumbling collapse of the walls of the nearby fire-wrapped building. The night air was now that of a furnace. *"Surrender! Surrender! Surrender!"* The colonel laughed briefly. "Cut off!" he commanded.

Capitaine Mareuil ventured a respectful observation.

"*Mon colonel,* this building is also on fire. There is barely time to evacuate. See for yourself, *mon colonel.*"

The colonel looked down through the void where the wall had been. The fierce fire of the nearby building had caught them. Two stories down their building was well alight. This post was henceforth useless, was untenable. The colonel nodded, curt, determined.

"*Bien!* Everybody to the subterranean post. Leave nothing behind. Calmly but quickly. With all records. Capitaine Delahaye, you will go first. Capitaine Mareuil, you will bring up the rear." His voice was swallowed by another enormous crash. They raced down interminable stone stairs.

For more than five hours those of them who had not been sent out to reconnoitre had been working in the deep subterranean shelter, built to resist any bomb whatever. (Whether it could resist a direct hit from one of these incredible German bombs, Capitaine Mareuil doubted—but he did not express his doubt. For the sake of the men, he made jokes.) No bomb had hit them, mercifully. The projectiles were still falling, now near in a cataclysmic shock, now far, with an earthquake quiver. The monotonous regularity of half a minute continued. Doubtless, the German radio was still summoning France and Frenchmen to surrender, but the colonel had ordered the instrument to be disconnected. That was wise. One didn't want to be bothered with such nonsense.

The colonel suddenly looked across to him.

"Capitaine, the telephone exchange has failed! I will send out linesmen. Only two of the direct lines still function. Number 55 at the Rond-Point des Champs Elysées. Number 188 at Montparnasse. It is nearly two hours since Capitaine Delahaye went to reconnoitre. He has not reported. Take two men. Go across the city. Report to me from Number 55 or Number 188 by telephone, or return if the posts are destroyed. Commandeer any car or motor cycle that you can find. It is essential that I should know exactly and promptly what is the situation. I rely on you!"

Capitaine Mareuil saluted, designated two telephonists to accompany him. All three donned gas-proof union suits over their uniforms, carried gas masks and had electric torches lest the electric mains, especially deep laid though they were, should be cut. This important post was more than a hundred feet below ground.

The three men went to the elevator. Mercifully, it was still working. The soldier-attendant was white-faced, crazy to know what was happening. Capitaine Mareuil replied cheerfully, reassuringly, vaguely. "*Nous les aurons, mon vieux!*" as in 1914–1918. It was almost a witticism. He did not say that nobody had yet been able to establish the nature of the bombardment, though every kind of guess had come over the phones. The elevator shook and trembled with another great explosion, but continued to mount.

At the top, he emerged from the thick concrete into bright morning sunshine, obscured a moment later by a great drift of smoke. Burning buildings were everywhere. This was unrecognisable as Montmartre. Where was Sacré-Coeur? The great white basilica had vanished. There was only rubble in its place. Everywhere there was a rubble of masonry. Not a human soul was in sight. If any of (*Continued on page* 66)

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the inhabitants survived, they were still hiding in their shelters. He led his two men at a run to the head of one of the steep high stairways of Montmartre. Thence they had a view all over Paris. It did not look like Paris, though still a grey-green immensity. The eye glanced for familiar buildings which were not there. Much smoke lay over it, a drifting veil. The Eiffel Tower still stood, oddly askew. As they looked, the three of them scribbling down their impressions in their notebooks, a great fount of flame and smoke erupted amid the distant trees of the Tuileries Gardens. The bombardment was continuing, obviously still at random.

They hurried down to the steep Rue Lepic, followed it down to the Place Blanche and along the Boulevard de Clichy to the Place Pigalle, centre of Parisian night-life. Sodom and Gomorrah may have looked like that the morning after. The whole quarter was in ruin, swept with conflagrations. Neither man nor woman was visible. They saw a number of stray cats. There were many abandoned fire engines. There were lakes of water from broken mains, through which they splashed. There was an incredible quantity of broken glass strewn everywhere. Everywhere there was a reek of coal gas. In some places it roared in blue flame from crevasses in the street. Capitaine Mareuil found a shop more or less intact, where was an undamaged telephone. The post did not reply, the exchange did not reply. Communication had not been re-established.

There was, of course, no kind of motor vehicle (in running order) to be found, even had it been usable in these crevassed and debris-piled streets. They must make their way on foot—a long walk—to the telephone post at the Rond-Point des Champs Elysées. Please God, it would still be functioning! Capitaine Mareuil looked up to the blue early morning sky. Planes were circling in it. They were plainly French, reporting no doubt to the Government which, in the last days of crisis, had removed to long-prepared secret retreats far from Paris. No enemy machine was visible. Mysteriously, now far, now comparatively near, great eruptions continued to spout in an immensity of sound, reverberating over a vast emptiness of humanity.

Walking was difficult, slow. Everywhere was the carpet of almost powdered glass. Everywhere was the dangerous reek of coal gas, frequently flaring to maintain and extend the conflagrations. Every few hundred yards, one was forced to a long painful detour around masses of fallen masonry. The three of them scrambled over one such mass, found themselves gazing down into an immense pit, blackened and smouldering. "*Touché!*" (As if at a touch with the foils.) "*Pas vrai, mon capitaine?*" grinned the telephonist named Jules. He was the wag of the post. The other telephonist, René, had a joke also, characteristically of the mobilised Parisian. "That's one latrine we don't have to dig!" The captain laughed, profoundly relieved. That was the right spirit, the invincible jesting spirit of France that had joked in the hell of Verdun. So long as it was alive, the Boche could never win.

They went on, through this vast deserted wilderness of ruin, where everything was hurled and riven and fire-consumed, where the only evidences of humanity were shattered ambulances, derelict and useless private cars, abandoned fire engines with untended hosepipes curling over the pavements. Not a policeman—oddly ominous in Paris—was visible. The only living things were the stray cats slinking around the ruins. The air was thick with smoke, sometimes suffocating. But no poison gas. The Boche had not bothered about that. High explosive and thermite had been sufficient. The ambulance and fireman personnel, the police, must have fled under a hurtling rain of house fragments afire, terrified perhaps of the gas against which they had been affrightingly warned, to such temporary shelters as they could find. The majority were certainly now buried in them.

This broad thoroughfare of earthquaked buildings must be the Grands Boulevards. Yes, there was the grotesquely shattered mass of the Opera, a point whence he could take direction through this wilderness of masonry, through unrecognisable streets perilously crevassed. Every half-minute another projectile hurtled—with a final scream of only two-three seconds—down from the clear blue empty sky, to burst sometimes unnervingly near. Oddly, that was a comfort to him. Probably the German radio was still summoning France to surrender. The projectiles still fell. Therefore, the Government had not surrendered. His two men remarked it also, with an impolite characterisation of the Government.

The three crossed the great empty Place de la Concorde, where the obelisk lay prone. No anti-aircraft guns cracked. There was no hostile plane in the sky, but still the tremendous projectiles fell. How? Whence? He was profoundly bewildered by the mystery, which mocked at all his professional training. Bah! France would soon have a counter, as in 1918 against the long-range gun. This could only be another long-range gun of enormous power. *Allons donc!* His duty was to reconnoitre and report, not to make guesses. That was for General Headquarters, for the Government. They'd be working overtime.

The three entered the Champs Elysées. Everywhere the trees were felled, obviously by the wind blasts of explosions. In the distance, on the skyline of the ascending avenue, was a little bump. That should have been the Arc de Triomphe! Between him and it was a wilderness of ruins, scattered across the broad roadway. He spotted, quite close the new concrete of No. 55 telephone post. Now to report to the colonel! He began to formulate what he would say. Paris as a military base, as a centre of Government, was annihilated.

The post was still intact. He entered. It was deserted, but he picked up the instrument and it functioned. He dialled the number. No bell rang in the Montmartre post. It was silent. But he had connexion—the line was open. For minutes, dialling repeatedly, he refused to understand. Then suddenly he understood. The colonel's post no longer existed! A direct hit? An immense fount of smoke and flame, two hundred metres up the Avenue des Champs Elysées, emphasised the probability. Great fragments of masonry hurtled past. He turned to his two men. "*Allons, mes enfants*, we must find a military post somewhere. Communication with the colonel is temporarily interrupted. *Vive la France!*" It was Jules, the wag, who had the right word. "*Voyons!* France is us. Are *we* dead? *Vive la France!*" Tears filled his eyes.

IN Washington, D.C., the President sat with his professional advisers, the heads of the army and the navy, and the chiefs of the air arm. It was afternoon, past 3 p.m. For now more than nine hours the shattering bombardment of Paris by inconceivable projectiles had continued, was still continuing. It had been reported, over-reported (for the last seven hours or more from centres outside Paris), in extra editions since yesterday afternoon. There were a myriad surmises, but no acceptable explanation of the German weapon. France had refused to surrender to the incessant radio-repeated summons. She had appealed urgently for help to the outside world, and particularly to the United States. American public opinion was at white heat. This latest brutality of the aggressor violated every American ideal. The President was deeply concerned. This thing could not, must not, be permitted. But how counter it? And in time? That was what, for hours, he had been discussing with his experts. To raise an American army and ship it overseas for effective use was a matter of a year or more at least. American air squadrons could not be brought into action from a French base in less than two weeks, again at the very least. The American Navy could cross the Atlantic and assist in a British blockade, but the British refused to declare war on Germany. They declined to enter a war whose first phase would be, with appalling clarity, the laying waste of the British Isles from the air or the stratosphere or whencever it was.

Peace From Heaven

The President leaned back wearily in his chair.

"Well, gentlemen," he said. "Has none of you any useful suggestion to make?" There was silence. "The first essential is definitely to decide what we are up against. What is it? Air bombardment?"

"Not from planes, Mr. President," remarked a senior officer. "We have gone into that. The precise intervals of the bursts over so long a period makes planes out of the question."

"What is it then? Super long-range guns? They must be firing from Germany itself. Our Military Attaché vouches that not a German soldier has crossed the frontier."

"What sort of guns would be necessary for such a bombardment?" said a general. "In the last war, Paris was indeed shelled from over seventy miles. The gun first fired small shells of 8.26 inch calibre, and was soon rebored to 9.2 inch. Its maximum rate was a shell every fifteen minutes. Rarely a dozen in a day. The gun barrel was nearly sixty feet long. The vast resources of the wartime German Army could never keep more than two such guns in action. But *this!* Imagine the battery the Germans must have to keep up a rate of half-minute intervals so continuously! And these are certainly enormous projectiles. The gun must be many hundreds of feet long—with a calibre of not less than several feet. I have been a gunner all my life, and I assure you, Mr. President, that such a gun is impossible!"

The President nodded. He picked up a sheet of notepaper.

"Well, gentlemen, we've gone over about everything—without much result. There is a suggestion here from the Smithsonian Institution. The secretary says that one of their smart young men—formerly an assistant to Professor Goddard, whom the Smithsonian subsidised years back—is sure that the Germans are bombarding by rocket—giant rockets, of course. He says that Professor Goddard, and Colonel Lindbergh who is a friend of Goddard, are both equally convinced of it. I have arranged for the young man to be in readiness. What do you say to that idea?"

"Fantastic," said the heads of the army and navy in unison.

"Not at all," countered an ex-admiral, who was now an aviation expert. "It may be the solution. I have given considerable study to rocket flight. It is parallel more or less to my duties. There is a suggestion to organise transatlantic mail-rockets on business lines. The idea is not fantastic. There is something in it. As a matter of fact, one of the Guggenheims subsidised Professor Goddard's researches at the same time as the Smithsonian. My advice, Mr. President, is to get that young man here as soon as possible."

"Very good, admiral," said the President, pressing a button on the table. "But what good will it do if we find out that it is a rocket? What do we do about it?"

"From what I know of the subject, Mr. President, it should be just as easy to fire a rocket three thousand miles—or five thousand miles—as it is to fire it one thousand. It's merely a question of design and fuel capacity. If we had practical ones, we could fire rockets on Germany from the United States, and incomparably more than they can. We are by far the greatest manufacturing country in the world. We could fire so many rockets, in such a ceaseless stream, that I venture to assert that Germany would promptly give us best."

For the first time the President smiled.

"That, admiral, is a truly American way of looking at a problem. Optimism based on immense resources of skill and material. We'll be American and look into it."

"If the experimenters are right, Mr. President, it would be just as easy to drop bombs on Japan as on Germany. And our production is so enormously greater than theirs. There could be no equivalent retaliation."

"H'm!" said the President. "We're beginning to count our chickens before they are hatched. We don't know whether we

can make such a rocket. We'll reserve Japan for later. The thing now is to rescue France. I have cabled the French President to hold on, that we are considering ways and means of swift help. France replies that she relies on us, and that she'll hold on. The French are good fighters—remember Verdun."

The head of the navy, who had but little faith in Jules Verne fantasies, interposed that experience showed that only a blockade could bring Germany to her knees. That was proved strategy, not a dream of sensational fiction writers. The chief of the army urged that the President should immediately issue a proclamation drafting five million men. They wrangled. They were still wrangling when a tall, shy, awkward young man was ushered into the presidential presence. He carried a big leather wallet, like a professor going to lecture.

"Professor Murray?" said the President, offering his hand. "Take a seat. Now," he continued, "I understand, Professor Murray, that you think the Germans are using giant rockets?"

"That is so, Mr. President," said the awkward young man. "I am convinced of it. I have studied this subject for years and I should like to explain to you——"

"Time is very limited, professor," the President held up a deprecating hand. "We will assume that you are correct. In that case, what retaliatory action could we—the United States—adopt?"

"We could build such rockets and fire them back, Mr. President."

"Have we a rocket—I accept for the moment that rockets are the German method—that can be fired across the Atlantic and hit a target in Germany?"

The young man opened his zipp wallet. He took out a thick bunch of blueprints.

"Here, Mr. President, are my designs for a transatlantic mail-carrying rocket. I have been trying to form a syndicate. A number of the greatest American engineers and physicists have O.K.'d the design. There is no doubt whatever of its practicability."

"Well, go on," said the President. He was a man of drive. He liked the look of this awkward young fellow.

"My mail container here is designed for fifteen tons load. Explosives, thermite and gas can be carried instead. As a mail rocket I had to have a more or less complicated braking arrangement for descent, briefly an arrangement of revolving vanes. As a war rocket that is obviously not required. We would have that much more cargo capacity. The rocket can easily be made twice—three times—four times as big as this design. It is merely a question of fuel capacity—liquid oxygen and alcohol. The question of hitting a given target is merely one of simple mathematics."

His enthusiasm was illimitable. The President stopped him.

"How many would you suggest?"

"That depends on the intensity of the bombardment, Mr. President."

"How long would it take to get a bombardment going?"

"The rocket—except the tube fuel burners—is of very simple duralumin construction. I feel sure that Henry Ford—General Motors—any automobile or aircraft manufacturer could easily turn out one in a few days, and very rapidly when they got into mass-production. There are hundreds of potential manufactories——"

"And where would you fire them from?"

"Anywhere in the United States, Mr. President. It does not matter where. They will hit Germany—will hit a precise spot such as Berlin—just the same. I suggest that the firing grounds should be distributed in the vicinity of the factories. Whether you have military personnel to launch them is, of course, immaterial. In fact, Mr. President, when my war rockets are introduced trained armies will automatically disappear. They will be useless. It will be the death knell of militarism."

The President thought for a moment, and nodded. "Professor, I'm going to try you out. We must do something—and yours is the only idea that promises anything." He picked up a phone. (*Continued on page* 68)

★ "IF *you would be loved, love and be lovable*"

Benjamin Franklin

An all occasion perfume for Daytime Daintiness and informal evening wear. The quiet, wistful beauty of English Lavender brings to your Toilette an appealing note of refinement and charm, delightful to the man on leave who loves to entertain you.

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'Get me Mr. Henry Ford—the President of General Motors—Mr. Chrysler—the head of Douglas Aircraft—the head of Lockheed." He put back the receiver. "That'll do for a start. We'll get the rest later. Leave me your blueprints, professor. I'll have photostats made of them at once. The right people will report on them before the day ends. If they agree with you as to the practicability of your invention, mass-production will start to-morrow. In ten days or so we'll put up a firework display that'll have the fourth of July badly licked."

IT was nine days later, nine days of feverish American anxiety, of mass meetings demanding that the President should do something—send the navy to shell the Kiel Canal, send a mass force of military and civilian passenger planes to bomb Berlin, decree a draft of five million men for the army, do *something*—at any rate, declare war on the aggressor. The President had yesterday declared war, in a stiff note that warned all dictatorships. The patience of the American people was at an end. Only the American people could and would deal with this situation. Britain was confessedly impotent to do anything. And something had to be done, every American was emphatic on it, whatever his politics. The bombardment of the heap of ruins which was Paris had indeed ceased, Paris was dead. Now the big centres, Lille, Lyons, the great armament towns, Marseilles, Havre, Rouen, Bordeaux, Nantes, were being successively and systematically destroyed, after due announcement by Radio-Berlin. "*Surrender! Surrender! Surrender!*" The French answer had been spectacular aeroplane raids, and a costly but futile attack on the Siegfried Line.

THIS morning every newspaper in the country had come out with heavy black scare-lines:

AMERICA HITS BACK FOR CIVILISATION

The voluminous accompanying articles were vague as to precisely how America was hitting back. But it was precise that America was hitting back *on Germany* with weapons like the Germans' own, but improved by American inventiveness and technique, and in vastly greater quantity. Berlin and Essen were now under attack. A Presidential proclamation gave the German Government twelve hours from midnight in which to surrender. Otherwise, the attack would be extended to every important German centre, and *continued indefinitely*. Every newspaper elaborated on the theme that in the last war the Germans had introduced the barbarity of gas—and found it a boomerang. In this war, they had introduced a terrible new weapon, and America would hurl it back on them until they surrendered.

In the President's room at Washington he sat with his heads of services around him. The lanky shy inventor of the rocket sat in also. The mass production plants had worked miracles. The rocket bombardment had started at dawn, from more than a hundred discharge posts. Other discharge posts would come into action hourly and daily. It was now 9 a.m. The bombardment had been in progress for six hours. The President picked up a big sheaf of diplomatic, consular and press messages from Berlin. He glanced at the gawky professor.

"Your rockets are doing well, professor. They hit the target as you prophesied. Berlin seems to be having a worse time than Paris. In their confidence, the Germans did not evacuate Berlin, as Paris was largely evacuated. Essen seems to be already a total wreck. Well, the enemy has still six hours in which to surrender. Then," he glanced at a schedule, "we start on Munich, Cologne, Leipzig, Vienna, and half a dozen other places. I think that will bring them to reason."

THE chief of the army staff laughed shortly. "If I know anything of the Heinies, Mr. President, they will surrender long before that. Just as in 1918 they surrendered before any scrap of Germany was touched!"

A secretary came into the room. He brought a telegram to the President. The President glanced at it, and lifted his eyes.

"Gentlemen," he said, "Germany begs for an immediate armistice." There was a general buzz of excitement, restrained only by the President's presence. "Gentlemen, I am going to refuse it. I demand unconditional and immediate surrender." He wrote the few words on a sheet of paper, gave it to the secretary. "Cable this at once." He looked to those with him. "Terrible things are happening in Europe, my friends. It is better that they should continue for a few minutes or a few hours longer—as the price of who knows how many generations of peace!" He leaned back in his chair, stern, but with a face in which a great hope already dawned. "Peace dictated, we will forbid the rest of the world to have any rockets—except those delegated to an international body to punish transgressors."

Undismissed, his score or so of aides whispered excitedly among themselves. It was a greater moment than November 11, 1918. Not fifteen minutes had elapsed when the secretary entered again; again with a telegram which he gave to the President.

The President read it. "Gentlemen," he said, "listen to the cable from the German Government—ACCEPT TERMS HAVE GIVEN ORDER FOR CESSATION OF HOSTILITIES IMPLORE YOU DO LIKEWISE. It is signed by the equivalent of Kaiser Bill."

The men in the room sprang to their feet and cheered, and cheered, and cheered.

THE President reached for the lanky young man's hand, and shook it fervently. "Professor," he said, "you have done it. How do you suppose America's potentialities of manufacture compare with those of the rest of the world?"

"Many times greater, Mr. President."

"And where will your rockets reach?"

"Anywhere on the planet, sir—perhaps to the moon. It is merely a question of fuel capacity."

The President nodded.

"Gentlemen," he said, "I invite you to cheer again. To-day begins an era of universal peace—and the United States, with its unchallengeable capacity of production, has the weapon that can and will enforce it." He smiled, as if at a joke. "The era of Peace from Heaven."

END

The Perfumed Ghost

(*Continued from page* 33)

"To-day, the insurance people would have paid up and you would have had both the money and the diamond. Then off you go to England, leaving me with a bump on the head and two thousand francs."

She laughed.

"You're pretty good I must say," she said. "Well—what are we going to do about it?"

"I don't think we'll do anything much," I said. "You see I've seen the insurance people this morning, and stopped them from paying. I told them that you'd sent me round to tell them that you'd found the diamond, so that's all right."

"You've got a nerve, I must say," said Cynthis severely. "And I needed that money too. You know I can't sell the diamond very easily at the moment and I do need money badly, and I've never done anything crooked before, I promise you."

"Let this be a lesson," I said. "You see, now you haven't got either the diamond or the money!"

"What do you mean," she said, "I *have* got the diamond. It's in the drawer over there."

"No, it's not," I said. "What you *have* got in the drawer over there is a very good paste imitation Papa Dubinet made for me and which I substituted for the real one whilst we were driving back to your hotel after our visit to the flat!"

"Well, I *am* surprised," she said, "and I thought you were such a nice honest man. And so you've stolen my diamond, have you. Will you tell me why I shouldn't telephone for the police at once?"

I laughed.

"The joke is, Cynthis," I said, "you can't even do that. You see I haven't got the diamond. *You* have; but unless you're a good girl I won't tell you where it is!"

"And what do I have to do to be a good girl?" she asked demurely.

I smiled.

"You pay me another two thousand francs and I tell you where it is," I said.

"Oh, dear," she said. "I am in trouble, aren't I? Just hand me my bag from that dressing-table, will you, Mr. Al Capone?"

I handed her the bag. She opened it and peeled off two one-thousand-franc notes from a roll.

"There you are," she said. "Now where's my diamond?"

"I stuck it under the clasp of your evening handbag," I replied, "whilst you were having that phoney telephone call with my assistant. You remember I admired your bag and you left it with me whilst you went to the telephone?"

"Dear me," she said. "The man *is* clever, isn't he? Marietta!" she called to the maid. "Bring me my black and white evening bag."

Marietta brought it and we found the real stone just where I had stuck it, right under the clasp.

"Let this be a lesson to you, Cynthis," I said. "Don't try to pull any more phoney business with insurance companies."

She smiled. She was really adorably pretty.

"I won't, sir," she said. "And now would you please get out of my bedroom so that I can dress? I've got to go to England."

I got up.

"I wouldn't if I were you," I said. "There's a very nice race meeting at Auteuil to-day. I think that you should lunch with me and we might possibly find a winner."

"What's the good," she pouted. "I've got no money to back a horse with—even if I wanted to."

I grinned.

"Here's your four thousand francs," I said, handing her the money. "I've worked for you for nothing. Let's see if you can find a winner to put that on!"

"I can't take that," she said. "After all two thousand of it was your fee, and you blackmailed me for the other two thousand—it's all legally yours. Besides I don't see why I should make money out of you. I don't know that I like you!"

I pulled another roll of notes from my pocket.

"Have no scruples, Cynthis," I said, "because the insurance company paid me ten thousand francs this morning for my services over this little matter."

She raised her eyebrows.

"What a man!" she said. "Well—go away and I'll think it over. I *might* come racing with you."

END

Books

(*Continued from page 20*)

mountebanks is the background against which stand out many facts and many incidents which bear the unmistakable mark of authenticity.

It is to the author's everlasting credit that he has so dextrously woven the strands of fact to create his tapestry of fantasy and that not a single strand has snapped in the weaving.

I found the humour, where we were told it existed, a thought elephantine, but apart from this I found the book wholly enthralling.

A NOVEL by Robert Hichens is always an interesting story most competently told. His new novel "That Which is Hidden" (Cassell & Co., 9s.), is true to this high tradition, but it is something more, for it is a delicately wrought psychological study, as well.

What was the mystery behind Sir Chesney Blagrove?

Why had he retired from a lucrative practice whilst still at the height of his powers as a doctor—and yet had pressed his services on Colonel Ravensworth?

What was there in him, hidden from most, instantly to put Kho Ling, a student of psychology, on guard against him?

These are the questions with which the reader becomes engrossed in Mr. Hichens's new novel.

Kho Ling was at first puzzled why the diabetes, with which Mark Ravensworth's father suffered, grew no better, despite Sir Chesney's insulin injections—the recognised cure.

Not until later, after Colonel Ravensworth's death and Mark had left his mother and his home at Nice to join Kho at Zurich University, did the Chinese warn Mark of Sir Chesney.

The story—intensely gripping—tells how the seed sown by that warning grew into a hydra-headed monster that gave Mark no rest; and tells how his friends finally took a hand in helping destiny.

AND now, to leave novels for a moment, let us examine the symposium on the art of Sir Henry Irving, collected and collated by H. A. Saintsbury (Hurts and Blackett, 21s.) with a score of illustrations.

This important work, which is entitled "We Saw Him Act," embodies a series of essays, articles, anecdotes, personal reminiscences and dramatic criticisms, written by Irving's contemporaries.

H. A. Saintsbury, who collected the material, collaborated in the editing of it with Cecil Palmer.

The illustrations include drawings by Sir Bernard Partridge, S. H. Sime, Phil May, Caran d'Ache and others, in addition to a facsimile reproduction of the list of plays in which Sir Henry Irving appeared, between 1871 and 1903, at the Lyceum Theatre and the Theatre Royal, Drury Lane, as marked by Her Majesty Queen Mary to indicate which were the plays she witnessed.

In this connexion, it is interesting to note that of all these, Her Majesty most liked Sir Henry Irving in *The Bells* and *The Lyons Mail*.

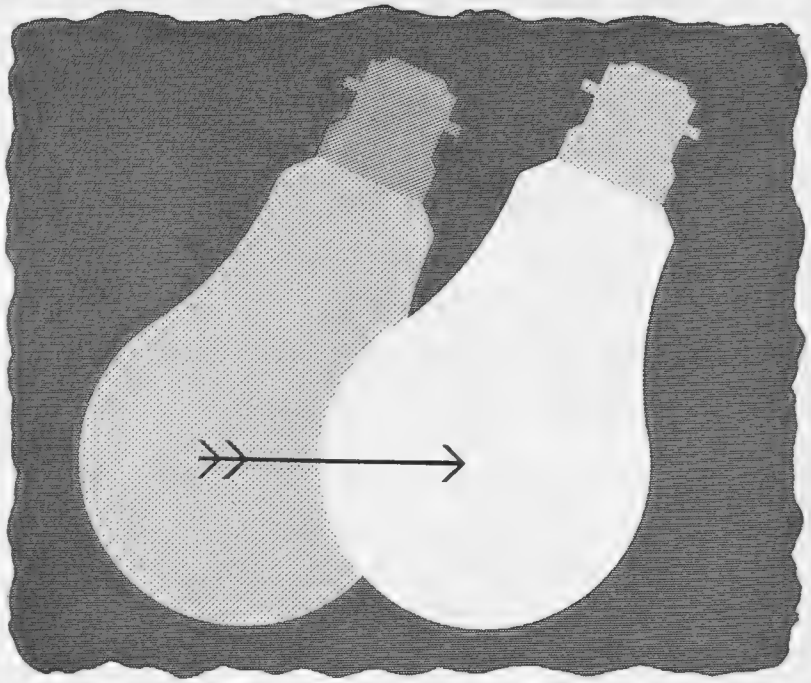
Actually, this book comprises forty-nine sections, each dealing with one of the forty-eight parts played by Irving at these two theatres and a final section on Irving as stage manager.

Each article is by a different distinguished writer, who saw Irving act the part he describes, and each impression is supported by biographical notes, anecdotes and stories, describing characteristic phases of his acting and personality, from many varying points of view, thus forming a complete picture of Irving the Artiste and Irving the Man.

ANOTHER biographical work in my batch this month is "Admiral Rous and the English Turf, 1795–1877," by T. H. Bird (Putnam, 10s. 6d.).

What richer source of inspiration could any biographer want than the English turf in its hey-day? (*Continued on page 70*)

Light up—and smile!



Dim lights and low spirits never won anything—certainly not that "war against boredom" on the Home Front that we are counselled to wage. Light up your home and you will light up the hearts of all about you. You do not have to cut down your electricity—and your black-out precautions should be a little more permanent anyway. Also good light will ease your eyes and your temper, too, by making your rooms the cheerful places that they used to be. Pearl Osram Lamps, 40 and 60 watt, 1/7; 100 watt, 2/-.

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Now science has discovered a way to bring back the colour and gloss to faded hair by natural methods, that not only restores the colour, but tones up the scalp and promotes the growth of new hair—that re-creates naturally your hair's real colour and beauty from root to tip, no matter how long the greyness has existed.

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THE ONLY METHOD ENDORSED BY THE PRESS

And when English horse-racing was at its absolute zenith, it was Admiral Rous who was its dominating figure—in the mid-nineteenth century.

Then it was that prime ministers thought nearly as much of winning the Derby as of their office.

A life of Rous in the history of the turf at its most splendid and extravagant.

After thirty years' notable service with the navy, Rous—already an active member of the Jockey Club—devoted himself entirely to horse-racing.

It was a world of giants—magnificent survivors from the eighteenth century—like the Earl of Egremont, the only man to have won five Derbys; Lord George Bentick, who spent £300,000 a year on racing, only to sell up his entire stables for £10,000 and go into politics; the rich and eccentric Earl of Glasgow; Lord Berners, whose Phosphorus won the historic Derby of 1837; Sir John Hawley, most successful owner of his day and rival to Rous for thirty years, and the young Marquess of Hastings who gambled away two counties.

There were, too, the great jockeys—the Chifneys, Sim Templeman, William Scott and George Fordham; trainers like John Scott of Whitehall; astonishing characters like Harry Hill and John Gully the champion pugilist—who ended up as a Tory M.P.

Famous races are described and the great horses whose names have been made familiar by their descendants.

Captain Bird, authority on horses and the turf, has done full justice to this fascinating subject, and for all those who love the thundering of hoof-beats on yielding turf, the high-pitched clamour of the ring, the surge of noise which means "They're off" and the frenzied crescendo of sound which comes towards you as the field turns into the straight—for all those, this book will re-create a spell which will bind them as surely as it bound their great-grandfathers when English horse-racing was at its zenith.

NOW for another novel. This time it is Naomi Jacob's long new story "Full Meridan" (Hutchinson & Co., 8s. 6d.).

This is the story of Ann Harrington, a successful but not a happy woman.

It tells, in Naomi Jacob's inimitable style, how she managed her husband's drapery establishment and of how she fell in love with a man who was later to love her own daughter.

As is usual with a book from the pen of Miss Jacobs, this poignant story is unfolded with infinite artistry. The characterisation is rich and faithful and the frequent flashes of imagery are delicately-styled gems.

Essentially a sympathetic book, "Full Meridan" is, at the same time, a book which achieves memorable effects of light as well as shade.

THAT logic which is born of utter simplicity is surely the purest logic of all. There is about it a quality of tranquility which is incapable of becoming disturbed.

This peace which comes from gazing truth straight in the eyes, radiates from every page of Joan Grant's remarkable new book "Life as Carola" (Methuen, 10s. 6d.).

The story, which is told in the first person singular, starts with the narrator's birth as a bastard of the house of the Griffin in sixteenth century Italy.

She became a strolling player, learnt of hardship and pestilence, was tortured as a heretic; yet her life was illuminated by a spiritual inheritance beyond her life as Carola.

When Joan Grant's previous book "Winged Pharaoh" first appeared, unheralded, two years ago, it swept to an immediate and spectacular success.

Many thousands of readers took it at its face value, as an enthralling and beautiful story. Others decided that its source was beyond the limits of imagination—that the scenes it depicted so vividly must have been recreated from actual experience.

Yet a third class of reader preferred to wait before coming to any decision. Such a *tour de force*, they maintained, was possible—just possible—once. If, on the other hand, she did it again . . .

In "Life as Carola," Joan Grant *has* done it again! This book is so remarkable in the quality of its introspection as to be a veritable literary oddity.

ONE of the oldest of all books dealing primarily with a family must be the Holy Bible. And right the way down the literature of all later times the family as a theme keeps on recurring.

And yet, it is such an inexhaustible source of inspiration that an ever-new angle on the inter-relationships of members of a single house presents itself each time.

When a novelist of the calibre of John P. Marguard gives us a *new* family study it is indeed a landmark in literary output, for what happy memories still linger of his earlier book, the 1938 Pulitzer Prize Novel, "The Late George Apley," which was a kind of satirical "Forsyte Saga," you remember, describing the life of an ultra-respectable New England family.

Now Mr. Marguard gives us "Wickford Point" (Robert Hale, 8s. 6d.)—an even richer offering, for here, with the sharpest and most delicate satire is blended an affection which understands and forgives.

Jim Calder, a cousin, tells the story of his relatives, the Brill family and their estate, Wickford Point.

The family, as a whole, he loves but deplores; and there are one or two individuals whom he dislikes intensely while accepting them as unavoidable parts of the whole.

The estate, in its delapidated beauty, he loves unreservedly.

The atmosphere of Wickford Point might be likened to a raft, ever drifting away from the mainland of reality.

Its inhabitants are a law unto themselves, and no earthly power will ever change them.

There is cousin Clothilde, whose bank account is always overdrawn and who cannot imagine why her bankers are so disagreeable; Harry, who always belonged to the right clubs, but is absolutely incapable of holding down a job; and Sid, who never wanted one.

Then there is Bella, who fascinates all men, even Jim, but whom no man can ever satisfy. People from the outside world, friends of Jim's in some cases, had dealings with the Brills but normally suffered in the process. One even had the temerity to marry Bella, but he did not stay married for long.

Thank you, Mr. Marguard, for a truly delicious book. When "Wickford Point" received the Book Society's recommendation and was selected by the *Daily Mail* as their Book of the Month, they did it no more than justice.

I shall always treasure my copy of "Wickford Point" and look forward to re-reading it many times. I am sure you will feel the same way about it.

BY way of contrast—not, I hasten to add, a contrast of merit but a contrast of theme—we now come to "Charleston Bound," by S. B. Leslie (Hurst & Blackett, 7s. 6d.).

This is a story of that other war—the American War of Independence, when the whole country was torn with dissension between the rebel Whigs and the Tories who had thrown in their lot with the British.

The plot of "Charleston Bound" centres around the adventures of a young Captain Tillinghast who, at the suggestion of General Greene, recruits a wealthy Rhodes Island merchant and his lovely daughter to go south and act as spies against the British.

In relief to the hazards of this dangerous enterprise the author gives us the romance of these two young people.

Then there is also a gang of five soldiers of fortune who combine their zeal for Washington with a number of less creditable traits—such as horse-stealing, pilfering and throat-cutting—all of which stand them in good stead before the story finishes with them.

"Charleston Bound" is a rollicking narrative which carries one along with it, rather breathlessly.

It is a glowing, full-blooded tale of turbulent times and whatever our opinions on the War of Independence may be, we are compelled to agree that the strife and bloodshed of those dark days were (to quote Whitman) "clearing the ground for broad humanity, the true America, heir of the past so grand, to build a grander future."

HERE is another first novel—and another good one, at that.

"Not at Home" is its title and its author is Parr Cooper. It is published by George Allen & Unwin, Ltd., at 8s. 6d.

The story is that of Mary Blake, typical of the British woman in India to-day.

It deals, with a sympathetic insight, with the problems of love and marriage with which Mary Blake is faced, accentuated as they are by the special social and psychological conditions of the country.

Born in India and partly educated there, the daughter of an army officer with none too large an income, she in turn marries into the army because it is expected of her, because marriage seems her inevitable career and her only road to relative freedom.

But married without love, and pent up within the futile and narrow round of the social life of the stations, she is soon faced with the problem of keeping her little world together whilst admitting disillusion.

So full with dissatisfaction, she is easy prey to a romance which comes to her in the hills, on which she pins all that remains of her girlish illusions, but which does not survive its impact with the rigid conventions of British India.

This grim little cameo is beautifully executed. Not only the characters themselves stand out clearly, but the author creates in a few tellingly descriptive phrases the scenes and locations of the stations.

WOMEN writers of detective fiction, like women motorists, are either very good or very bad and—again as in the case of women motorists—the bad considerably outnumber the good.

There can be not the slightest doubt, however, that Gladys Mitchell belongs to the select few exceedingly good women writers of exceedingly good detective fiction.

This she proved to our entire satisfaction when she gave us "St. Peter's Finger," in which her lady detective found herself in the somewhat rarified atmosphere of a convent.

It is doubtful if any change could be more extreme than her translation, if one may be excused the ecclesiastical term, to a printer's works.

And it is here we find this indefatigable unraveller in Gladys Mitchell's latest book, "Printer's Error" (Michael Joseph, 7s. 6d.).

As might be expected, she is on the trail of as subtle a murderer as ever murdered and who leads her first of all to an exhibition of modern art and then, true to form (so to speak!) to a nudist camp in the Chilterns.

Needless to add, Mrs. Bradley proves that not only intuition, but also that "infinite capacity for taking pains" are essential characteristics of the really inspired detective.

And Mrs. Bradley *is* inspired. . . .

END

LET "RANEE" READ YOUR CHARACTER FROM YOUR HANDWRITING

"RANEE" has proved to our satisfaction, by a practical test, that her pseudonym conceals the identity of a woman with an unusual flair for delineating character from handwriting.

The services of "Ranee" are therefore placed at the disposal of the readers of "Britannia & Eve" in the belief that her character reading will be found instructive and entertaining.

All that "Ranee" requires is:
(1) a specimen of your handwriting,
(2) your name and address in full,
(3) the day and month of your birth,
(4) the colour of your eyes and hair.

Write these down on a piece of paper, address your envelope to "Ranee," c/o "Britannia & Eve," "Hazelwood," Hunton Bridge, Kings Langley, Herts., and enclose an open postal order to the value of One Shilling and a *stamped, addressed envelope for reply.*

In due course, "Ranee" will send you a typewritten delineation of your character.

Your Good Looks

One Commandment—Ten Cures

(*Continued from page* 45)

by blowing. Results show in two days.

Nose-shine. The barest drop of a liquid made to blend with Arden's powders, will give a velvet finish to your nose-tip until you cleanse. Everlasting.

Moustache. Discourage and prevent by using the finest eradicator : a newly treated wax to be heated to a moderate temperature —container supplied—and slipped on with a spatula from the corners of the mouth to the centre. As soon as wax is hard, pull it off swiftly by seizing outer edge and pulling quickly across the lip, keeping close to the face. Leaves the skin soft and smooth.

Blood-shot Eyes. Can be instantly cleared by the insertion of crystalline eye-drops. If eyes merely feel strained or burn, bathing them with a wash that is used by pilots of Imperial Airways—as well as by women in Bond Street—sets them right immediately.

Wrinkled Forehead. A strap, if you can sleep in it, will pull out these railway lines. First pat in orange skin food liquefied with muscle oil, and then adjust the strap. It re-directs the blood flow in such a way as to push up skin cells that have collapsed under years of frowning and ill-advised conjecture.

Puffy Eyelids. Five to ten minutes are required to vanquish these. Finger-print in corrective cream under the eyes. Cut out crescent-shaped pieces of gauze and drench them in a tonic for the purpose. Lay them over the cream, shut eyes and lie down. Try to relax, and when you rise you will find that the puffs were only a bad dream.

END

Substitute for Sunshine

(*Continued from page* 44)

better for the body to search for and extract vitamin D from such foods and sun conditions as there are, in fact to crave for vitamin D, than to be served with it overplentifully, except—it must again be emphasised—when it is inculcated as a measure of precaution.

Halibut oil is another well-reputed source of vitamin D, and many people swear they never know a day in bed throughout the winter because of it. Certainly there are lorry drivers who fare from the south of England over the icy Cheviots and highlands of Scotland to the Caledonian Canal, mainly by night travel, and are never off the road owing to halibut oil, they say. Yet they have to withstand severe fatigue and piercing wet while driving through endless hours of dark and cold. The men on the North Sea trawlers also take it. There could be no higher testimony.

MYSELF, I always believe in guarding against foot-wet—if you have to stand about in slush, or are liable to get damp feet and then sit for hours in a bus—by rubbing the soles of the feet with warm camphorated oil before going out. This makes them cold-proof and conserves the energy conferred by either halibut oil or glucose D.

Another excellent and simple guard against illness in any form during winter is a pint of milk taken as a separate meal, daily at 11 a.m., and sipped through a straw, quietly, to ensure that it is well digested.

Milk is an all-in food, it contains every vitamin, besides other valuable body-building compounds. Moreover, it will act as a cure besides a preventative, for its action is corrective. So that taken regularly, it will inevitably establish sound well-being.

END

BREATHING VAPEX DESTROYS COLDS AND CATARRH

When you catch a cold, a relentless war begins in your system between the invading germs and the "soldier" phagocytes in your blood stream. Germ-life can double itself in 30 minutes, but your phagocytes cannot.

At the first sign of a cold, therefore, prepare to help *yourself*. Use Vapex without delay. Put a drop on your handkerchief and breathe deeply of the pleasant and powerful antiseptic vapour, which searches out the germ colonies in the warm recesses of the nose and throat and destroys them in thousands, thus removing the cause of your trouble.

That is how Vapex conquers colds. Each new breath of the germicidal vapour from your handkerchief reduces the enemy's strength and so assists your natural resources *safely and surely* to dispel the attack.

Breathe your cold away

You can actually feel the good effects of Vapex from the start. It quickly opens up a way through the mucus-laden passages of your nose and throat, the germicidal vapour penetrating far beyond the reach of ordinary remedies. Your head clears, "stuffiness" is relieved and congestion is broken up. With easier breathing, the whole respiratory system is stimulated to increased resistance . . . and soon your cold is gone.

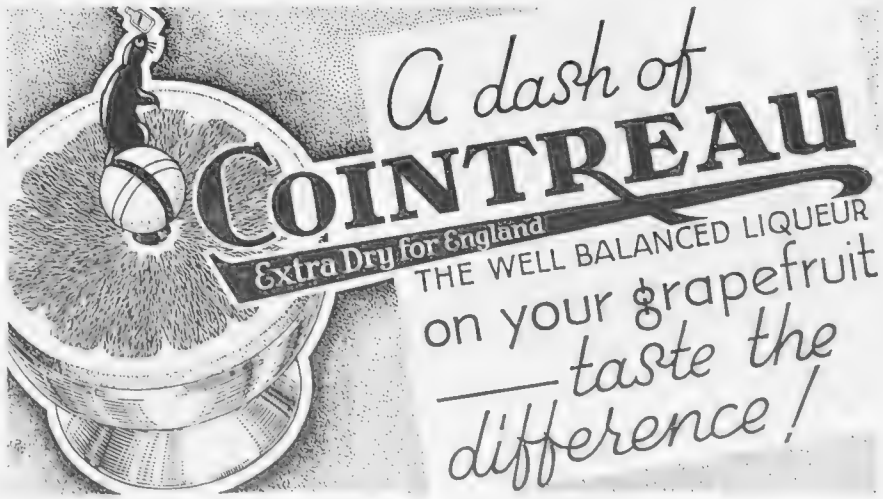
Vapex as a Preventative

You can avoid colds this Winter by using Vapex regularly . . . particularly when you are feeling "out of sorts," for that is when you are most easily attacked by germs which are broadcast by other sufferers. Keep Vapex always handy and put a few drops on your handkerchief each morning before you go out.

From your Chemist, 2/- & 3/-

THOMAS KERFOOT & CO. LTD.

v199



The Island Trader (*Continued from page 19*)

down backward, feeling for the steps with his feet, but at the bottom he swung around to face the room. His glance passed over Sprague and the revolver without the slightest sign of notice. He frowned anxiously as no one offered him a greeting. "It seems dark here," he said. "Mister Webb?"

The boy gripped the edge of his seat, unconsciously braced against the explosion of the gun. The silence was oppressive. He heard the ship's clock beating on the wall above his head. Finally, he looked at Sprague. The skipper stood motionless, his eyes fixed hypnotically on the man across the table.

Mandell felt behind him for the steps. He said, "I don't understand. Have I made some mistake?"

Sprague motioned to Webb and nodded for the boy to answer.

"Make yourself at home," Webb said, in a voice that was harsh from the contraction of his throat.

"Ah!" Mandell said. "It makes a man so helpless not to see. Are we alone here, Mr. Webb? Is the captain here?"

Webb looked again at the skipper. Sprague shook his head.

"He's asleep," Webb said. "He left orders not to be disturbed."

"I'm sorry," Mandell said. "I wanted to make him welcome to Ao. He ought to do well with his trading here. We haven't had a ship for a long time and my store is bare. There's enough copra ready and waiting ashore to make a load for this schooner. I want him to know that he'll get no opposition from me. It's my bad luck, but I'm glad to have my people get the things they need. In fact, I hoped I might get something from you myself. . . ."

"I'll tell him," Webb said.

"Don't disturb him," Mandell said. "Probably you can answer my question just as well."

He stared around the little room, holding his head forward as though he could get closer to the thing he looked for. To the boy it seemed incredible that he could not sense, even if he could not see, the man and the gun that threatened him.

"I'm not blind, you understand," he said. "Exaggerated myopia, they call it. I was all right when I had my glasses." He paused and rubbed his eyes with the back of his hand. "I hoped——" he said. "Well, you know some traders carry glasses in their stock. I hoped you might have something—anything. Anything that will help."

There was a tray of glasses among the goods on the table. Most of them were intended only as ornaments and had plain glass in cheap gilt frames, but a few were designed to correct the usual deficiencies of sight. One pair had very thick lenses. Webb reached out for them, but he saw George Sprague's sudden motion and he looked up into the muzzle of the gun. He forced a smile and winked broadly to show that he understood. He said, "We ain't got any."

"I hoped," Mandell started again—he stopped and rubbed his eyes. "I can pay, you know, for anything that will help. I even tried the lenses from my field glasses, but they were no good. It's been almost a year now. And I had two pairs, but they were both broken."

The despair in his voice convinced even Sprague. Laying his gun very quietly on the table, the skipper leaned back against the wall.

"Sorry, old man," Webb said. "We just plain forgot to fetch along the goggles."

"You're young. You don't know what it means," Mandell said. "But there's no help for it, I suppose. I might as well be getting back. Would you and the captain care to come ashore for supper? My wife and I would be glad to have you both."

"Your wife?" Webb said. He smiled, but he looked at Sprague and the smile vanished. Sprague nodded. "Sure," Webb said. "He will come. He's sick of ship's fare."

Mandell said he would look forward to hearing all the news from the outside world. He felt behind him for the companion ladder. "By the way," he said, "what is the captain's name?"

"John Sprague," Webb said.

Mandell said he had never heard it before. He climbed the ladder and the two men in the cabin heard him shuffle across the deck and clamber over the rail into the waiting canoe.

"His wife," Sprague said softly, keeping his gaze fixed on the vacant square of sky where the man had disappeared. Then he turned suddenly to the boy. The softness of his voice emphasised his bitterness. "That's my wife," he said. "That's my wife that he stole—that's him! I knew I'd find him somewhere, hiding in these islands."

"Your wife?" Webb said. He pulled off his cap and scratched the back of his head.

"He stole her," Sprague said. "And he put me in jail for ten years to do it. Two years I've been hunting for him. Twelve years I've waited for this day."

"Cripes!" Webb said. "I thought you was going to give it to him right here in the cabin. Ain't it lucky that he's blind. With that gang of his on deck we'd have got our throats cut."

"It will be better to-night," Sprague said. "If I can wait that long. Do you think he suspected I was here?"

"No fear," Webb said. "He wants to be friends. Didn't you hear what he said about the trade? Listen, John. Why don't you wait another day and take the trade, too. You've got him right where you want him. He's got a good thing here and there's no sense to throw it all away."

The boy smiled. The other man's restraint snapped. "Wait?" Sprague said, explosively. "I can barely wait until to-night. What do I care for trade with them ashore? What's it to you? It ain't your trade."

"I only want to see the cruise come out successful, John," Webb said. "I've got more interest than just to draw my pay. We're friends, ain't we?"

"You keep out of this."

"Sure, John. I can stick by a friend."

Sprague turned away. He said, "There's bigger things than trade." He seemed to forget the boy and he paced the length of the cabin. Perspiration rolled down his face and he took no notice. His long grey hair clung in damp strands against his neck. To himself he said, "Lily in a place like this!"

"That's the wife?"

Sprague stopped. "You keep out of this," he said. "You wouldn't understand. You don't know anything of women."

"There's no place for women when you're in this business," Webb said.

"This business!" Sprague said. "It's the top of your ambition to be a penny trader. Me—when I was your age, I wouldn't have wiped my feet on a ship like this. And she did it. She was going up in the world and I was going with her. We had a house and servants and a motor car when I was your age."

"Servants and a motor car?" Webb said. "I thought you told me once you were a pay-roll clerk for the Australian Oil."

"That's right. But she was smart, Lily was. She needed money and she found the way to get it. I had the main pay-roll. Whenever a man was fired in the branch offices I kept his name on my sheet and drew his pay myself. Sometimes it was worth two hundred quid a month. You wouldn't understand."

"I can understand two hundred quid a month," Webb said.

"You've never even seen a girl like her," Sprague said. "She was going to be a lady. She was in a fair way to make a gentleman of me, given another year or so, and I wasn't much to start with. That Mandell was born a gentleman. He was an engineer and belonged to all the clubs and things. Lily needed somebody like that to pull her up. Then he found out about me. Somehow he wormed the secret from her, and the next day there was a letter to the company telling them to check their books. He wanted her and he was too yellow to fight fair. He didn't even sign his letter. After they had me behind the bars, he boasted that he wrote it. It was all in the paper, but you wouldn't remember. You're too young, like he said."

"And then she went off with him?" Webb said.

"He took her. She didn't have no choice."

"She blabbed, didn't she? And still you're sorry for her."

"Mind your own business," Sprague said, suddenly fixing his attention on the boy. "I'd have cut off my right arm for her."

"You sound like you'd take her back," Webb said. "Great God, John! You don't want to take her back. There's no place for a woman on an island trader."

"With her I wouldn't be a trader long."

"Break up the cruise?" Webb said. "What about me?"

"To hell with you!"

Webb pulled a bandanna from his pocket and wiped his face and rubbed his hands.

"You're crazy, John," he said. "You don't think she'd come back to you after you kill the man she's had for twelve years?"

"She never loved him," Sprague said. "She'll come back all right. She knows how to make the best of things."

"How do you know she doesn't love him now?" Webb said. "He's a good-looking man. Everybody loves him here, even the natives. I'll bet she's grown old and fat and devoted."

"Old and fat and devoted, eh?" Sprague said. He looked away and then down at his own feet as he paced the floor. He said, "If she is, she can stay and rot with him."

"That's the ticket, John," Webb said. "You don't want her back."

"You keep out of this."

"I can find out about her. I'd better go ashore and have a look around," Webb said. "We ought to make a plan."

"I've got my plan," Sprague said. "I'll give him the glasses first. I want him to see me. Then I'll kill him—that's all. We can make a break for the ship."

"Then what about her?"

"How can I decide until I know?"

"I'll find out anything I can," Webb said.

He got up and climbed the ladder to the deck. Through the skylight Sprague heard him shouting to the crowd of native visitors, and ordering them ashore. "No trade to-day boys," he said. "You'll have to wait till to-morrow to get your presents for your girls." He had a way with the natives.

He always made them laugh.

Sprague listened to the confusion on deck. Canoes scraped against the ship's side and bare feet padded on the hollow wood. The people were good humoured. They laughed and chattered. As the canoes drew away their voices diminished. Webb gave them time to get ashore before he called the ship's bos'n and ordered the boat lowered. There was the creak of davit blocks, and the splash of the boat landing in the water. Webb's voice said, "Let's go."

After a while, Sprague took his big helmet and climbed half-way up the ladder to put his head and shoulders above the level of the deck-house roof. The lagoon was deserted. At the village landing place the dug-outs were hauled up on the bank. The ship's boat was moored to the wharf. There were no natives to be seen and Webb and the crew had gone. Though the sun had passed its peak there was no relief yet from the breathless heat. Overhead the land breeze, fading towards the evening calm, stirred the restless palms. But the little anchorage was hardly ruffled. In its silver surface the dark banks and the green mangroves stood inverted. There was not even smoke above the village. Everything was in complete repose.

Sprague went below to his own cabin and shut the door. From under his bunk he pulled a suitcase and took a photograph from the flap of the top. He sat on the edge of the

bunk holding the picture between his knees.

It was a girl. She was young. At first glance she seemed childishly pretty. Her eyes were lowered and her lips a trifle parted. Her hair, even in the black and white of reproduction, looked soft, and lustrous, and golden. It was brushed back from her forehead and fell in a cascade to her shoulders where it curved outward.

But the picture was curiously lifeless, as though it had been retouched to superimpose a false impression. Her smile was childlike, but her mouth was hard at the corners. The droop of her eyelids was almost shrewd, rather than demure. And the composition of the whole was carefully arranged to display against her neck a star-shaped ear-ring.

Sprague held the picture to the light and examined the piece of jewellery. Then he lost interest, and sat flicking the stiff paper with his middle finger. He opened the suitcase to put the thing away. He changed his mind and tore it into fragments and dropped the pieces on the floor.

Late in the afternoon he heard the sound of oars as the boat returned. It struck heavily against the ship's side and Webb's voice cursed the men for their clumsiness.

Sprague got up and opened his cabin door as the boy came down the ladder. Webb had pulled his cap forward over his eyes. His face was flushed to match his sunburned nose.

"What's the matter with you?" Sprague said.

"Those clumsy idiots knocked half the paint off the ship," Webb said.

"That ain't all. Did you see her?"

"You wouldn't feel so good either if you'd seen what I did," Webb said. "Cripes, John! She reminds me of my own mother. And there they were sitting out on the porch like a couple of turtle doves."

"Maybe it ain't Lily."

"It's her all right. The people say he calls her Lillian. And she's a blonde, ain't she? It's her."

Webb took out his bandanna and wiped away the sweat that ran down to his chin. Listen, John," he said. "It give me quite a turn to see them sitting there and looking so happy. I guess I ain't got the stomach for this kind of thing. It don't seem right."

"It's all right with me," Sprague said. You keep out of this." The muscles around his eyes twitched nervously. He took a step towards the boy.

"Maybe I'd better not go up there to his house at all," Webb said. "That part is none of my business. Maybe I'd better wait at the landing and have everything ready for the get-away."

"If you're yellow, that's all right with me, too," Sprague said.

"I'll go a long way for a friend like you, John," Webb said. "But I won't be no good up there."

"I said all right, didn't I?" Sprague said. "I'll handle this myself. I might as well get going."

He went to his cabin and took a shoulder holster from a drawer and put it on. It hung below his left armpit and he tied the thong across his chest. He put on over it an old blue officer's coat with brass buttons. The coat was big for him. He mopped the inside of the collar with a handkerchief.

He rolled up the pair of thick-lensed glasses in the handkerchief and put them in his breast pocket.

Webb emerged from the other cabin wearing a jacket that was tight and revealed the shape of the revolver on his hip. He pulled his yachting cap hard on to his head.

Without a word, they went on deck. It was fine on deck after the stagnant heat of the cabin. The sun was almost down to the tree tops. The ship stirred slightly in the evening breeze, and swung off against a sluggish river current with her head to the sea. Webb called the bos'n and explained that they might have some trouble ashore and he wanted the ship ready to sail at an instant's notice. He ordered the sails shaken out and the anchor brought up short. The bos'n was old and beyond being surprised at anything the white men did. He could be trusted to carry out orders. Webb and Sprague climbed into the ship's boat with the other two of the crew to row them ashore.

Webb said he would wait in the boat at the landing place. He said if they left the two men alone, they would go off to find some girls in the village. Sprague did not seem to hear. His face was very pale in the dark shadow of the brim of his helmet. He stood up in the boat and carefully examined the shore as they approached.

A few natives had gathered out of idle curiosity, but they stood aside as the skipper stepped ashore. A broad path led back from the river. It skirted the edge of the group of thatched huts and led through a grove of cocoa palms to a low rambling house with a sheet iron roof. There was a garden and a veranda and the door stood open.

Mandell came on to the veranda. He was bareheaded and wore a fresh white suit. He said, "Is that you, Captain Sprague?"

Sprague said, "Yes." He stopped at the foot of the steps. He kept his hand inside his coat on the butt of the revolver. He watched closely for any sign that the other recognised his voice, but Mandell smiled. Sprague said, "Webb can't come. He ain't feeling so good."

"I'm sorry," Mandell said. "Won't you come in, captain?"

There was no sign of recognition, no hesitation. He spoke quietly and maintained a cordial smile. He went inside and Sprague followed.

The room was severely simple. A table in the centre was laid for four, with thick white crockery. In a corner stood a roll-top desk, but the rest of the furniture was native made. Grass matting covered the floor. Against the farthest wall were shelves containing books, all worn and handled like familiar things and strangely out of place in such a setting. Three crude arm-chairs were arranged in a corner.

Mandell crossed the room and stood behind one chair while he offered another to his guest. Sprague sat down and took out his revolver and laid it on the chair arm at his finger-tips. He removed his helmet and dropped it on the floor. His eyes never left the other man's round, mild face.

Mandell went to the desk and produced a box of cigars from a drawer. He made no attempt to approach Sprague any nearer than he had been in the cabin of the *Silver Swan*. He placed the cigars on a corner of the central table and invited the captain to help himself. He brought a glass jar full of matches. It was already getting dark in the room and he struck a match and lit the hanging lamp over the table. He peered closely at the flame to adjust the wick, but otherwise he moved and acted as easily as a man with normal sight. He talked cheerfully about the island of Ao, his island he called it, and about the plantations he had started, and the difficulties of persuading the people to work. He asked questions once or twice and hardly seemed to notice that he got no answer.

Sprague sat rigidly upright and his fingers drummed rhythmically on the arm of the chair within an inch of the weapon that lay there. He half rose when the curtains of a doorway at the end of the room were pushed aside. It was only a native boy with a tray and glasses and a bottle of sherry.

"Sorry I can't offer whisky. This is the last we have," Mandell said. Holding a glass at the level of his eyes, he filled it and offered it to Sprague. Sprague did not move. Mandell put down the glass on the arm of the chair beside the revolver.

Sprague snatched the weapon and jumped to his feet.

"You can see as good as me," he said. "What's your game, Mandell?"

"I have lived in this room six months in semi-darkness, captain," Mandell said calmly. "In a sense, perhaps, I see—for I have a strong memory. And nothing changes here. Even the chairs are fastened to the floor. This has been my prison, captain. You ought to understand."

"What do you mean by that?"

"You're John Spiers, aren't you?" Mandell said. "I suspected it this afternoon. I could feel your presence (*Continued on page 74*)

"Ration-al" COOKERY

★ ★ ★ ★

Rationing of foods has meant no "tightening of belts" on the Home Front. The Nation's Larder is well stocked.

The price of foods, however, has gone up and most of us have less to spend.

This means cutting down on expensive bacon and eggs, serving a little less meat, and conserving such foods as sugar and butter.

We have learned, as our mothers did, that there's no need for meat, in some form, twice a day. Indeed, many of us now have regular vegetarian days and like them. Our families thrive on non-meat fare.

Take, for instance, pulse (lentils, and dried peas and beans). Pulse is a protein food, equal to meat in nourishment. Then to supplement our sugar, we can turn to sweet root vegetables like carrots, parsnips, and beetroot.

There's just one thing: all foods which take the place of well-liked 'regular' ones need titivating with good seasoning. The best titivator I know is Lea & Perrins Sauce.

With a dash of Lea & Perrins in a vegetable stew, we can laugh meat cards to scorn!

For my favourite, really delicious vegetable stew, I melt a little fat, add a good dessertspoonful of Lea & Perrins and let this reduce by about half over a low heat. Then I add onions, carrots and potatoes and golden brown the lot. Next, I add half-cooked haricot or butter beans, a little salt water to 'come through,' cover the dish and let it cook gently by itself until the beans are done.

When Lea & Perrins goes into a savoury dish, flavourless cooking departs. It's the secret of good seasoning. Spices, herbs, fruits and vegetables, matured in purest vinegar and soy, produce a strong and concentrated *true* flavouring-seasoning essence.

In sauces, gravies, soups, stews—every savoury dish—Lea & Perrins is as indispensable as salt.

You can buy a bottle for as little as sixpence. Larger bottles are only 1/- and 1/9.

Let us be glad that there's no "rationing" of seasoning!

* * * *

free COOKERY BOOK

For a 70-page recipe book, "Subtle Seasoning," please send this coupon or a postcard to Lea & Perrins Ltd., 181, Midland Road, Worcester, England.

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M & C

in the cabin. I could hear you breathe. Your voice has changed."

He waited. Sprague did not answer.

"Is that a revolver in your hand?" Mandell said, leaning forward and staring intently. Then he rubbed his eyes. "You don't understand," he said. "Nothing you can do will be as bad as going slowly blind."

"You can't talk your way out of this," Sprague said.

"You are threatening to kill me, I suppose," Mandell said. "And lately I have wished to kill myself."

Sprague smiled. He said, "This time I'm cleverer than you." He took the handkerchief from his pocket, unfolded it, and held the glasses towards Mandell. "Glasses, Mandell," he said. "I had them in my stock. Now I can let you see—for a moment."

Mandell reached out, and then withdrew his hand. "No," he said. "Not that."

"They're on the arm of the chair, in case you change your mind," Sprague said, putting the glasses down beside his untouched wine.

Mandell heard the light tinkle and looked in the direction of the sound. But he did not move.

Sprague said, "Where's Lily?"

"That's why you hesitate!" Mandell said. "I should have known. I'll call her."

He moved towards the curtained doorway. He paid no attention to Sprague's command to stop. He pulled aside the curtain and called, "Lillian!"

"She never answers," he said, returning to the corner of the room. "She hates me. She hated you, too, though you were blind then as I am now. She hates this island. I gave up everything to find a place where she could do no further harm. I came to love it here in spite of her, and for a while I even hoped she'd change. She'll never change."

He reached for the sherry bottle. His hand trembled and he overfilled the glass. He drank quickly. He said, "We should be friends instead of enemies."

"Lies!" Sprague said. "I know the truth."

Mandell said, "When she found that I was happy here, she broke my glasses."

"You're a smart one," Sprague said. "You've got imagination, but you don't fool me. I ain't forgetting that you wrote that letter."

"The letter?" Mandell said. "I had forgotten. Of course, you think I wrote the letter. Of course . . ."

His voice trailed off as though it was useless to continue. He rubbed his eyes. He crossed to one of the chairs and sat down. He got up again. He took a cigar from the box on the table and struck a match and held it absently until it burned his fingers. He turned abruptly.

"Can't you understand?" he cried. "She wrote that letter. I had to take the blame. She wanted to get rid of you because she thought I was a better bet. She'll tell you. She's proud of it. She uses it to torture me."

He raised his head, listening. He said, "I think I hear her now."

Sprague turned to face the end of the room. He could hear nothing, and then the curtain was pushed aside.

"You have a friend here, Lillian," Mandell said.

"John!" the girl said. She looked at Sprague an instant. Then she laughed. It was light and gay and silvery.

"My past!" she said, looking from one man to the other. "What a pretty picture! Two old fools!"

She sauntered across the room to the outer door. She went on to the veranda. They heard her go down the veranda steps.

"Twelve years and she's exactly the same—exactly," Sprague said, staring through the door into the darkness. "Even the same earrings."

"She's gone out?" Mandell said.

"Webb!" Sprague said, suddenly catching the other's arm. "That's it, of course. She's gone to him. Webb's next."

"Wait!" Mandell said. "Wait!"

Sprague did not listen. He ran outside.

After a while, Mandell went to the chair where Sprague had left the glasses. He felt along the arm carefully. He sat down holding the glasses in his hand. He did not put them on. He leaned back and closed his eyes.

He heard footsteps on the veranda, and sat up again. Sprague stood in the doorway.

"They got away?" Mandell said.

"Yes," Sprague said. "The boat was gone. I could hear them hoisting sail and taking in the chain. I tried to launch a canoe; there's still time. Get me some men to handle a canoe!"

"You'll get no one here to help you bring her back," Mandell said. "I only hope he can make the channel in the dark."

"He's stealing everything I've got," Sprague cried. "My ship!"

"I thought of that," Mandell said. "I'll give you half my island for your ship. For your ship and these." He held up the pair of glasses.

For a long time, Sprague stood in the open door. He turned and listened. Outside there was nothing but the soft rustle of the palms. He came in and sat down heavily.

"I didn't think he'd do a thing like that," he said.

"He'll pay for it," Mandell said. "Like us. But I think he's the last for her. She looked the same to you. To me she's getting old, in spite of everything she does to hide it. She's nearly at the end."

Sprague drank his sherry which had stood untouched. He got up and lit a cigar. "Well," he said, "why don't you try the glasses?"

Mandell put them on. He stared all around the room and back to his companion.

"Prison has made you old," he said.

He leaned back in his chair and stretched his legs out before him. "But we're not too old to start again," he said. "And Ao is a lovely place. We've got a good thing here."

END

Death May Have a Silver Lining

(*Continued from page 15*)

why I got you out here to take a look. She's right. Maybe you're getting into the mood to play *Hamlet* when you return to the States."

"No, I'll never play *Hamlet*. I'll never be in America again," he blurted.

Lady Rochefort shifted irritably in the wicker chaise-longue. "Now you aren't one if those creatures running away from a jewel theft or a murder. I'm really ill from all those stories where the hero is scampering over to this part of the world 'to forget,' as he says, or somebody says. It's never been my fortune to meet one. And if you turn out to be that bird; I'm horribly disappointed. You're not sinister looking or fretful. You're not even drowning despair in drink, for I notice you've hardly touched yours since we've been out here."

"Oh, I drink my quota. I'm just not in the mood to-night. There was quite a party last night. I had a hell of a hangover to-day and——"

"You're in love, perhaps . . . deeply in love with some girl in the States, and it hasn't worked out."

"No, I'm not in love. I guess I've been too busy working hard, getting places as an actor until—oh, well, here's to you!" And he lifted his glass.

"So you're acting off stage as well—acting the pale, sad young man so the ladies will swarm and swoon over you."

"No, Lady Rochefort!"

"Acting that even Jeannie Standish succumbed to. And she's not one to be bowled over superficially. She decided for some reason that you were a rare sort of man behind that acting. But you aren't. I don't mind saying I'm very annoyed for I'm fond of Jeannie, and I don't like to see her taken in by cheap ham acting!"

"I am not acting!" he hurled at her exasperated. "I—I have hæmophilia! Did you ever hear of that? One honest-to-God cut on my body and I'll bleed to death. There's something lacking in the blood. It won't clot. It just goes on pouring out and out. I've lived under the strain of this since I was a baby. I can still see the panic in my mother's face. Her morbid fear I'd bash my finger or get into a fight. I could never play or rough and tumble like normal kids. But I'd always loved the stage. So when I grew up I went at it. I think I had some ability, for I finally landed in a successful costume play in New York and got some very nice notices from the critics. But there was a scene with rapiers. I'd always dreaded that scene but I wouldn't admit it. Then one night I was merely grazed on the arm and I bled for hours and hours. They didn't think they'd ever stop it. The manager got frightened and replaced me in the part. That—that broke my spirit. And I'm not asking for your sympathy. I don't need it, because I frankly don't care any more—well, about anything."

Jimmy moved along the balustrade talking out to the dark, rain-drenched garden. "But you are right. I guess there *is* some ham in me. I decided whenever I got that injury which would make all the blood flow out, I didn't want to die in some hospital. I wanted to see something of the world and die on the way. So I got this job in this company. It pays for the trip, and I'm not being careful any more. I'm ready for an accident. I'm asking for it. And it'll happen one of these days knocking around with these strolling players. It's bound to happen."

"I'm so deeply sorry, Mr. Ransdall," came Lady Rochefort's chagrined tone in the darkness. "Yes, I know about that malady. I knew the Russian tsar's little son had it—and the Hapsburgs, but——"

"Oh, a good many of us not so royal folks have it, too."

"I'm afraid I goaded you into telling me this. I promise it will always remain a secret with me. I must go now to my guests."

She gathered up her chiffon draperies and fled into the house. Jimmy smiled bitterly and followed. He moved down the stairs through a barrage of "Oh, you're wonderful in the play, Mr. Ransdall; I don't know how you ever do it," and presently he found Jeannie Standish talking with Mr. de Castalla, a cardamom exporter.

"Perhaps," said de Castalla, "Mr. Ransdall and some of his fellow actors would like to make a little trip up the river on Sunday, if he isn't performing, and see some cardamoms growing."

"I'm sorry," returned Jimmy quickly, "you'll have to count me out because Miss Standish has already invited me to visit her father's laboratory which I understand is also in the jungle."

"Well, another time I'll tackle you again," said de Castalla and moved away.

Jeannie's eyes had widened. "But I didn't invite you to go."

"But you would, perhaps, if I asked you to," he whispered as his blue eyes met hers.

Jeannie's cheeks rivalled the colour of two beet-faced Englishmen standing at the bar. "I was just a chauffeur in the rain when we parted at the door earlier in the evening. Now you're so different. I have a terrible suspicion that Lady Rochefort has been talking to you out of turn."

"No, but he's been talking to me," broke in Lady Rochefort, "and Mr. de Castalla has just told me you're going into the jungle with this girl on Sunday. I forbid it, Mr. Ransdall. You might get hurt."

"Or bitten," warned Jeannie.

"Yes, bitten!" boomed Lady Rochefort. "And they might have to use a knife to dig out the poison. No, I forbid you to go!"

Jimmy was instantly aware of all the eyes around the bar and in the drawing-room doorway.

"Lady Rochefort's challenging me," he

said glibly. "She's been kidding me all evening that we Americans are softies who can't take it in the tropics—particularly we grease-paint softies. So I've arranged to go into the jungle with Miss Standish to prove we can. And nothing could stop me."

ON Sunday Jeannie and Jimmy were riding away from the city in her baby car through stately rows of cocoa and areca palms. For the moment the sky had cleared into a dazzling blue, and the burning globe of sun made the palm branches glitter like polished emeralds.

"You must be very eager for Lady Rochefort's esteem," said Jeannie, "to come out here into the jungle when you don't want to."

"But I do want to."

"At the party you and Kitty looked as if you had something on each other. Perhaps you've met some place else and——"

"I'd never met Lady Rochefort until I came to Bangkok. The real pity is: I've never met you until now. You're the kind of girl who gives a man a hell of a good reason for living."

Jeannie's lips flickered with a smile. "Sounds like a line from one of your parts."

"I suppose it does," he sighed, "I'm afraid most beautiful truths sound trite, because so many people maul them, spiel a lot of words they don't mean."

"Well, I'm sure there are quite a number of men who've met me—and you're included who'll go right on their merry way of living without me."

"Perhaps and perhaps not," said Jimmy quietly, "but *living* and *dying* are a couple of words which people toss off so carelessly—because they're so sure death is far away in the future. But if they had some secret knowledge or intuition that it was right at their elbow, ready to pounce, they'd be quick to put keener values on a lot of things. Their love wouldn't be so trivial. It would be an important, beautiful love they had before it was too late."

"Oh, your intuition tells you death is at your elbow in this jungle," she laughed. "Well, please don't be too alarmed. We'll try to get you back to the theatre safely."

Jimmy sank into silence. They had turned off the smooth road and were driving considerably slower over one which had hacked off roots sticking up more and more frequently as they penetrated into deeper forest. Flowers and fantastically coloured birds, peacocks and pheasants, were draped like iridescent fans on the moist dark green branches.

"I've brought you by the long road," said Jeannie, to show you jungle. But there's a much shorter one from dad's lab straight into town, which we'll take back."

All at once she nudged Jimmy's elbow. "Look!" She was pointing towards the heavy shade of a tree top. Her eyes were sharper and more practised than his in this jungle light. But at last he located what she was pointing to; what seemed to be some thick copper cable.

"It's a junior size," said Jeannie, "but perhaps that's the first python you've ever seen out of captivity."

"Yes," he answered a little breathlessly. From his seat in this coupé, surrounded by glass, Jimmy could only think of a sound engineer's box-like control-room just off a gigantic moving-picture set—gawdy, rampant colour; and coiled copper death up there so smooth and svelte and still. It all seemed so extravagant and painted and unreal.

"I wish that python might have been the boy my dad is after," Jeannie said, shifting gears once more.

"Your dad is—is after something like that?" he asked, trying to edge some composure into his words.

"Something worse. Russell's Viper. Ever heard of him?"

"No, I'm not exactly caught up on my reptiles."

"He's a boy with a bad temper. An Irishman, Patrick Russell, brought him to attention—oh, way back in the eighteenth century. He's inclined to be lazy and sluggish, but when he's aroused he can bite with even greater fury than the cobra. If you ever see him you'd never forget his costume. He's decorated with long chains of black rings with red spots in them. Fortunately for this huge mass of people living in the East, there aren't too many of Russell's bad boys around. They're not nearly as common as the cobra. And when you do run across one, it's usually at night. He seems to go out of his way to be disturbed by grazing cattle so he can exercise his favourite passion of killing them. That's why dad has a clearing right off his lab, with an unhappy bullock roaming around it. There's the bait and plenty of nets around him just in case——"

As the sun sank down, night seemed to drop on this twisted, weaving forest with the finality of an asbestos curtain. Suddenly around a curve stood a white figure waving before the headlights.

"Oh, that's Sawan, my father's Eurasian assistant. Something's up."

Jeannie brought the car to a stop. A thin young man in white cotton trousers and bare to the waist, trotted up to the car. His skin was a deep shade of *café au lait*, black hair, and eyes that were a yellowish blue. When he spoke it was a *mélange* of English and French. Evidently the parents had been a Malayan mother of considerable beauty and an English or French father.

"Mees Standish—the doctor want you to come rest of way on foot. The noise of the car—the lights—they will disturb."

"What's the matter, Sawan?"

The young man gave a queer grin. "Monsieur Russell."

"Monsieur Russell!" she whispered triumphantly. Then she looked at Jimmy and laughed lightly and touched his arm. "Sawan, this is my friend Mr. Ransdall."

"Pleased to meet monsieur."

"Tell him, Sawan, there won't be too much danger walking from here to the house."

"No, no danger. Monsieur Russell!—he is in that little field beyond the house where the bullock is wagging his tail." Then Sawan gave a dry little chuckle. "I am sorry, Monsieur Ransdall, you cannot see—it is dark—but Docteur Standish—he see Monsieur Russell through the glasses just as sun went down."

Jimmy insisted upon carrying Jeannie through the rutted, muddy road in her high-heeled sandals. But she laughed and slipping them off, tucked them under her arm.

"No, until you get used to this country you have enough to take care of yourself—enough to try to learn not to be afraid. It's a state of mind you have to develop or you're sunk. There can be some species of death right behind that tree or in it—no use pretending there isn't."

For miles, it seemed to Jimmy, they plodded through the oozing, steaming mud. And with nightfall the serene jungle of the day had suddenly been galvanised into chattering, screeching, moaning life. It was like a vast symphony orchestra playing in discord, and eerie and menacing, for none of the players was to be detected in the darkness.

At last they reached a gate and close within it was a veranda where Dr. Standish, a slightly stooped, white-haired man in baggy linen trousers, stood waiting for them. His face was deeply lined and well burnt, as though the tropic sun had done an extra job on it to penetrate and absorb the coats of Liverpool fog.

The doctor shook hands with Jimmy and kissed Jeannie in a pleased but preoccupied manner, and then escorted them into the living-room. A saffron-coloured house boy brought drinks.

"You'll excuse me, Mr. Ransdall," said the doctor finally, "if I don't appear as jolly as my daughter. But that villain gliding around in the grass out in the clearing—he means a good deal to me. I've caught only one of his kind since I've been out here. And he wasn't enough to complete my experiments. I'm sorry to say one of my house boys became hysterical and tried to kill him, and consequently the house boy was bitten and died within a half hour. The other house boy, in revenge, succeeded in bashing in the snake's head. It was my fault, really. Russell's Viper is fiercely dreaded in these parts. And I hadn't (*Continued on page 76*)

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sufficiently explained that I was using our prisoner for valuable purposes."

Presently the saffron-coloured house boy summoned them to dinner at the other end of the living-room. Sawan thereupon vanished towards the laboratory after assuring Dr. Standish he would give the signal; the signal being a red silk handkerchief attached to a string which hung over the top of the half-closed door to the laboratory.

Jeannie and her father and Jimmy sat down to a table with a sapan-wood tray of fruits and nuts in its midst.

The air was hot and still and saturated with a repressed expectancy. Jimmy's attempts at conversation seemed to become stifled in it. Jeannie was polite but not talkative. The doctor's eye was continually upon the handkerchief.

A feeling of distrust surged through Jimmy for this old man, so fearless and fascinated with reptiles and their poison hypodermics; and contempt for his having lured his daughter into the same ugly fascination. What could it all mean? What experiment in this wild, isolated spot could be worthy of dislodging the doctor from a practice of years' standing in Liverpool? Or could he possibly be one of those fugitives Lady Rochefort had joked about, who had come to the Orient to hide himself away? If so, the joke was on Lady Rochefort. She was quite innocently financing the refugee.

The meal at an end, the three of them were holding black coffee in small flowered enamelled cups. Suddenly the red silk handkerchief frantically beat the hot, still air.

Dr. Standish dropped his cup on the saucer and rushed to the laboratory and on to a door that gave upon the clearing. Jeannie rose at the same time. "Please don't think you have to go with us," she said to Jimmy.

"And I'd rather you didn't go either," he said, leaping to the door and slamming it shut in front of her.

"But this is terribly important to dad," she pleaded, "I must help him. Russell's bad boy is in the net."

"No, you mustn't help! I know—you're going to say there's no danger. Well, humans can't be infallible. There must be quite a bit of danger when that viper can kill a house boy and cause so much hysteria."

His eyes were fast upon her. "Please, Jeannie . . . it's easy for me to go ranting around stages, but I have a hell of a time expressing myself off. Just, please, don't try to go out there. That Eurasian boy seems to be an able assistant to your father. Please don't, for my sake . . . you shouldn't have to be around that loathsome thing out there. You don't belong with ugly death. You're life! . . . sweet beautiful life, Jeannie."

Her body intent upon hurry slowly relaxed. "You're face is so pale," she said softly, "and your eyes—that same sadness or fright, or something behind them—just as they were on the stage that first night I saw you. Perhaps on the stage you're so busy playing the part you forget to disguise yourself—and so you, as you, come over twice as clear. Are you frightened being in this country? Maybe as a child you were bitten by some horrible thing and——"

"No, nothing like that. No, Jeannie, I'm in love with you. That's what it is. There's no explaining it. It just happened. I never thought it was in the cards for me. I really didn't want it to happen. But it has. And, damn it, I'm not acting! To prove it I'll leave the company and stay here with you——"

"Why, Jimmy, you're absurd. You're on your way to be an important actor!"

"Or I'll go anywhere you say. But I must be with you and be happy as long as I can."

He suddenly reached out and pulled her body against his and began kissing her frantically as if only minutes remained before some fateful agent made the wound which would send all the blood coursing from his body.

From beyond the laboratory door there came a violent, infuriated hissing, louder and louder.

"*Un fait accompli, Sawan, n'est-ce-pas?*" they could hear the doctor shouting above the hissing. "Jeannie! Oh, Jeannie!"

The two stood away from the door to allow it to open. "Jeannie, why didn't you come? It was a marvellous catch. That new net is perfect. Look!"

He was pointing to Sawan in the laboratory, who stood over a glass cage with a satanic gleam on his face. But Sawan's gleam could scarcely rival the repugnance of the thrashing contents of the cage.

Jeannie's description of a Russell's Viper had been accurate, thought Jimmy, but not nearly awesome enough or horrifying. The markings on that coiled body might have been the efforts of an artist in a psychopathic ward; the visions of a victim of delirium tremens. Black rings skilfully highlighted against a yellowish brown body, and evil-looking red spots within the rings. And those hate-bearing eyes blurred by the pale yellow venom streaking down the interior of the glass.

Jimmy couldn't help shuddering and turning away. "I'm sorry to be such a sissy," he said with a half-hearted smile, "but I find this a rather tough assignment on my first trip into the jungle. But I could get used to it."

Jeannie came and took his hand tenderly. "There's no reason you should get used to it. This is dad's job, not yours. And if he succeeds with his experiments, as you will on the stage, you'll both end up outrageously famous."

A WEEK later Jimmy was pacing up and down Lady Rochefort's tall, cool drawing-room. The rich wine and yellow and Persian blue carpet silenced the tread of his nervous, impatient feet. Lady Rochefort, in an armchair, idly dangled the white tassels of her gown. After a moment she spoke. "You don't really expect *me* to tell her, do you?"

He paused before her chair. "No, I'll tell her, but I can't make up my mind how to do it."

"Well, Jimmy, after all, hæmophilia is not a thing to be ashamed of."

Lady Rochefort sighed. "Well, your theatre engagement in Bangkok is over tonight. You don't have to ladle out any more glamour in this town. Tell Jeannie. And if she's half the girl I think she is it won't make any difference. And if she recoils then it'll show you how superficial her affection has been. And you'd want to know that, anyway."

"But there is another side, Lady Rochefort. And I don't think I'm boasting. I mean if . . . if Jeannie loves me enough to want to be my wife . . . then it's pretty ghastly to find out that I'm just about as fragile as a Dresden china doll. That's a horrible shock—about someone you love. I know how I'd feel if I discovered something like that about her. Oh, God! To have to see Jeannie bleed to death. Or even live in the terror that she might, any day, come upon a stray knife blade. No, I couldn't bear that—I couldn't——"

Lady Rochefort let the tassels drop to the floor. She looked up at him. "That's what I've been wanting to know—if you loved her that much. Then, Jimmie, I wouldn't tell her. I'd go down to Paknam to-morrow and sail away before you two get in any deeper."

She stood up and came to him and put her hands on his shoulders. "But you must promise me not to . . . to lose yourself. I'm going to London next month and I shall expect to catch up with you and the company in Calcutta or Bombay. And I'm rather good friends with several London managers. So often they've told me they had scripts on hand if they could find an exciting, talented young actor to do them. And so——"

"No," came Jimmy's resolute tone. "No, Lady Rochefort, you're very kind and very sweet. But I figured this whole thing out before I left the States. This Dresden doll isn't going back."

THAT evening Jimmy's dressing-room was, as usual, close and hot and fetid from the sweating plaster. But the most nagging, malodorous heat in Bangkok couldn't compare with the nagging, biting despair in Jimmy's heart. The stabbing pain in Jeannie's.

As she stood there, now rigidly against the wall, the chiffon in the back of her dress seemed to be sucked in by the slobbering plaster. With aching eyes she watched his tired, methodical process of making-up. His linen suit hung limply over the back of a chair. The corduroy breeches and boots of *The Shining Hour*'s gentleman farmer had once more transformed him into the actor.

"I don't believe a word of what you've told me," she finally said in a beaten, wounded tone. "You *haven't* been acting. I believed you when you said you loved me, Jimmy. And I love you even if we haven't spent a lot of words on the subject. And it can't end like this. You can't sail to-morrow——"

"But I will," he said with grim, determined lips.

"Yes, maybe you'll sail, but not with this horrible barrier between us."

"I tell you again, I'm just a ham actor, Jennie. After you've been before audiences a while you get so you aren't satisfied with acting just for two hours every evening. You want it twenty-four hours. So you start acting all the time until finally, that becomes the only real thing about living—acting."

"No, Jimmy, no! That doesn't match up with something you said that first night, driving in the rain. Jimmy, you said you didn't care what audiences thought of you, because it didn't matter any more. And the way you said that. I haven't forgotten. I know there was something behind that. Oh, darling, maybe you're in some sort of terrible trouble. No trouble would make any difference. I don't care even if you've murdered somebody. Please tell me . . . just as you begged me not to go out to that laboratory until they had caged the Russell's Viper. Please tell me."

The staccato voice of the stage manager was at the door. "First act, Mr. Ransdall." Jimmy got up from his chair.

"Jimmy!" she whispered, "when you go out of that door to the stage I won't see you again. You haven't fooled me. That B. & I. boat is at Paknam now, and it sails early in the morning. You're going down and getting on board right after the performance, aren't you? Well, I'm not staying on until the end of the play to hurt you—for it must have hurt a little—and to hurt myself any more. Good-bye, Jimmy. It was a beautiful, wonderful act, if that's all it was. . . ."

He couldn't look at her. He pulled the door closed behind him with all his strength and made his way towards the stage. He was numb and unsteady and blank. Jeannie had gone out of his life. Her unhappy voice and the heat pounded at his head like a thousand trip hammers. Perspiration began to seep through his make-up.

He attempted to pat his face. But his hand directed to his right cheek landed on his left jaw. He was very dizzy. Through a crack between the upstage flat and the fireplace he tried to focus his eyes on the stage. Miss Murray who played the acidulous spinster sister was bringing on bread and cold beef and cups for the tea scene, which occurred towards the middle of the act.

Jeannie was gone out of his life.

A few minutes later he went through a door and was saying lines that came out as if a phonograph had sprouted in his throat. On they came with no thought or emotion from him. He spoke lines to Rita Carson, who was playing the older brother's wife, whom he was going to love madly before the third act was reached.

To love madly! . . . and Jeannie was gone . . . gone. . . .

And presently the group in the gentleman farmer's house sat down to tea. As though fascinated by a serpent, Jimmy watched Miss Murray take up the large silver knife to slice the cold beef. A footlight caught the blade and made it flash. He had always been wary of this scene. That knife was a reincarnation of the rapier in the costume play which had caused all those hours of bleeding.

Again the knife gleamed in the rays of an amber spot in the border hanging above their heads. He thought of the eyes of that Russell's Viper gleaming with such deathly malice. He smiled.

At rehearsals, at Jimmy's request, the business had been set for him to refuse the platter of beef with the knife and instead, reach for a pile of bread. Now, as usual, Rita Carter helped herself and extended the platter towards her husband saying her line. With a quick forward thrust of his hand Jimmy grabbed the platter.

He stood up jerkily at the end of the table. His head seemed to be whirling away into space. "*I'm* going to cut some to-night!" he heard his numb lips saying.

Suddenly a little gasp of horror went all round the table and was echoed out in the audience. Jimmy could feel something warm pouring down over his hand. A look of resigned triumph flooded his face.

Back in the dressing-room Jimmy became hazily aware of a French doctor excitedly chattering English. "*C'est extraordinaire!* The blood! . . . he will not clot! Look at it oozing out of the bandage. It is making it worse, monsieur!"

He opened the door and went out, speaking to the people congesting the corridor. "This man must go to the hospital at once! He must not walk. The blood will not coagulate in that deep, nasty cut." He shook his head sadly. "*C'est affreux!* I fear it is the blood of the hæmophiliac. Order the ambulance."

"Doctor! Doctor!" It was Jeannie fighting her way through the people jammed around the doorway. "May I speak to the patient just a moment, while you're waiting for the ambulance?"

"Why, yes, mademoiselle—yes, I think . . ."

She closed the door and was at Jimmy's side. She was breathless with anguished excitement. "Now, Jimmy, I must talk to you. Are you listening, darling? You must listen very carefully, for I have a very desperate, important proposition to put to you. My dad's always had the theory that snake venom might be the ultimate cure for cancer and a lot of other things—one of them is hæmophilia. He's been working in secret because he didn't want his beloved medical world to laugh at him until he could prove something. He's already worked on specimens of hæmophiliac blood in test tubes. The untouched specimen took thirty-five minutes to clot. But the other one, to which he'd added a solution of Russell's Viper's venom diluted ten thousand times—that one clotted in *seventeen seconds!* You see, that's what makes that snake so feared. The foreign protein in its venom is so violent, and it coagulates the blood of animals and people so rapidly that the blood stream just suddenly stops flowing and the heart goes to pieces."

She leaned closer to him. "Jimmy dearest, this—this doctor here thinks you are in danger of bleeding to death. Would you be willing to let my father try to stop it with his diluted venom solution?"

Jimmy looked up into her face. He had forgotten the blood beginning to flow now quite freely through the bandage. "You mean I—I might be cured?" he asked weakly.

"Maybe not a cure but a prevention, darling. This is the first step. He'll put gauze soaked in the venom solution on the wound. And then he's worked out intramuscular injections of white of egg and bromide of potash for building up resistance in the blood stream. But you must decide quickly, darling. I'll have to rush you out to the lab in my car. Of course, it's your life to do with as you want, but it's my life, too Oh, darling Jimmy Ransdall! You can't bleed to death!"

"I love you, Jeannie. I told you I'd go with you anywhere."

THE following afternoon Jimmy lay on a chaise longue on Dr. Standish's veranda. He was gazing at the bandage on his arm. There was no oozing blood. It was white, miraculously white. And then he looked through the laboratory window at two glittering, wicked eyes in the glass cage. All at once he began to laugh.

Jeannie stepped out of the door wiping her hands on an apron. "What ails the patient now?"

"I was just looking at the old boy in the cage in there—champing at the glass to get out and kill some man or animal. Look at him! Could any one be so well equipped for his job? Pure, brilliant, unadulterated death! Yet it's he who makes me *live*! Now there's a cock-eyed set-up. It's given me quite a lot to think about. There must be an answer somewhere. Maybe it's a lesson, Jeannie—a lesson planned by that Divine mind who started everything in Nature. Maybe it's one way of showing us that that which we're so sure is death isn't death at all when we get around to look at it on the other side. It's restored life . . . perhaps everlasting. . . ."

"Perhaps, Jimmy. And I know something else. The sadness behind those eyes is gone. So you'll be taking the train in a few days over to Penang on the west coast and catch your boat there."

"Your father needs me here," he smiled, catching Jeannie's hand in his. "I'm a guinea-pig."

"You're a very good actor you mean. I can see the publicity blurbs now. James Ransdall . . . direct from Bangkok to Broadway. . . ."

END

What Is Your Ultimate Objective?

(*Continued from page 5*)

average American's opinion about England—much as we may feel disposed to quarrel with you about your mock-modesty.

Moreover, I think that very *kindness* of English rule has come from the very fact that for centuries you have had men in ruling positions who personally have never been sharpened, made shrewd or hardened by personal struggle—men who, in private life, could afford to be altruistic, and who have brought this quality into British politics.

I'll give you a small, but rather interesting example of this. In a certain large colony in Africa there is barely a handful of direct English settlers. These are alluded to, by "cheque-book" settlers. The reason being that they have either army pensions or some private means, so that they do not have to depend entirely upon their farms for their livelihood.

In that territory there is a law that a "boy," a native labourer, when he has finished his year's contract with his white master, can make any complaint he wants to the local magistrates. I went through a series of cases and was struck by the number of boys who had complained about being fined—their master, for example, fined them eight shillings for losing a karakul sheep. That was a month's pay.

The magistrate—he was not an Englishman—frowned as he explained it to me: "You see," he said, "most of those fines are imposed by poor farmers. To them, the loss of a sheep is very important. You will notice, among the 'cheque-book' farmers, you don't see any fines. Why? Because they have money—*they can afford to be altruistic.*"

Magnify that to Empire extent, and you have the genius of British colonization.

Now why I correlate that with my statement that we have had a little too much of "Life's a Fight!" in America is this—post-war life in England will move slightly towards the American model, with less and less class obsessions barring the road to office and recognized merit. The life of your own north will move down upon you just as inexorably as the Scots have been migrating south for a century to pre-empt important positions in Westminster.

Simultaneously, under Roosevelt, some of the ruthlessness of (*Continued on page 78*)

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FOR THE REJUVENATION OF THE SKIN

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American big business enterprise has been shackled—and more and more posts in the national economic life will be filled by men holding positions in the *Government Service*.

Thus, as this war has shown you the necessity of cleaning the gun barrel of some of the dead-lead in both the major and minor Civil Service beaucracy—and appointing (forgive the expression) some live-wires from outside—we Americans at the same time are rapidly creating a Civil Service.

It's a fascinating thing to watch—and to know at the same time that some of the fiercest objections to Roosevelt's preparedness campaign come from industrialists who know that the President will centralise more and more power in the hands of Washington—and that unrestricted enterprise won't be able to get it back.

It is also a pleasurable thought to know that the average American—to whom the opportunity to make good has only too often meant the *obligation* to make good—likes to see Big Business tamed. He wants a little more independence given to just the plain right to exist of the small, non-money-grubbing man.

This yearning (for you can hardly call it more than that yet) represents a spiritual change in America that has come about, almost timorously, during the nine years that Roosevelt has been in office. At first such hopes seemed too good to be true; they belonged to the forgotten man. But now the determination to have small-but-dignified lives in America seems to have taken like a good vaccination. It's in our blood—and it will come out every four years from now on at presidential elections.

FOR years I've ranted about the treadmill of business life in New York. Yet I've always had the sneaking suspicion that one day I would come back to that city crawling on my stomach. I may never do it.

What is Your Ultimate Objective?

But journalist friends of mine who have returned to the United States to live, after years in Europe, write me that New York has become the most exhilarating city in the world. There is so much *change* in life, they tell me.

A Finnish woman has come into my room as I end this article. She had been over in the States, doing some pavilion decorations for the World's Fair. She is rhapsodic on the subject of American life these days.

"Why?" I asked her.

"Because," she said, "I found so many people who were doing interesting things—*and who were interested with life!*"

I think the last statement is the most encouraging sentence I have heard about my own country since I left it—twenty-five years ago.

END

Youth in the Spotlight

(*Continued from page 17*)

theatres, where folks can sit in their own cars, and watch a show that runs an hour. All these places have many grown-up patrons, naturally; but when the Teen-Age Gang arrives they seem to take control of the entire place, in some magical manner. Their sheer youth, and their high spirits, I suppose, fling them straight into the lead.

"What they have done, since the meeting at Mickey's house is, to them, 'just a workout.' By the time they leave the theatre they decide to park some of their cars, for the rest of the evening; and pile in, eight to a car, to rush off on a raid to the nearest drive-in sandwich stand, which presents them with nutburgers, squareburgers, cheeseburgers, fanburgers, and—for they are loyal kids—the good old-time hamburger! Then a drive to the beach, to sample the fun that is offered by the amusement park at Venice, or at Ocean Park; the roller coasters, the haunted house, the lighthouse, the ten-cent dance palaces—all the fun of the beach.

"After that, it's time for the Victor Hugo restaurant, in Beverly Hills, or the Cocoanut Grove on the way to Los Angeles. At the Victor Hugo I've seen the tactful *maître d'hôtel* turn over the floor to these enthusiastic youngsters—and no bad idea, either. For the more aged and less exuberant spirits at the ringside tables get a big kick out of watching Mickey, and Judy, and Deanna, and the rest, do their energetic steps to a marvellous band. There's no stag-line in the Teen-Age Gang. They all dance, all the time; and they make plenty of noise about it. Though Judy Garland insists that they try their best to be as quiet as possible, making their noise!

"They win prizes at the dance contests held weekly in the Cocoanut Grove; and Mickey, leaping to the band platform to do some tricky work on the drums, causes a riot . . . So now do you believe that Youth is in the Hollywood Spotlight? Starlets who were 'just kids' yesterday are becoming important young men and women to-day. They work like steam; they play like steam, too. They earn the kind of money a prime minister still considers a fortune. They spend their money gaily, carelessly—as much of it as their relatives and managers permit them to touch. Come out and see them, sometime."

ODD, isn't it, how the age once described as "awkward" has been turned into an asset, in the world of films. Not so long ago a child could rake in the shekels, and command star billing, until the Teen-Age hove in sight. Then it was back to the schoolroom, and oblivion, for the little darlings of the camera. Careers, however promising they might appear, came to an abrupt end when the "awkward age" was reached.

To-day, that same "awkward age" is the very thing that draws cash to the box office, in a golden stream. Consider Jackie Cooper. As a golden-haired little boy Jackie won the hearts of the world; remember *Skippy* for instance? Then came the awkward age; and Jackie dropped right out of sight. Now, at the age of sixteen, he is back again; and the studios think his success as an adolescent will exceed his popularity as a mischievous boy.

Deanna Durbin is an example of the way the dreaded "awkward age" can be transformed into a golden era. Many critics announced, loudly, that Deanna would never last as a star. No? Well, what is she doing at the moment? Not exactly living in retirement, is she, with not one of her five films grossing less than twice its own production costs! Her two most recent films—*That Certain Age* and *Three Smart Girls Grow Up*—brought over £900,000 to Universal, the studio that holds her contract. It was Deanna who put that studio back into real circulation again; and the sum earned by those films just named represented more than seventeen per cent of the gross earnings of the studio—which is not bad for a girl not yet eighteen years old.

Deanna failed to make good when she broke into the studios for the first time. Those on the inside smile knowingly when they watch Deanna and little Judy Garland having fun with the Teen-Age Gang, for Judy and Deanna began their screen careers together at the same studio—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. But M-G-M let Deanna go; and to-day it would not make M-G-M executives unhappy if they could put the name of Deanna Durbin on their list of stars beside the name of Judy Garland, who has stayed with them, and been built up carefully and cleverly to the starring position she truly deserves.

From Canada Deanna Durbin (then Edna Mae Durbin) came to Los Angeles with her parents, because her father's health demanded the dry warm climate of sunny California. Their home was seven miles from those vast M-G-M studios, where the lion roars to such terrific effect, month after month. Deanna

Freddie Bartholomew takes a lesson in rope spinning at North Verde Campbell Ranch near Victorville

Someone's going to get a ducking—and it looks as though Mickey Rooney is going to give it to Judy Garland

was being trained in voice production, and her own sister, Edith Durbin, gave her lessons in acting. In those days, at the age of thirteen, Deanna did not look as though she would ever command £10 a week. She wore homely, unsmart clothes; she chewed her finger nails; and her efforts as an actress were far from impressive.

But one of the big producers at M-G-M wanted a young girl to appear in a biographical film of the life of Madame Schumann-Heink; the youngster was wanted for sequences that showed the famous singer as a girl. By some coincidence, the producer heard unknown Miss Edna Mae Durbin singing *Il Bacio*, and was so struck with the power and beauty of her amazing voice that he persuaded his studio to give her a contract which represented no less than 150 dollars a week—a large fortune to Edna Mae.

Before the Schumann-Heink film could be made Madame Schumann-Heink died; and the whole idea was shelved, for ever. But Deanna was in the studio, so she was put into a "short," along with another young girl called Judy Garland. When the short was finished Deanna's contract was not renewed; so she said good-bye to her pals at M-G-M, including Judy, and vanished into the dim vastness of the town called Hollywood.

Eddie Cantor heard her sing, some while later; and deserves a lot of credit for grabbing Deanna without more ado for his weekly radio programme. He paid her 100 dollars a week; and after her first broadcast over 4,000 letters flooded in, begging for more and still more singing from the child with the glorious voice. The first time I saw Deanna in the flesh was one Sunday night, last year, when she was appearing as a starred guest artiste on Eddie Cantor's weekly broadcast.

The packed theatre was waiting for her, with keen excitement; but while they waited Deanna, in a simple little black velvet dress with a lace collar, flat-heeled patent leather shoes and white stockings, stood in front of me in the wings, jumping up and down, singing the choruses of Mr. Cantor's songs, at the top of her voice, laughing uproariously at his jokes. Then he told the audience she was the next turn on the programme; and on walked Deanna to face the packed theatre. She received one of the greatest ovations I have ever heard given to any artiste, by any audience.

Her first film, *Three Smart Girls* represented an expenditure of £100,000 before it reached the screen. Inside a year it had played to over £400,000, and Deanna had become a great star at the age of sixteen. She is drawing a weekly salary of £350 to-day; and her bonus on each film she makes is £10,000. Until 1943 she will get an increase of £50 a week, each year; and, like Shirley Temple, she is making a huge additional income (£10,000 a year is said to be the figure) from the sale of gramophone records, dresses, hats, dolls, and so on, which bear her name.

All of which adds up to the fact that by the time she is twenty-one Deanna Durbin will have earned the colossal amount of £320,000. She is not the only representative of Youthful Hollywood who is "in the money." Shirley Temple's approximate £70,000 a year heads the list; Jackie Cooper, at a yearly £28,000, and Jane Withers at £20,000 stand high on the wage-earning list.

These youthful stars of to-day are in a far happier position than the child-stars of yesterday. It is now arranged by law that their guardians are compelled to invest half of their salaries in trust funds. This means that there can never be another case like the tragic experience of Jackie Coogan who, out of £500,000 he is said to have earned as a child, only received £25,000, and had to go to the Los Angeles Courts to claim the money that was rightly due to him.

Mickey Rooney is a real veteran, among Hollywood's Teen-Age Gang. He has been on the stage or in the studios since he was a baby. His father, Joe Yule, is a music hall performer who believed in bringing up his son to know and love the magic world "behind the scenes." Mickey himself says he doesn't care if he stops acting, any time; he wants to be a producer! I remember him a few years ago, limping round Warner Brothers' studios as the result of a broken leg, trying to learn the lines he had to speak as "Puck," in *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, and watching James Cagney with fascinated eyes, murmuring: "Isn't he the swellest guy in the world; I'll say he is."

Mickey has an outer crust of cheery cockiness. Underneath is a simple, frank nature, which is uncompromisingly uncomplimentary, as far as criticism of himself is concerned. He says he is built "too near the ground," and once I heard him declare he looked as though he was standing in a hole. When somebody in the studio told him he might be a big star one day, if he stopped kidding himself that he wanted to be a director, all he said was: "What, ME? With *my* height?"

Judy Garland's real name is Frances Gumm. Her mother was an actress, her father owned the New Grand Theatre in the town of Grand Rapids where she was born. She has two (*Continued on page* 80)

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PASTEL CREAM

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sisters older than herself, Suzanne and Virginia; and, under the guidance of their mother, all three developed promising voices. Judy made her début at the age of three, and has been facing audiences ever since. Her first song was *Jingle Bells*, and she declares it is her favourite melody, still. The three Gumm sisters did a singing act, when they were still going to school; and the big moment of their lives arrived when they were booked to appear in Chicago. They were to be billed as stars, and that's exactly what happened. But when they arrived at the theatre prepared to gaze, thrilled, at their name in lights, all they beheld was a sign reading "The GLUM Sisters!" George Jessel, who was on the same bill, said they must change their name at once.

What name to choose was a problem, until Mr. Jessel remembered a New York critic whose name was Garland. So the Gumms became the Garlands, and little Frances Gumm became Judy Garland because "Frances" did not seem to link itself well with "Garland." Judy told me about the first day she showed up at M-G-M studios, having been sent for because girl singers were needed. When she entered the producer's office and said she was the girl singer he wanted, he looked at her and snapped, "I didn't ask for BABIES!"

But Judy stuck to her guns, and said as she was there she might as well sing, anyway. And sing she did—with the result that she sang herself into the contract that is still in her possession, though worded somewhat differently as to its salary clauses. If a studio is willing to spend £700,000 on a film in technicolour—which M-G-M did for *The Wizard of Oz* in which Judy appears—it would seem that they think not too badly of their young singing star. She is with Mickey Rooney in *Babes in Arms* which is said to be a riot; and when she retires from pictures she will devote herself to the flower shop that she runs so enthusiastically—as a side line.

Jane Withers became a homemaker at the age of twelve. The home is on a hill, near Westwood village; and there Janie lives with her parents, and a positive menagerie of pets. That child is crazy about animals: a donkey, a deer or two, a pony, dogs, goats, chickens, ducks, turkeys, rabbits, cats, canaries, pheasants. Janie calls the donkey "Cactus," while the deer frisk when she yells "Come here, Dot and Dash!" A gay child is Janie, and a marvellous mimic. Her impersonation of Charles Laughton is one of those things that have to be heard to be believed. It's terrific.

The adjective that best fits Virginia Weidler is "versatile." She played Juliet at the age of three—in a little family show in which her brothers and sisters formed the rest of the cast. They are known as "The Clan," and I have given up counting how many there are of them. They all drive to the studio with Virginia, every morning, and when they have swarmed into and on to the Weidler car—with Mama at the wheel—there is very little car left in sight. Virginia speaks French, German and Italian as well as she speaks English; and thinks Mickey Rooney is the grandest person in the studios. When she gives up acting she is going to be an architect; in fact, she is one already, for she designed the house in which the Weidler Clan live so cheerfully, to-day.

There is a story about Freddie Bartholomew that has a smile in it. His house is opposite the house rented by Galli-Curci, world famous soprano. Freddie discovered he could yodel, one day; and proceeded to give vent to many hefty yodels, as he marched about in front of his home. Feeling pleased with his vocal efforts, he continued them, loud and long. Finally, Galli-Curci could bear it no more. Opening her front door she addressed young Mr. Bartholomew as follows: "How would YOU like it if I should stand outside *your* house, and sing at the top of my voice?"

Freddie beamed at her. "Gosh," he said in an awed voice, "*will* you?"

And thinking again of our young English star, who is keeping up his end so nobly in far-away Hollywood, one of my spies in the studio tells me that Freddie insists he is a MAN ever since the doorman at the Westwood Village Theatre bawled for all the world to hear: "Mr. Bartholomew's car!"

So there they are, in all their youthful glory; working, playing, making us forget our worries in their spontaneous gaiety. Good luck to them. In Hollywood, as in Europe, Youth Marches On.

END

Youth in the Spotlight

John Bull's Sea War

(*Continued from page* 11)

Marlborough—was forty then and over fifty pounds lighter in weight.

But the natures of war and men remain unchanged, and the essential strategies and tactics of sea war are what they were when the the first oar-driven galleys left port for the first sea battles. Jellicoe and Beatty are gone; in their place are Sir Dudley Pound, First Sea Lord, responsible for naval policy and maritime warfare, and Sir Charles Forbes, commanding the Home Fleet. These men are not so much the product of a naval college as of a sea tradition and an accumulated knowledge of four hundred years of sea fighting. The British, great muddlers, have never muddled a sea war. They have been at the game so long. They train their admirals from boyhood. Thirteen and fourteen is the age at which a boy who intends to make the navy a career starts his life's work.

When Pound and Forbes lived in their sea-chests aboard the training hulk *Britannia* in the last decade of the nineteenth century, France was still the potential enemy, and the Mediterranean the strategic centre of the world. The range of fleet actions was 2,000 yards, half the British fleet was obsolete, and its dispositions were those of 1812.

Both men lived through the great reforms of Fisher in the first decade of the present century, the reorganisation of the British fleet, the gradual extension of fleet actions to 17,000 yards. Both fought in the sea war with Hohenzollern Germany. They were captains then, and young enough to absorb the lessons of that war. And in the post-war era they have been on the inside of all the momentous changes that science, invention, engineering, and the shifting of balances of power, have wrought in the realm of sea war.

Dudley Pound, who spent forty-six of his sixty-two years in the navy, commanded H.M.S. *Colossus* at Jutland. His was the first battleship to be hit by the German shells. A piece of armour plate close to where he had been standing was subsequently found to have been holed. But in the ward-room they said no shell could have done it: it was the skipper's blue language which had blasted the steel.

When disarmament talks started in the white dove's palace by the Lake of Geneva, the British Admiralty picked Dudley Pound to watch its interests. In the danger time in the Mediterranean, when Mussolini was waging war on Ethiopia, Dudley Pound commanded the Mediterranean Fleet. Lord Chatfield reached retiring age; his place was taken by Dudley Pound.

Charlie Forbes, a slightly built man with piercing grey eyes, took his first sixteen-inch guns into action in the Dardanelles operation. He was thirty-three, and second-in-command of the new, fast, oil-fired battleship, *Queen Elizabeth*, the heavy artillery support for the British Expeditionary Force. Starting in the navy at thirteen, he had gone in for guns. Gunnery was being revolutionised under Fisher and Scott when he was posted to the gunnery school. He was twenty-one. Scott handled things ashore, and Forbes went out on the ships as experimental officer. He was "Guns Number One."

The British evacuated the Dardanelles, and Forbes got back to home waters in time for Jutland. Jellicoe, needing his greased-lightning brain, appointed him flag-captain aboard the *Iron Duke*. The British admirals had not been able to entice the German Fleet out for a general engagement. Once, in the early days, they had sent the cruiser fleet to lie off the red granite fortress of Heligoland, and pushed some light ships provocatively close in. Out came the German cruiser fleet to blow the impudent raiders out of the water—and the waiting British clutched them in a big-gun embrace which cost the Germans three big ships and 1,242 casualties, against only seventy-five casualties on the British side.

The Germans were coy after that.

THE meeting at Jutland was unexpected on both sides. The Germans fought a running battle, say they won it, and keep Jutland Day as a victory. But if you ask Pound or Forbes about that, they only grin. They were both in that fleet action, the biggest since Trafalgar, and they know all about it. The British took a relatively greater loss than the Germans, and the German Fleet made good its escape. But it never ventured out again. And Jellicoe achieved his strategic purpose, which was to destroy or render ineffective the warships of the enemy, and retain mastery of the seas.

Forbes was by Jellicoe's side on the *Iron Duke*. He worked out the positions of the two fleets with such speed and accuracy that the Grand Fleet commander commended the feat in dispatches, and he got the D.S.O. Split seconds count when two big fleets are steaming towards one another at full speed, and guns are firing at fourteen miles' range.

Jellicoe looked at the picture of the fleets, and executed his famous turn-away manœuvre to avoid torpedo attack. He was the only man on either side who could lose the war in an afternoon. If the British Fleet had gone, the Allies would have been ruined. Not a single American soldier would ever have landed in France (two million were shipped over without a single casualty *en route*).

THE British have never been under any illusion as to how and why they have thrived and multiplied on their little strategic island off the north-west coast of the European land bloc. When the island folk had no fleet, they were raided and overrun again and again by all the warrior races whose blood now mingles in the veins of the contemporary British—Romans, Danes, Angles, Saxons, Norsemen, Normans.

Henry VIII, on seeing his kingdom in danger of becoming a Spanish province, built the first British Navy. Elizabeth used it to break the power of Spain. But the Spaniards were not really sea warriors. The ships they built and manned were a land fighter's idea of what warships should be like—huge galleons, but undergunned and slow in manœuvre. The British, in their handy vessels, came in under the Spaniards' inaccurate cannonade and discharged heavy broadsides. Their vessels were small, but their guns were big and numerous. In fact, the little British ships fired a weightier broadside than the big Spanish ships. They outmanœuvered, outgunned and outshot the enemy.

The Dutch grew to be Europe's greatest maritime power, and challenged the British—another sea people. But it was only momentary. The English knocked off their fleet, and they never repeated the challenge. They settled down to do business with the British, and both prospered together.

Napoleon challenged next, but one of the weaknesses of that military genius was that he never fully applied his mind to the problem of sea war. Britain, with her usual luck, had a sea warrior of genius then, who knew how to project his mind into the other fellow's. Consequently, he was able to bring the enemy to a decisive engagement which the enemy did not want, but which Nelson did want; and that was the end of the Napoleonic ambition to assure French dominion of Europe by knocking out England, who always had intervened to prevent any one militant

nation from obtaining by force the hegemony of Europe and its 250,000,000 people—inevitable prelude to world dominion.

Napoleon did assemble a fleet for the invasion of England, but, used to commanding inferior mentalities, he refused to listen to an admiral who knew his sea job, ordered embarkation in bad weather—and the invasion of England stopped short a hundred yards from the coast of Gaul, with a couple of hundred French soldiers and sailors drowned.

Britain was safe then until the Prussian warriors under the Hohenzollern, flushed with a series of swift and decisive land war victories over Austria, Denmark and France, revived the Attilan ancestral dream of breaking through the western barrier and reaching the Atlantic. The German Empire was to be extended, by an orderly and well-planned series of war operations, until the German became the new Roman, and all peoples of non-Germanic blood worked for the superman tribe : this being the Prussian idea of the biological destiny of the human race.

Premier Salisbury, trying to appease Germany in the 'nineties, traded the northern Gibraltar, Heligoland, in exchange for an African colonial settlement. The German Admiralty was delighted.

The Germans had acquired Jade Bay from the ducal owner by purchase, and built their first naval base at Wilhelmshaven. But their warships had still to sail around Denmark to get from the Baltic to the North Sea. The Admirals wanted to drive a canal linking Jade Bay to the Elbe on the North Sea. Denmark owned Holstein, the narrow neck of land across which such a canal would have to be cut. That was simple. Bismarck waged a little war with Denmark, and took Holstein. But it was no use cutting the strategic canal while Britain commanded the mouth of the Elbe from Heligoland—she acquired the islet from Denmark after the Napoleonic Wars.

Now the island was ceded, the Germans promptly cut their Kiel Canal, and the great German Fleet building programme went ahead.

The British Navy had always stood in the way of world domination by a continental European power. Admiral Mahan in the United States pointed this out in a book which became a best-seller in Germany. Kaiser Wilhelm II worked on Mahan's theory. In 1902 he put through his fleet law aiming at equality with Britain. The greatest military power in Europe had decided to become also a sea power second to none.

The British admirals knew what was coming. Admiral Lord Fisher devised the first dreadnought, reorganised the navy from top to bottom, wanted to send the British Navy in to capture or sink the growing German Navy without declaration of war. In his post-war memoirs he pointed out that if his advice had been taken the world would have been spared the war of 1914–1918, 20,000,000 lives, and untold treasure. However, the same observation holds true of the direct-minded strategists who argued that the French and British should have accepted Hitler's first challenge—the Rhineland occupation—invaded Germany, brought the weak German Army to action, and smashed it then and there, or at least forced Hitler's abdication. But States which have foresworn aggression cannot wage these "preventative" wars.

The great German Fleet, the second most powerful in the world, ceased to exist at the end of the Great War. But the old Imperial naval officers kept together. They started to reconstitute a sea fleet. They comprised more of a "State within the State" even than the Reichswehr. A board of old-guard officers examined every recruit for the Reichsflotte. Socialist and pacifist literature was banned from warships and naval establishments. Treaty restrictions on tonnage were overcome by quality of construction, armament and equipment. They built, in the 10,000-ton "pocket battleships," the most formidable fighting ships for their size afloat at that time.

Hitler inherited this compact little navy, with 1,500 officers and 13,500 long-service men, a "pocket battleship," first of four, five long-range cruisers, a dozen destroyers—these apart from some old battleships and small craft. His first official visit as Chancellor was to the Reichsflotte.

The Nazi strategist thought he had the British won over when he concluded his naval agreement, keeping the German fleet down to 35 per cent of the British strength, with a free hand for submarines, and full exchange of naval information on both sides. But at that time he calculated Britain would not interfere with his plans for conquest in east and south-east Europe. His war staff had to think only in terms of one sea—the Baltic.

That business over, and with a huge new continental empire welded to his Third Reich and assuring ample supplies, he could turn confidently on the sea powers of the west. Besides, the British troubles with Italy and Japan could be exploited. Britain could be kept busy in the Mediterranean and the Far East. It was suggested by one American admiral in July, 1939, that the outbreak of war might even see Japan sending a fleet to join a combined Italian and German fleet in the Mediterranean !

Hitler denounced the Anglo-German pact in April, 1939. The information exchange closed down. But, technically, nothing much changed. You can build air fleets at speed, but a sea fleet takes years to create, is enormously costly, and the personnel needs long training, war drills, and sea exercises.

The British did not wait for this denunciation. They spent £118,000,000 on the navy in 1938—a peace-time record. The 1939 appropriation was £140,000,000. A couple of battleships and a battle cruiser were reconstructed, four big new cruisers built, along with a flock of heavy and medium destroyers, and anti-submarine craft. The building programme included nine battleships, six aircraft carriers, twenty-five cruisers, forty-three destroyers, nineteen submarines, and a host of smaller vessels. The Admiralty took over and equipped around a hundred trawlers for submarine hunting. They had over 200 ships building in private yards, a total of 870,000 tons, a year ago. The figure is larger now.

At this time, Winston Churchill and Dudley Pound, reviewing the naval forces under their hand, see a five to one superiority over the Nazi Fleet in battleships, on a tonnage basis. The enemy has sunk one twenty-two-year-old British aircraft carrier, but Britain has another seven, and six more building, and Hitler has none. Forty big British cruisers aggregating 327,515 tons, with another twenty-five overage but efficient ships aggregating 108,690 tons, and another twenty-one building, makes Hitler's cruiser force look like a pea on a drum.

The French ally can add half-a-dozen battleships, aggregating 137,455 tons, with three 31,000-tonners building, a couple of aircraft carriers, a score of big cruisers, and eight submarines.

Hitler is building more commerce-raiding submarines. But one-third of all the damage done to British and neutral shipping in the last war was the work of only twenty-five highly-skilled, long-trained professional U-boat captains of the old German submarine service, and the Nazis lack such technicians.

Also, these complex mechanisms cannot be mass-produced at speed. The 1914–18 German submarine building programme comprised 765 boats, ranging from 400 to 2,500 tons. Only 344 got built, and some of those were never put into commission. The British naval experts put Germany's building capacity to-day at around seven a month, or say 250 during a three-years' war. These will scarcely suffice to keep pace with casualties, which have been running at an average 3–3½ U-boats destroyed a week, a figure which compares with one a week in 1917, and 1½ a week in 1918, when the morale of the U-boat crews was at lowest ebb because of the constant losses through causes unknown to the enemy. These "causes unknown" were a combination of mines, depth-charges, mine-nets, detector devices, and patrol craft. Anti-submarine measures have been developed since 1918, though the Admiralty have not disclosed when, (*Continued on page 82*)

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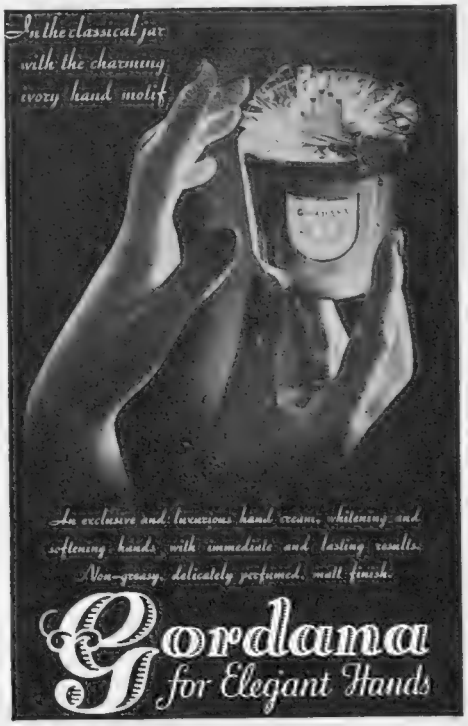
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where and how losses have been inflicted upon the U-boats.

But in any case, it is personnel, not machines, that count in the long run in the submarine war. The pick of the German personnel came out with the first submarines, stationed in the best strategic positions for attacking ships before the war began. As the war goes on, the quality of the commanders and crews will deteriorate. Life in underwater craft working in waters patrolled by hostile surface ships and aircraft is one continual nightmare of suspense and anxiety. The war-time living conditions sap vitality and morale. On the surface, the boat must always be trimmed down ready for instant diving. There is no deck space left above water. Only two or three men at a time can get air on the bridge. All the rest are below, in the foul air and stench of the cramped steel cylinder. Dives are often prolonged from dawn until after dark. Men living in such conditions tire long before machinery. Further, if a submarine is successfully attacked, the odds are that the boat will go to the bottom with the whole of her crew.

Nobody knows how long this war will last. The British plan for three years : Hitler talks of five (but Göring may not be able to execute his Führer's order !). If the war is protracted, new phenomena may appear. Hitler may violate current neutralities, and the British Fleet may strike in, co-operating with land forces on some north-European coast. The British may attempt to break into the Baltic. The Nazis may send long-range aircraft and hydroplanes out to raid Atlantic shipping. But the navy chiefs have not overlooked that possibility. Or the Nazi general staff may try to put into action their boast that they can dispose of Britain's battleships at the rate of five a month, through concentrated air attack. The attempt, anyway, would test the battleship-versus-warplane controversy, which after

John Bull's Sea War

1936 was settled in America, Britain and Germany itself, in favour of the battleship.

Many things may happen in the sea war. Among the least likely, however, is a full-scale fleet action in which one fleet measures guns against the other, in a finish fight—the brief and tremendous sea battle for which admirals are trained, and fleets are built, but which so seldom happens. The last occasion when two sea fleets closed in a death grip was in the Russo-Japanese War. Admiral Togo that time did what every admiral dreams of doing : he crossed the enemy's T, got his guns to bear while the Russian ships were masking one another's fire, and he sank the Russian Fleet by gunfire. The last big fleet to sink did not go down fighting : it surrendered, and was ingloriously scuttled in Scapa Flow by its own crews.

END

Forty and Fit for Anything

(*Continued from page 29*)

which they looked over twenty years ago. Then it was a lover, a husband. To-day it is a son.

A friend of mine, a widow of the last war, has built herself a career that makes her the envy of her friends.

She is one of the few women I know who handles big business like a man. She controls two businesses that bring her in a four figure income. Now, she faces the fire of this second German war, that, with one direct hit may shoot down everything for which she has strived. Her son is of military age.

Another widow of the last war, married again, has a son by her first husband; but her tragedy is a different one. Her son is a conscientious objector.

"I hardly ever see Harry, now," she told me. "Whether right or wrong, his convictions have made such rifts at home, that my husband has forbidden him the house. Sometimes, when people ask me what Harry is doing, I feel I would rather he was dead : out there, where his father died. . . ."

War leads men and women into madnesses undreamed in times of peace.

One woman I know, forty-five-ish, unmarried, silvering hair, definitely set in her ways, has been fallen in love with by a boy of nineteen. Although he sees her every day, the postman always rings twice with a packet of love talk. Every morning there are fresh flowers for her breakfast tray.

She who travelled twice round the world and alone, before he was born, is now protected from all kinds of imaginary dangers. Yes, the boy is in love, but seriously in love. "After the war, you are going to marry me. We will live on the farm dad is buying for me. Oh, yes you will."

After the war . . . Any day now, he may be called up. So she doesn't laugh at him. Only at herself. Maybe she weeps a little, too. For I suspect that she also, has been touched by this love madness.

But when it comes to wartime love drama, there is one character to be reckoned with : a dictator whom ninety per cent of contemporary lovers of all ages have come to dread. His name is Rota. If you see a couple in uniform poring over a dirty scrap of paper, you can bet that they are working out their respective leave rotas and trying to make the jig-saw puzzle fit.

One of my co-drivers, an attractive woman of forty-five, is married to a man whose business, after dwindling rapidly as crisis followed international crisis, finally folded up on the declaration of war. To keep some kind of a home together they both joined the Auxiliary Fire Service, their joint pay being sufficient to pay rent, rates and small personal outgoings.

M. had never had a job before. She was thrilled with her weekly pay packet, thrilled with the gay company in the mess, the parties, the squad drill and the daily routine of the station. Most of all she was thrilled with her twenty-four hours leave, when she would hurry to get back before her husband arrived and open up the house.

She once said to me, "Every time I go on leave with him, it's like a second honeymoon." Then Rota picked up his spanner and threw it right into the middle of the delicate mechanism of her happiness. Her husband's rota was changed.

She came to me in tears. "What can I do? You know what a fuss I made to get mine changed to fit his. They'll never let me change back. It's the end, absolutely the end."

Well, of course, it isn't the end. She snatches an hour or so late leave sometimes on his day off. But things aren't the same. When I sympathised with her she smiled a little wanly, and said :

"Well, I just have to remember that we are at war. Sometimes I had almost forgotten."

And what of the women who were young in the Roaring Twenties, the original Bright Young Things. How are they shaping?

One I know of is working in a home for illegitimate babies, evacuated from the slums. White, black and khaki, she mothers them all. She, whose horizon was bounded by Sloane Square, the Berkeley and St. Tropez, who couldn't dress herself without her French maid, who never walked farther than the distance between her front door and her car, now lives in a cottage with oil lamps and outside arrangements; tramps a muddy mile every morning and evening to minister to her babies.

Her maid would swoon at the sight of her glamorous ex-mistress, but she would have to admit that madame's complexion is *ravissante*, that madame looks ten years younger.

Here then, in my small sector of the home front, is a cross section of the effect the second German war is having on the women of my generation.

It has done strange things to us. It has torn us up by our firm roots and dumped us in other people's houses, or delivered our own houses into the hands of strangers. It has sent us back to school and the fifth form standards of living, there, meekly to obey the "prefect" who may be a decade younger than ourselves.

It has taught us that we can very well do without all those things we thought vital to our health and comfort; those little luxuries which we thought of as our right. To some of us, it has brought romance, to others, tragedy too deep for tears.

The war has done these and countless other things to the woman of forty. Therefore, I feel, whatever may be in store for us; whatever hardships, discomfort or pain, either physical or mental, we may be called upon to endure before it is all over, and after it is over we can meet it, unafraid.

END

What Has the War Done to You ?

(*Continued from page 27*)

they may pick up one or two bad habits, but they will benefit immeasurably in the end.

If they are away from home your hardest task will be to keep alive their memories without making them homesick. When you do see them, do not bribe them, do not be jealous, and do not make them feel guilty if they are happy.

Write a daily diary for them to read when they are older. It will be a comfort for you and a solace to them should anything happen to you or to their father.

Pulling Your Weight

Meaningless moaners are the people who constitute one of the horrors of war. They are the men and women who, because their lives are practically untouched, should be a source of strength and encouragement to others who are over-burdened. But are they?

Spending most of their time as they do in London, or any other large city, they have had practically no upheavals. They still have their jobs—and only those who have been unexpectedly deprived of any chance of working can know what a safety valve and a sheet anchor a job is.

True they face the heaviest income tax ever imposed on the people of this country. But they never dream of being grateful because they still have a taxable income. Instead they grumble incessantly about the appalling inconveniences. They resent the blackout. They complain bitterly about food rationing—as though most of them have not been eating too much for years. They cannot bear having to wait for trains. They expect faultless service everywhere, though they know perfectly well the difficulties that are daily besetting them in their own business.

If you find yourself falling into an abyss of self-pity take yourself in hand immediately.

And if you meet anybody else suffering from this complaint do not let any fine feelings prevent you from showing your thoughts.

OLIVE RANDALL.

Passion and the Pilot (*Continued from page 39*)

in any house. In the town. Just walking about. I daresay she was looking for houses herself. I hope to God she doesn't get the one I wanted—not that I've a dog's chance—but this isn't interesting; let's talk about you."

Marya said abruptly: "I've come here—you'd never guess—treasure hunting."

Despite long experience that had rubbed the romance off most things connected with the sea, that was a thrill to Drew. No one can hear of treasure quite unmoved. And Torres Straits had been known for a century, as the hiding place of Spanish gold and silver. Was it . . .

Marya was continuing. "It's pearls. Do you remember the wreck of the *Rose*? But of course you do."

Did he remember! The only bit of trouble with which he had been connected; the only darkish spot on his perfect record. No fault of his, of course; when a blind drunk captain rams another ship and sinks himself, it isn't likely to be the pilot of the rammed ship that's to blame. But the memory rankled.

Marya looked about her. They were all very gay now; the big pilot called Sweetman was warbling, in a voice like a foghorn, "Happy days are here again"; the pretty lady from the villa where people didn't (formally) go visiting, was laughing like a kookaburra, while somebody fitted a fool's cap on her head; the master of the coal boat had crowned the new customs clerk with half an iced melon, "to keep him cool," he owlishly explained. Nobody was noticing Drew and Marya.

She said, cautiously: "A few of my friends are after the pearls that were on board the other ship.

"It was the whole take of one of the fleets for the season, and it was going privately to Japan. When she was sunk, they couldn't salvage anything, because the depth was too great, and nobody would try. Besides, they couldn't be sure where the pieces of her had [illegible]."

Drew had heard of those pearls; he was interested. "Yes," he nodded, "she was broken up like an eggshell; a rotten old crate that would never have got past our Board of Trade. And the tides about there run eight knots, at their worst. And there's underwater reefs that would rip the soul out of her. We were pretty well damaged ourselves, though we lost no lives."

"You never forget anything," Marya cooed. "I think you're wonderful."

Drew had heard this sort of thing before, but sugar is always sweet. He liked Marya. He began to think—warmed by the wine and the jolly company—that he liked her quite a good deal. If he hadn't seen that girl, in the glamorous light of the golden Bathurst plains—the girl who had looked at him and blushed—the girl who was going into the office of the agent who had the selling of the desired house—he might have done, and said, what he hadn't done and said since that disastrous engagement of his, fifteen years ago.

As things were, he was interested in her and also in her talk. Especially as she broke it off just there, said she had a secret to tell him, and advice to ask, but she would not go into it now; could he meet her to-morrow afternoon somewhere near Quetta Memorial Church, and hear about it?

Yes, he could. To-morrow would be a quiet day; no parties, not a single drink. He was going down with the *Milena* the day after, as a passenger, but a very special sort of passenger; under circumstances that obliged him, or so he felt, to keep the rule that was honour among Thursday pilots—no drinks, no late hours, the day before you sail.

Outside the memorial church, next morning, it was dry and windy; the Straits lay level blue beyond the palms, but over Prince of Wales and Horn tall, toppling clouds were gathering. The *Milena* passengers won't have much of a time, he thought—and then, there's those chaps blowing in from Darwin, and taking up room when she's crowded to the tops of the funnels.

Russell, the captain of the *Milena*, had told him of the strain on the ship's resources.

"Half a dozen big bugs from Darwin to Sydney," he said, "come down by the *Cape Leeuwin* changing here; she's bound for Groote Island now."

"Defence?" Drew had asked.

Russell winked. "And more than that. They've got the hush-hush plans along with them. Lord, it gives me the jitters to think of it. Would be as big a loss as the men of the *Thetis* if anything happened."

Drew cursed him amiably, slapped him on the back. "Don't get the wind up. You're all right."

"Am I? With the damned company making me do pilotage, to save the pay of men like you."

"It's only the first time; there's nothing to worry about. Why, man, with all the lights and buoys and marks, you couldn't go wrong, nowadays."

"You couldn't, you mean," Russell dispiritedly said.

It was then that Drew, recognising his friend's unhappy frame of mind, offered to go down with the *Milena* as a passenger, missing his turn for the next ship. Russell was abjectly grateful.

"I don't know that I should," Drew had told him. "It'd do you all the good in the world to find your own feet. Still . . ."

He was thinking of this, when Marya came, looking, to Drew's pleased eyes, sweeter than ever. A few more refugees of her sort wouldn't do any harm to the country, he thought. Russell and Russell's difficulties faded from his mind.

Marya began at once. "Oh, it was good of you to come. We do want you so badly."

"Well, you have me," Drew smiled. "What's all this about the wreck and the pearls? Salvage? Who's in it?"

"Just a very few of my own friends. It's a great, *great* secret. If it got out we shouldn't have a chance. You know about the new sorts of diving gear? Yes. Well, that would make it possible to get at the pearls, if any one knew where to look. But after all these years—and with those tides scouring the bottom—and the ship all in pieces—one could do very little, unless there was someone who had been in the wreck, and who never, never forgot anything, and knew more about the straits than any one else—and would come in with us."

"You mean me," said Drew bluntly.

Marya clasped her hands. "I do—we do." She fixed her eyes on him; and there was something in their warm deep gaze that talked—that promised. . . .

"A friend of my late husband's let me in to it," she went on, after a momentary pause. "Of course I put in capital, but they have plenty. And they'd offer a big commission to you. A thousand pounds, win or lose." She came a little nearer; he could see the small gold flecks in her eyes, and smell the faint perfume of *Nuit d'Amour*, that clung to her hair. She said, very softly, so that the words were almost lost in the yammering of the wind: "A thousand pounds. *As well.*"

The silence that followed seemed to last an hour. But it was not long before the pilot spoke.

"Just what would be required?"

Cold? Unresponsive? Was he? Maybe—and maybe not. Marya could not tell. Confronted with the unbreakable pilot calm, the armoured surface that no surprise could flaw, that would remain untouched by danger, storm or death, she was at a loss. But she played her hand out.

"You'd be wanted to go with the salvage party, advise them, give them all the information you have or can get about conditions. You'd have to remember everything that happened. . . .

Drew nodded. He could do that.

"It would be—invaluable. But we'd want you to start at once."

The pilot chewed that over. Go, and leave Russell to do his own work; the work that he certainly ought to be fit for, and was fit for, if he'd only (*Continued on page 84*)

"I've christened them Hitler hands!"

She held out her shapely hands for my inspection, quoting mockingly "*Pale hands I loved beside the Shalimar!*"

I saw those once lovely hands so rough, so red, so worn, so tired, so old-looking, and in the same flippant vein replied—"Those soft white hands of not so long ago, no longer '*Like Lotus buds that float . . . where are they now?*' What is the cause—nursing, gardening, evacuees, A.T.S., W.A.A.F., W.R.N.S., G.O.K., X.Y.Z.?"

"A little bit of nearly everything I think," she answered.

Why, I wonder, do some women let their hands go? It is so easy to keep them soft, white, cool and immaculate, "*Pale hands, pink tipped*" even when you are doing the roughest war work. The secret is a little Dubarry's Crème Shalimar rubbed over the hands at bedtime, you will be amazed next morning at the magical improvement.

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believe it. Go, for a thousand pounds . . . as well. . . .

Strange, he was to think in after days, how the Devil (Drew believed in the Devil) fits a temptation to the mind of the tempted; even as Nature fits a fruit to the hand and mouth of man. A thousand pounds was just the sum wanting to make up the purchase price of the perfect house. Drew had some private means; he could have afforded to retire, but he didn't want to retire, unless he could have the home he coveted—the white house on the golden Bathurst plains.

And—the Girl. Had she been going in to that agent's to look for houses? For what else could she conceivably have been going? For what house was she looking, she or her probably wealthy friends?

To lose the chance of both. . . .

But there was Russell. Russell, whom he had as good as promised. He couldn't desert him—and yet. . . .

"Are you worrying about that captain?" suddenly asked Marya. (So she'd ferreted it out; what a sharp little nose for people's business she had!) "Would you go and give up—everything—just for a fad?"

The white house among the trees. The house, so far inland, beyond the hills. The golden plains of peace.

It was like the false, bright lights a man sees, coming off the bridge. It was like the fair mirages he had glimpsed, along the Queensland coast. That house.

He said: "I'll speak to Russell."

Pilots are men of instinct. Even as he spoke, something seemed to ring in his brain like a warning bell; like a bell buoy on a sunken reef. But he put it aside. She's not far wrong. It is a fad. Russell can do it, he thought. Did I promise, or did I. . . .

She had her hand on his arm. Where had he seen just such little, little hands and feet, such a black little head? He couldn't think. For a moment

"The earth was crying—sweet
And scattering—bright the air."

A thousand pounds. As well. . . .

Curtly he said, to hide his feelings: "Where are those friends of yours?"

"Arriving to-morrow by the survey ship. You'll have heard of one—Lord Avonmore."

It brought reality into a business somewhat nebulous, heretofore. Of course. The peer who made a speciality of treasure hunting; who had come nearer than any one to find the Cocos jewels; who had discovered Inca gold. If he was in it. . . .

"Bring them along when they come," he said. And that was that.

He took Marya to the hotel, and went for a walk.

THE *Milena* was to sail at ten o'clock. Drew watched her, from the sea front, where he was strolling, smoking a cigar, and turning over in his mind the note he'd sent to Russell the night before. Russell hadn't even answered it.

He had not seen Marya again. Her attitude said, plain as words could have made it, "Wait."

The survey ship would be in in a couple of hours—an hour and a half after the *Milena* had sailed.

There was plenty of time. Drew thought he would take a stroll along the sea front, and watch the liner out. It was a quarter to ten. It was five minutes to. Last passengers were hurrying aboard, scrambling up the gangway like ants going up a string. Last warning siren had sounded; last bell was ringing. Drew, on the jetty now, could hear the stewards intoning "All ashore that's going ashore." Grey plumes of smoke were switching out of the funnels; the ship's engines had begun to turn over. The bell again. . . .

Like a bell buoy on a hidden reef, leaping, rolling, calling with its——

"Shoal, ware shoal."

In a minute, it said, you'll be too late

A ship going out. A ship that he ought to be on.

Instinct drove the pilot down the jetty, shut off the restless tumble of his thoughts. Once on duty, you did not think, you acted. It was duty now.

He slid through the milling crowd about the gangway and dived down a companionway. Nobody stopped him; in the crowd he passed unnoticed. There was a room on "B" that would be empty—the emergency room.

The steward of forty-nine "B," rung up when the ship had left, was amazed to see Drew. "I don't mean to show up," the pilot told him. "Not yet anyhow. Hold your jaw and bring me my meals in here."

He would play a trick on Russell, for Russell's good. He'd lie doggo, come up like a jack-in-the-box if wanted. From his cabin, he could tell how things were going, almost as well as if he'd been on the bridge. It would be a good lesson for Russell, and a bit of fun for him—all he was likely to get out of the business, now that the thousand pounds were lost.

And . . .

Yes, and.

He smoked, and thought. This hurt a lot. But I can stand a bit of hurt. . . .

For the next day and a half, he lay low, and liked it. There were still some dregs of weariness, from his last hard trip, to be soaked out of mind and body; it was good to loaf there, safe from passengers and weather, read and smoke, eat his meals in undisturbed quiet, and all the time keep up a mechanical watch on the running of the ship. That was no trouble; he could have done it in his sleep almost; he could have done it if he had been dead and drowned, and haunting the Straits, as maybe dead pilots did.

It was in the middle of the second night, in the worst and hardest part of the trip, that Drew, reading on his lounge, became aware of something wrong, and instantly reacted. One moment, he was immersed in a shocker from the ship's library; the next, there had never been a shocker or a story, there was only the *Milena* and the sound that wasn't right. Not the flat sound of a ship's progress in open water, which would have waked no response in his mind. He heard, instead, the faintly hollow resonance that means the neighbourhood of land.

It sounded in his brain like the scream of an alarm clock. It took him off the lounge, sent him, unhurriedly but quickly, down the alleyway and up the companion, along the dim deck cleared for night, to the foot of the bridge ladder.

There was no one on the bridge. In the wheelhouse, the quartermaster stood steering, his eyes, fixed on the compass card, deserting it for one moment to throw an agonized glance at Drew, as the pilot mounted the bridge. Drew took two steps into the chartroom. On a lounge, crumpled up dead asleep, was Russell. Beside him, very wide awake, sat Marya dressed as he had not seen her, in a scrap of an orange-golden frock, with pearls on her neck and arms, exquisitely made up, and—he thought—a little drunk. Enough to strip her mind of inhibitions, as the dress had—almost—stripped her beautiful body. To let her give herself away, with a furious cry of, "So you found out!" followed by what Drew guessed to be hearty cursing, in a language he didn't understand, but guessed at—now.

There was no time to waste; the *Milena*, running ahead on the course given the quartermaster some minutes previously, was headed for certain destruction. Drew stepped quietly forward, and spoke to the sailor. A word or two, a turn of the spokes. Meeting her. Down. Drew's hands on the wheel with the quartermaster's. A tumble of white foam in the *Milena's* wake. A moment of deadly risk; a slow creeping back to safety. The *Milena* was saved; and not one of the passengers sleeping below, not a single one of the "key men" whose presence had probably been the cause of all the trouble, knew that Death had brushed them with a bony hand, and withdrawn.

Drew called a deck hand. "Where the (bridge language) is the officer of the watch? Get him here."

The second did not come. Instead, the third, looking upset and worried, came running up the ladder. "There's hell to pay here, sir. Where's that (unspeakable) woman?"

She wasn't to be seen. Only the captain, deeply snoring on his lounge, with a packet of aspirins and a water-bottle beside him.

"Let her go for the present. What's happened?"

"She—she—vamped the Old Man good and plenty, sir, and got him to take her up on the bridge. He had a splitting head—and she was dining at his table, and I daresay she knew how *that* came about. She gave him an aspirin——"

"Hold on. Where's the second?"

"I—I'm telling you, sir. Seems she said she wanted to look through the nightglass, and when they went to get it it wasn't there—I'll lay she chucked it overboard before she asked—anyway the captain asked the second to go and get him another. So he went to get it. So someone—her bully, I reckon—dotted him one on the back of the head and laid him out. So he was laying there when the deck hand came for me, and just coming round and able to speak, and——"

"What's this about aspirins? Keep to the point."

"Seems, sir, she got the captain into the chart room for a minute to take an aspirin for his head. And she must have given him knockout drops in the glass of water with it, because look at him——"

"Get the ship's doctor."

"He's patching up the second, sir, he'll be along immediately."

"Give him the glass of water and the tablets when he comes. Glad to see you, doc. Will you take charge of your case, and I'll look up someone I want to see. You—" to the third. "Keep her—" he gave directions. "She'll be all right now. Gad, that little what-is-it had her nerve with her; did she want to be drowned along with the lot of you?"

The pilot went down and called a steward. "Fetch Mrs. Hale to the music room, wherever you find her." He meant to put the little lady through the third degree, in the empty music lounge; no one to interrupt, as this late—or early—hour of night.

He would find out just how much truth—if any—there had been in that well put together yarn of the pearls and the salvage. Clever. But a lie—probably. And he'd want to know who was backing her. And what—above all things—what strong motive was driving her, when she dared to run, for herself as well as all others, the frightful risk of wreck. "Women and children first" of course—but you never knew. . . .

The steward returned, looking pale and agitated. "Sir, I—found her—in the bar lounge——"

"Right. I'll go."

"But, sir!" Drew did not heed him; he was making his way to the empty, quiet bar lounge, lit by only a single bulb. It would do as well . . . There'd be no one there at that hour; no one except the culprit, who'd be the prisoner before long, he reckoned.

Yes, she was there, leaning back against the cushions of a sofa. She stared at him glassily, as he came near; but she did not move or speak.

Drew put his hands in his pockets—a rare gesture with him, equivalent to the running up of the storm cone. He stood still, looking. And into his mind seeped slowly words from some long forgotten Sunday-school lesson of the past:

"The wages of sin—the wages of sin—is death."

Marya had been neatly and competently stabbed to the heart.

Failed in her job, he thought. Fleeing through here, and he caught her. Same bird who laid out the Second at the right moment. We'll find him.

And now he knew what motive had driven Marya to risk wreck rather than execution.

THE inquiry did not produce her accomplice. It produced instead the statement of a deck hand who had seen a male passenger, known to nobody on board, climb over the rail, very late in the night, about the time Marya had been killed, and the third had seen a launch, running without lights, slow down near the ship and speed up again.

Drew, after the inquiry, was in little doubt

as to the foreign blood of the pretty refugee, nor from what quarter of the world those long black almond eyes, that dead black hair, had come. They buried her quietly next day; and Amyas Drew, as the little bundle slipped overboard, said to himself: "Good plucked one—Sayonara!"

Russell, recovered, took his place again, and the incident was set down to sudden illness, save by the two or three who knew, and could hold their tongues. Drew stayed about the bridge deck most of the voyage; he had had his fill of passengers in the days when he commanded liners, and was not anxious to mix with any of the *Milena's* crowd . . .

Until they left Brisbane, with Sydney two days ahead. It was getting pretty cool now; the sun deck was less popular, and the promenade deck filled. Passing through, the pilot stopped, distrusting, for the first time in his life, his own excellent sight.

There was a girl, a new passenger, playing deck tennis. A girl with honey-coloured hair and hazel eyes.

It wasn't astonishing that a resident of the cold western plains should have been taking a holiday farther north, but to Drew it seemed like a miracle. That was the girl. And he was going to find out about her. If you could only have half your dream—well, every one knew that half loaves were better than nothing.

The inevitable ship's gossip was astonished to find herself suddenly popular with the aloof, the admired Captain Drew. Talking to him, telling him all about the other passengers while he stood by her chair, bronzed and handsome and the very image of a typical sailor; listening to her, but not looking at her all all. Looking instead at the fair girl playing tennis.

A pilot is not pilot if he cannot attend to more than one thing at a time. He may have to think of six important things all at once, on the bridge. Amyas Drew found no difficulty in listening to Mrs. Folliott, and simultaneously carrying on his own thoughts.

"She's better than I remembered. She's made like a Diana, and that forehead of hers is as innocent as a child's. She's sweet, sweet. Lucky the man—my God! I didn't think of that. Where's her left hand? Nothing on it. Good. Look at me, little sweet; you're going to look plenty more. I made you miss that stroke, didn't I? Look again. Miss some more; the more you do, the better I'll——")

And she got on at Pinkenba. Travelling alone, as girls do nowadays; but there's something about Barbara—something. I mean, she knows where to stop, if you know what I mean. Such a pity she's an orphan. I knew her people. Left her almost nothing, she has to sell the old home, as soon as she can, can't afford to live in it without an income, if you understand——"

"What did you say her name was?"

"I don't know that I—Avon, of course, Barbara Avon. Such a well-known western family, once, almost extinct now."

"And the name of the house," Drew said, "is Mount Avon." He knew it all now. He knew he was going to have, please heaven and the luck that attends on sailors, no half loaves, but a whole one. Both of his dreams come true.

He could think kindly, now, of the little woman with the fox-black hair, sleeping in Torres Straits.

END

Just Plain and Purl

(*Continued from page 51*)

there have been 15 ins. made and there are 69 sts. Now continue buttonholes and work straight, until side seam measures 12½ ins. including rib.

SHAPE ARMHOLES

Dec. 1 st. on armhole edge on every row until there are 7 decs., leaving 62 sts. Work on in this width, still working buttonholes until armhole measures 6½ ins. Now cast off 12 sts. at beg. of a row, starting at centre rib and then dec. as (*Continued on page 86*)

G.E.C.

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A proud kettle . . . *sheer quality.* Aristocrat of the sideboard and table. A kettle that pleases by its refined appearance. A unique kettle with balanced pouring and exceptional features . . . in glistening chromium with connector and 6 ft. of 3-core flexible...51/-... Catalogue No. D5263.

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follows: * K. 2 tog., k. 4; rep. from * to end of row. Now change to No. 12 needles and the twisted rib and dec. 1 st. on neck edge on every row until there are 32 sts. Now work on 6 rows straight.

SHAPE SHOULDERS

Cast off 4 sts. at outside edge on every other row until there are no sts. left. Return to other 42 sts. and cast on 12 sts. at centre. Work to correspond to right side without buttonholes.

SLEEVES (2)

With No. 12 needles cast on 82 sts. Work k. 1, p. 1 twisted rib for 1 in. Now change to No. 10 needles and st.st. and inc. 1 st. at beg. and end of every 4th row until there are 102 sts. Now dec. 1 st. at beg. and end of every other row until there are 34 sts. Cast off.

CUFFS (2)

With No. 12 needles cast on 82 sts. Work k. 1, p. 1 twisted rib on first 6 sts., then st.st. on next 70 sts., then p. 1, k. 1 rib on last 6 sts. Continue for 1 in. Now dec. 1 st. on 2 sts. inside each band of rib on every other row until there are 66 sts. Now cast off the centre st.st. and work 3½ ins. rib on the two ends.

COLLAR

Cast on 98 sts. with No. 12 needles. Work as cuffs, having 86 st.st. at centre instead of 70, and making the ribbed bands 4½ ins. each.

POCKET

Cast on 24 sts. with No. 12 needles. Work ¾ in. k. 1, p. 1 twisted rib. Now keep 6 outside sts. on each edge in rib and centre 12 in st.st. for 1½ ins. Now decrease inside each edge on every other row until there are 6 st.st. Cast these off and work 7 rows on each end to make them meet.

TO MAKE UP

Sew up side, sleeve and shoulder seams. Sew strips to collar, cuffs and pocket. Sew on collar, buttons, cuffs and pocket. Press well.

Trimmed with a Twisted Rib

(*Continued from page* 50)

SLEEVES

With No. 13 needles cast on 74 sts. Work as for the back until 5 ins. from the cast-on edge, ending on the 11th row of patt. * Cast off 2 sts. at the beg. of the next 4 rows. Work 12 rows patt. Rep. from * once. ** Cast off 4 sts. at the beg. of the next 4 rows. Work 12 rows patt. Rep. from ** once. Cast off 4 sts. at the beg. of the next 4 rows. Cast off the remaining sts.

EDGING

With No. 13 needles, cast on 6 sts. K. 46 ins. plain knitting. Cast off.

TO MAKE UP

Sew side and shoulder seams. Sew in the sleeves. Sew edgings to the fronts and the back of neck, leaving 6 spaces for buttonholes. Sew on the buttons.

To-day in The Bal Tabarin

(*Continued from page* 25)

years after Tabarin, the charlatan, was plying his wares somewhere in this neighbourhood.

The Bal Tabarin is not a "Bal" these days; once again it has undergone a transformation. Now the frequenters are not tourists or provincial French; they are what they call in Montmartre artistic circles *les cigales*, the singers, dancers and actors who did not save while the sun shone, but Montmartre does not make the reply concerning the ant. Montmartre says in effect: "You are hungry? Why, then, eat, *mon vieux*."

The Bal Tabarin which grandfather called naughty is feeding several hundred unemployed and hard-up *artistes* every day, providing a satisfying meal for the equivalent of about threepence.

After, a long time after, Tabarin, there was an impresario in the Paris entertainment world named Bosc, who was in a way a sort of Parisian Charles B. Cochran. Bosc knew the correct number of beans which, when added up, made five; he knew there was nothing really new under the sun or the electric lights which blazed over Montmartre, and he knew, too, that the Moulin Rouge was on its last legs, the legs of the elderly dancing ladies who nightly displayed black stockings, red garters and frothy lingerie, high-kicking their way through the French version of the quadrilles, sometimes known as the *can-can*.

Le can-can means nothing much more than noise; *faire du can-can* is a sort of slang way of saying kicking up a shindy. The quadrilles, or the *can-can* if you prefer it, were (and I might have written are) ushered in with a blare of trumpets in the orchestras, and the tune to which this dance is performed is noisy and extremely *agitato*.

The story of the quadrilles is lost in a haze of history, into which that strange character Valentin le Désossé dances in and out. The "boneless one," made famous by the drawings of Toulouse-Lautrec, was the brother of a Paris lawyer, and when not doing odd jobs for his brother or riding in the Bois, was dancing at the Moulin Rouge, and having his top hat kicked off his head by the dazzling Mimi Patte en l'Air.

Bosc saw the slowing up of the Moulin Rouge, but also he noted that Montmartre nevertheless was still and evermore the parish to which *les Angliches* in their check caps and with their pipes, came; likewise there were the Russians with the money, to say nothing of the Americans and a few thousand assorted Dutch, Germans and Scandinavians. And, of course, there were always the French, but not the Parisians, rather the provincials up from the country to spend a few hours in the Gay City. Bosc thought it would be a good thing to keep alive the spirit of the quadrilles, but in a new setting, and in a side street off the rue Pigalle, not far from the Grand Guignol, the rue Victor Massé, to wit, Bosc found a hall not much bigger than a good-size English parish hall, and here he opened the Bal Tabarin one night in February, 1904.

To those who knew the Tabarin of pre-September days I would say that it is the same place Bosc opened, not an inch of space has been added. The structure, so far as externals go, is exactly the same as it was this day thirty-five years ago. When Bosc set the ball spinning, there was a balcony in which the impresario put the orchestra. In this balcony you could sit the other night and pay X francs for a bottle of champagne; the orchestra was elsewhere. When Bosc was at the Tabarin, champagne, slightly warm perhaps, but we were so young, cost ninepence a glass. There was a bar on the left-hand side of the dance floor. A flushed *houri* from the quadrilles would spot an Englishman and murmur: "You pay me one glass beer, *hein?*" Alas, the frills below the petticoat did not make the lady.

Every night was a night at the Bal Tabarin, but Saturday night was *the* night: a gala night. It might be a night devoted to Bacchus, or Venus, or just Venice, it all depended on the genius of M. Bosc—and the wardrobes at his command. Grandfather might have found it naughty, and he did not always take grandma with him when he went to the Bal Tabarin, but all I can affirm is that the nude as we know it to-day was utterly and entirely unknown. Ladies taking part in the cortège or procession, who rode on floats wheeled round the small dance floor, wore tights like the leading ladies who played principal boys in the English pantos.

Talking of pantos, Bosc, who knew everybody's business in Montmartre, befriended a young Englishman named Harry Potts who was wandering round Montmartre trying to find someone to give him a "break." He thought he could sing, did this lad, and he had something new: he accompanied himself at the piano!

Bosc introduced Potts to an English journalist who in turn introduced him to Arthur Collins, who gave him a "break" by putting him into panto at Drury Lane. That was Potts's introduction to fame and fortune. Perhaps you will be more interested in the story of Potts and the Bal Tabarin if I tell you that Potts's name on your programme was Harry Fragson.

With some of the small change he had picked up in London, where managers practically lined up to give him engagements, Fragson purchased from his friend Bosc a half share in the Bal Tabarin. It was Bosc, Fragson was dining with the night he was murdered. The two met to discuss Tabarin affairs, Fragson left his friend to meet another friend coming from London, and then he had to go to his flat to make a call and then on to the Paris Alhambra where he was working off an old contract, singing thirteen songs a night at 8s. 6d. a song (while he was pulling down £150 a week at the Tivoli in London). Fragson never kept his engagement on the music-hall stage that night. When he opened the door of his flat, he was murdered by his old and quite crazy father.

But back to the Tabarin. Fragson loved a practical joke, and the one he liked best he played very often on Saturday nights during the galas. Fragson would turn up on the night of the revels disguised as a Paris policeman, white baton and all. Then he would start an argument with somebody and the real police would intervene. When the argument looked like turning into a free fight, Fragson would go up to the balcony and conduct the band, with his white baton.

Until the war of 1914 the programme at the Bal Tabarin was a simple enough affair. The *clou* was the *can-can*, danced by four or eight ladies of an age certainly no younger than those who were formerly to be seen towards the end of the gay nights of the Red Mill. Which makes me think that Bosc must have been a real artiste. The rest of the entertainment was provided by a troupe of dancing girls, but mostly by the frequenters themselves. During the height of the tourist season, foreign ladies used to go accompanied to that night spot, the Tabarin. I remember one night seeing a small party of Americans which included a lady who, I would wager a dollar, taught school when she was at home. Her spectacles were moist with pleasure and she applauded frantically when the band played *Dixie*, and the troupe, called by the French *les jirls* danced a measure. I wonder what the good lady would have said if I had told her that *les jirls* came from Lancashire?

The quadrilles were performed on the dance floor several times during an evening, what we should call to-day a cabaret or floor act, and then the people who had paid a franc, which meant ninepence, to go in, danced. There was a short wooden chute which led to the underground part of the hall from the dance floor. Down this chute would daringly ride midinettes and other young ladies out for an evening's fun. Of course, it was an awfully daring thing to do, riding down this chute, and tucking in your trailing skirts and holding on to your cartwheel hat, but the laughter and applause that there was when a gay young thing went laughingly

down, to be caught in the arms of a gay young masher in a bowler hat, tight trousers, and as likely as not, a beard!

Saturday nights when the procession went round, the ladies in tights were pelted with confetti and paper streamers, purchased from attendants at fifty centimes a time. The gay life, *quoi*? Down in the cellar when the procession was over, among the automatic machines of "What the Butler Saw" type, the ladies in tights were off duty, and there was fun and games, when the ladies invited any passing gentleman to slip a five franc piece into her shoe.

But all good times have to come to an end, and the first part of the life of the Bal Tabarin ended with the last war. When the war was over and the curtain in Montmartre was rung up again, the Bal opened but it seemed to have lost its glamour. The name Tabarin had been copied all over the world, and the old charlatan of the seventeenth century must have chuckled in the Elysian Fields; but truth to tell, the Tabarin in Paris, with its afternoon and nightly dances had lost its appeal, and for the matter of that, so had Montmartre. Night in Paris had moved on. It had moved over to the left bank; it had made a passing call on the main Boulevards; it was creeping into the Champs-Élysées; in fact, it was almost everywhere but in Montmartre, and the Bal Tabarin was but a shadow of its former glory.

They tried almost everything once. They tried women wrestlers, but they forgot the gay strains of the quadrilles, the blare of trumpets which, like the music of the gladiators of old, the music which heralds the entrance of the bull fighters, announced the presence among us of M. Bosc's elderly ladies, in their black silk stockings, red garters and frilly petticoats and panties, gay with pink baby ribbon. The rue Victor Massé was very sad and the lights of the Bal Tabarin winked wickedly no more.

But the sadness merged into gladness when Madame Montmartre came into her own again. Once upon a time the Russians rode in cabs when they went making what the French called *la tournée des grands ducs*. Now the wheel turned and instead of being entertained, the Russians entertained; they opened cabarets, aye, and drove the very cabs which took you to these cabarets. When the glamour was back in Montmartre, the flag of the Two Peters was hoisted over the Bal Tabarin.

The two directors of the Bal Tabarin as we knew it in those pre-September days were Pierre Dubout and Pierre Sandrini. One could still dance at the Bal Tabarin, one could still drink champagne there (with some noughts added on to the old prices), but the automatic machines and the fun and games had gone from the cellar, so had the wooden chute; but the Two Peters ran the Bal as I imagine admirals run the navy. If you saw the cellar of the Bal Tabarin you would think you had strayed into a busy factory, or perhaps, to retain my naval metaphor, the engine-room of a battleship in action.

I said in the beginning that the outer structure is as was. That is quite true, but in the old days there was no stage at all, and now there are six.

The idea is that no inch of space must be lost. In fact, nothing is lost. It reminds one of the story of the very efficient stockyard in Chicago where the only part of the pig not utilised is the squeal. I have the feeling that the Two Peters have utilised whatever the Tabarin equivalent of the squeal may be.

It is quite true, oddly enough, that this modernisation of the Bal Tabarin has not caused the old Montmartre lady to lose her charm, although the sophisticated audience which went there nightly bore not even a passing resemblance to the crowd which pressed in during the naughty 'nineties. A couple could have amused themselves in Montmartre for several months on what it cost to spend a few hours in the Bal Tabarin just prior to this war, but one realises that the shows put on cost a vast amount of money, and it was a very far cry from *les jirls* to the twice nightly revue which attracted Americans, Britishers, as well as Europeans accustomed to being entertained by the most costly of all methods possible.

Gone are the tights of yore. I wonder what the crowds of last summer's nights would make of shapely young persons in pink silk (or even cotton) tights? Beauty is younger than when the Tabarin was young, and much, much more undressed. Yet this exhibition of nudism, which after all can be seen in other cities these days as well as Paris, does not provide the chief magnet which drew the large crowds to the rue Victor Massé. The shows were brightly undressed. I mean they were colourful, sparklingly staged and brilliantly produced. They moved with a swift and smooth brilliance usually unknown in Paris. And for that swift and smooth movement one must thank the team of engineers sweating underground.

It appeared to be the idea of the artistic directors of the Bal Tabarin to retain the period of the Bal in its shows, but at the same time slyly poking fun at the period. For instance, you would in some show or other find a procession of characters drawn from the days of the masked balls at the Paris Opera, a period which to a great extent was responsible for the dancing of the eccentric quadrilles. You would find imperturbable and majestic, but slightly absurd personages, the men appearing to be wearing curly *favoris*, marching across the centre stage. If you were near enough, you would note that both the men and women were wearing masks, not the *masques* they used to wear in the days of the masked balls, the black velvet shape half hiding the face, but an imitation face so cleverly moulded as to give a slightly absurd air.

This mingling of the old and the new, the sentimental valse music of the so-called naughty years, plus the marching and posing of *svelte* lovelies, as they call the show girls of to-day, seemed to be very much to the taste of the large cosmopolitan audience, but I personally am inclined to wonder whether the real *clou* of the show was not just the same as it was in the days of the old Tabarin, for I noticed that the number which got the big hand was the one which opened like this: the curtain rises disclosing one of the old *sapins*, the horse cab of the dead and gone Paris days and nights. There is the cabman with the shiny tin top hat and the light fawn overcoat with the big buttons. He has the traditional red face, moustache and side whiskers. Cocotte, the traditional horse is between the shafts. In the open cab are four girls, four pretty girls, wearing the big hats, the long trailing skirts of the days which have passed along. The girls alight. The cab drives off the stage. There is a blare of trumpets. Then the playing of the noisy quick-step which since all time has been the music of the *can-can*. The girls take the middle of the stage and hold the traditional pose, back to back, one held perpendicularly in the air. Then into the dance. Instead of elderly women, the quartet is young and very, very pretty. They dance as their predecessors danced, but with much more acrobatic movement, a far quicker tempo, but they wear the same uniform: black silk stockings, red garters, and frilly petticoats trimmed with pink baby ribbon.

The stars of this modern *can-can* were Gisele, Ila, Lee and Irene. Two of them, as their names denote, are Anglo-Saxons, for in acrobatic dancing the French girls are second to the English and Americans. The *can-can* dancers of to-day are different in other ways to those who first danced in this building when Bosc first wrote the word Tabarin in neon lights. The modern *can-can* is a stage dance, and not a performance given in the middle of an excited crowd, when it was accounted a fine thing to hold out one's top hat, to have it flicked away by the foot of an agile high kicker; and besides, the dancers are real artistes; they do not mingle with the audience between performances.

Yet, should our grandfathers have come wandering back to the Boulevards, climbed the Hill and entered the portals of the Bal Tabarin, I wonder whether they would have stayed to applaud, or whether they would not have sighed and contentedly returned to the Elysian Fields?

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Old Tales Re-told (*Continued from page 24*)

claws. Plutarch described it as "A dreadful thing to behold." It was amazing to the Romans how any kind of machine could have the strength to lift a Roman galley, and more amazing still how such a huge contraption could be moved with such facility.

Archimedes had invented two important things. First, the screw, and second, the multiple pulley. He had also given its true importance to the strength of the lever. He left to posterity that famous dictum: "Give me a fulcrum on which to rest, and I will move the Earth."

With astounding ingenuity he had combined these three discoveries to create catapults that no one had ever considered possible before. He facilitated the movements of his huge cranes with a counterweight. These last inspired more terror than any weapon, because they were not devised simply for the initial hoisting of the galleys. At will Archimedes could release the arm as if it had lost all its strength, thereby dashing the boat against the rocks or into the sea; then he would lift it up several times until he finally let go and allowed the load to fall to its doom.

Marcellus had seen Roman galleys rammed and sunk, destroyed by fire or overcome by the fury of the waves, but these were all forms of honourable and dignified defeat. Now to see them suspended by a chain, tossed about, hoisted upright and cast away like pieces of rubbish was too humiliating a spectacle for a Roman general. With much reluctance, he gave the order to cease action and withdraw to a safe distance.

Syracusa had no losses at all, whilst a considerable number of the Roman galleys were smashed and floating in fragments amongst the innumerable bodies of their crews.

At that time the unexplainable was easily attributed to the supernatural. However strange it may seem, it is a fact that human courage can brave death with cool determination whenever the danger can be plainly identified. But if man is suddenly faced with the unknown, he is instantly shaken and needs at least a lull in which to recuperate.

When Marcellus saw that the mere appearance of a bit of rope or any other trifle peeping out from the walls was enough to inspire terror in the most valiant troops in the world, he gave up any idea of taking Syracusa by force. He decided to defeat his opponents by a blockade. To the Roman army, the mere adoption of this plan of campaign was tantamount to moral defeat.

On the blue Mediterranean, which sparkled like diamonds on a sunny Sicilian day, lay the strongest fleet in the world, paralysed and rendered useless by the brain of one old man.

On land Appius was not meeting with difficulties less great. He, too, had had a taste of the long-range catapults and the other weapons. But what had produced terror and disorder amongst the Roman legions was the same kind of grapple but on a much smaller scale. These had been lowered on to the attacking parties and had picked up soldiers two or three at a time. Men were carried over to the opposite side of the wall exactly as if they were bales of cotton. The unfortunate soldiers, caught in the grip, were seen struggling frantically to free themselves. Nothing could be done to combat these infernal contraptions, operated by unseen hands. The Romans were prepared to be killed in a fair fight, but they refused to lend themselves to ridicule, and shrunk from approaching the wall.

Without doubt Archimedes, besides being an inventive genius, proved himself on this occasion a great psychologist.

Appius tried every means in his power to save the Roman morale, but he had to give up the fight on land just as Marcellus had been compelled to retire at sea.

Then began the dreary business of a long siege, during which Syracusa had no chance of getting supplies.

An interesting point is that at that time there was no steel flexible enough to serve as a spring for the bow and balister. These were constructed with the sinews and tendons of animals, or with ropes for which the most suitable material was human hair. Horse-hair was also used, but it did not possess the same elasticity, and in many cases of prolonged siege women were compelled to sacrifice their hair for the defence of their city. At the siege of Carthage every woman gave her hair for the bows of the warriors.

(Julius Cæsar in his commentaries describes the same thing at the siege of Solona.) Now, at Syracusa, when it became impossible to obtain sinews owing to the lack of cattle, the beautiful hair of the Sicilian women was all handed over to the bow-makers.

For three long years the Romans besieged Syracusa and were kept at bay by the ingenuity of Archimedes. He himself, plunged in his studies, almost forgot that there was a war in progress.

One day a man in armour burst into Archimedes' house and found the inventor intent on tracing some figures in the sand. Not even looking up to inquire the reason for such an abrupt visit, Archimedes asked the intruder not to spoil the figures he had written. The impatient soldier replied by thrusting his sword into the old man's body.

It so happened that the Romans had penetrated Syracusa through an unguarded side of the wall, silently and without resistance.

Archimedes had not perceived that the armed man was a Roman; nor did the ignorant soldier know that the man he had killed was one of the outstanding figures of all time.

END

On Duty—and Off

On Duty (*Continued from page 42*)

salts take the ache out of muscles and the "EBE" bath flowers which fizzle or bubble away in the water provide a champagne bath which is as exhilarating as a champagne cocktail.

WORK and worry can play hell with your hair, making it harsh and dry or excessively oily. As a New Year's resolution let me suggest that you make up your mind to keep your hair worthy of your permanent wave. If your hair has become harsh and dry treat it to a course of hot oil shampoos. Vaseline hair tonic with its matching soapless shampoo is excellent for this purpose. Pour a sufficient quantity of the oil into a large saucer, place the saucer in very hot water until the oil is warm, part your hair low down on one side, wrap a piece of flannel round your index finger, dip in the oil and rub along the parting. Part an inch away and repeat the routine. Continue until the whole scalp has been oiled. Wring out an elderly hand towel in very hot water, wrap around your head. As soon as it cools wring it out again. Keep on steaming the head in this way for five or six minutes. Then shampoo thoroughly with the soapless shampoo powder according to instructions. Six of these treatments given at one week's interval will re-condition your hair.

If you find your hair has become extra greasy and you are troubled with dandruff here is a useful tip for you. As an hors-d'oeuvre to your shampoo mix a teaspoonful of borax in a large cup of warm water. Rub this mixture along the various partings in your hair according to the vaseline tonic routine described above. This is remarkably effective in helping to remove the dandruff. Follow the borax treatment with your usual shampoo. Rinse the hair very thoroughly. Remember that dandruff is extremely catching and you can re-infect yourself unless your combs and brushes are washed every single day in warm soapy water. A mild disinfectant should be used in one of the last rinsing waters. Dettol is excellent for this purpose.

HAT linings should be changed frequently and buy a small rubber make-up cape. Wear it when you are fixing your hair, because it will prevent flakes of dandruff dropping on your neck and infecting your skin. I cannot tell you why bacon should have a bad effect on dandruff, but it does, and therefore cut out bacon until your hair is re-conditioned again.

END

Off Duty (*Continued from page 43*)

together, preferably in a tin or cellophane box, because these are dust-proof, and pedicure instruments should never be used for manicure.

For a pedicure you need a small pair of nail clippers, an emery board, cuticle oil, an orange stick with a rubber hoof end, plenty of cotton wool, small bowl of soapy water, small nail brush and hand towel. Pleasant extras include foot lotion or spray and foot or talcum powder. If nail varnish is used you will need not only the varnish but a varnish remover made with an oily base.

Pedicure routine is as follows: Remove all old varnish with a pad of cotton wool dampened with the varnish remover. Clip the nails straight across. Toe nails should not be worn pointed or oval and be careful not to clip the nails too short. They should not reach out beyond the toe or they will ruin your stockings, but they should reach to the end of the toe. Smooth off all rough edges with the emery board. Be careful that no pointed or splintered bits of nail are left at the corners as these may cause ingrowing toe nails. Scrub the toes thoroughly with soap and water, using the nail brush. Dry the toes and then smear on the oil around the cuticles. Now go very gently round the cuticles with the rubber hoof end of the orange stick. Next twist a tiny bit of cotton wool around the pointed end of the orange stick and clean very gently under the nails. Take care not to lift the nails up from the nail bed or to poke hard. Scrub toes again to remove all grease or the varnish will not stick on. Dry thoroughly.

If varnish is to be worn place a good wad of cotton wool between each toe to hold the toes apart while the varnish dries. For toes the varnish should cover the whole nail. Leave the wool in place until the varnish is thoroughly dry. Rub in or spray on foot lotion. Lavender water is excellent for this purpose. Finish by dusting with foot powder or talcum powder.

Cutex varnish remover, cuticle oil and orange stick are all inexpensive luxury preparations for pedicure.

END

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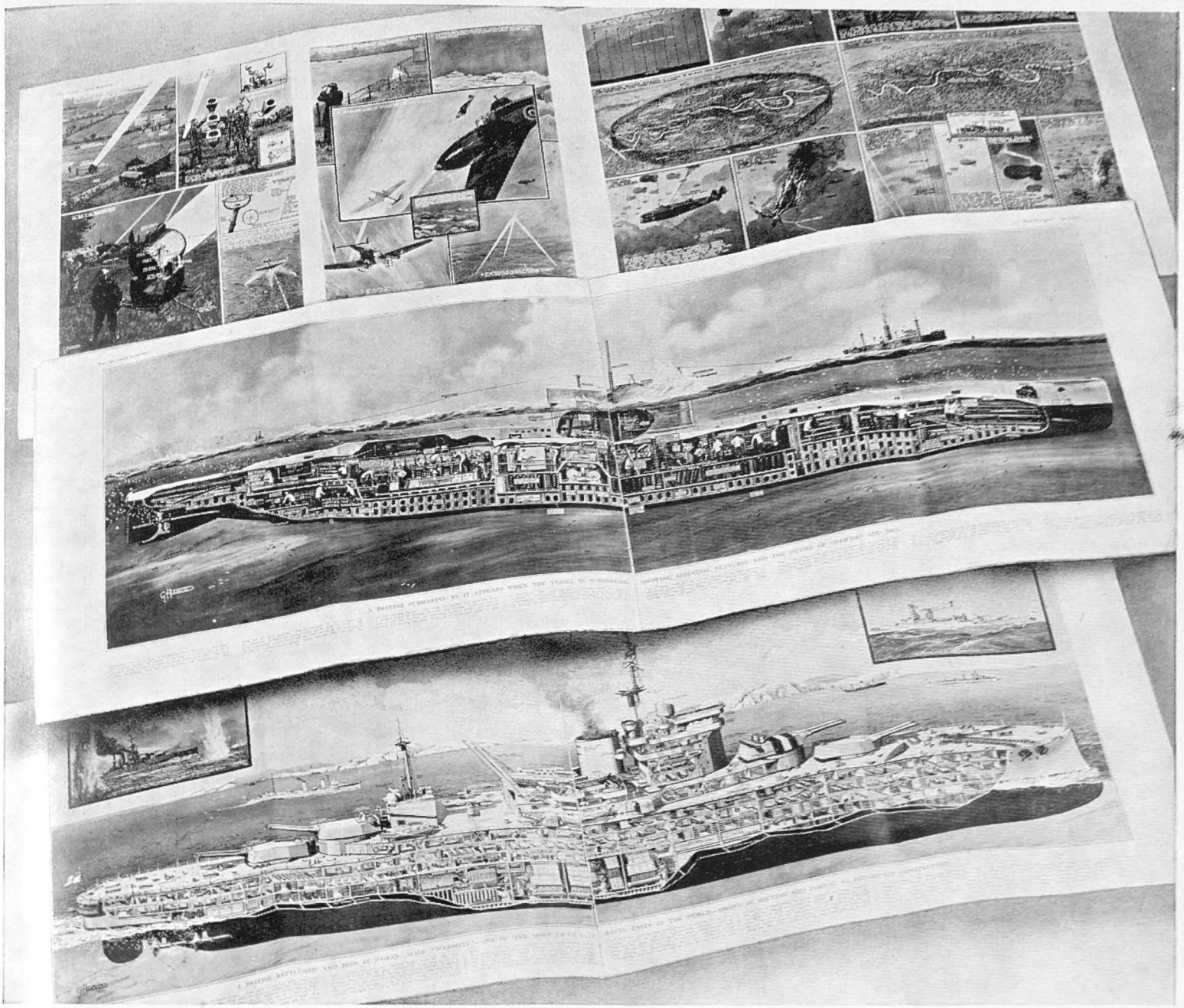

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